AM A MUNITIONS BOOTLEGGER—The Confessions of an Arms Smuggler

AUG. 13,
1938

Liberty

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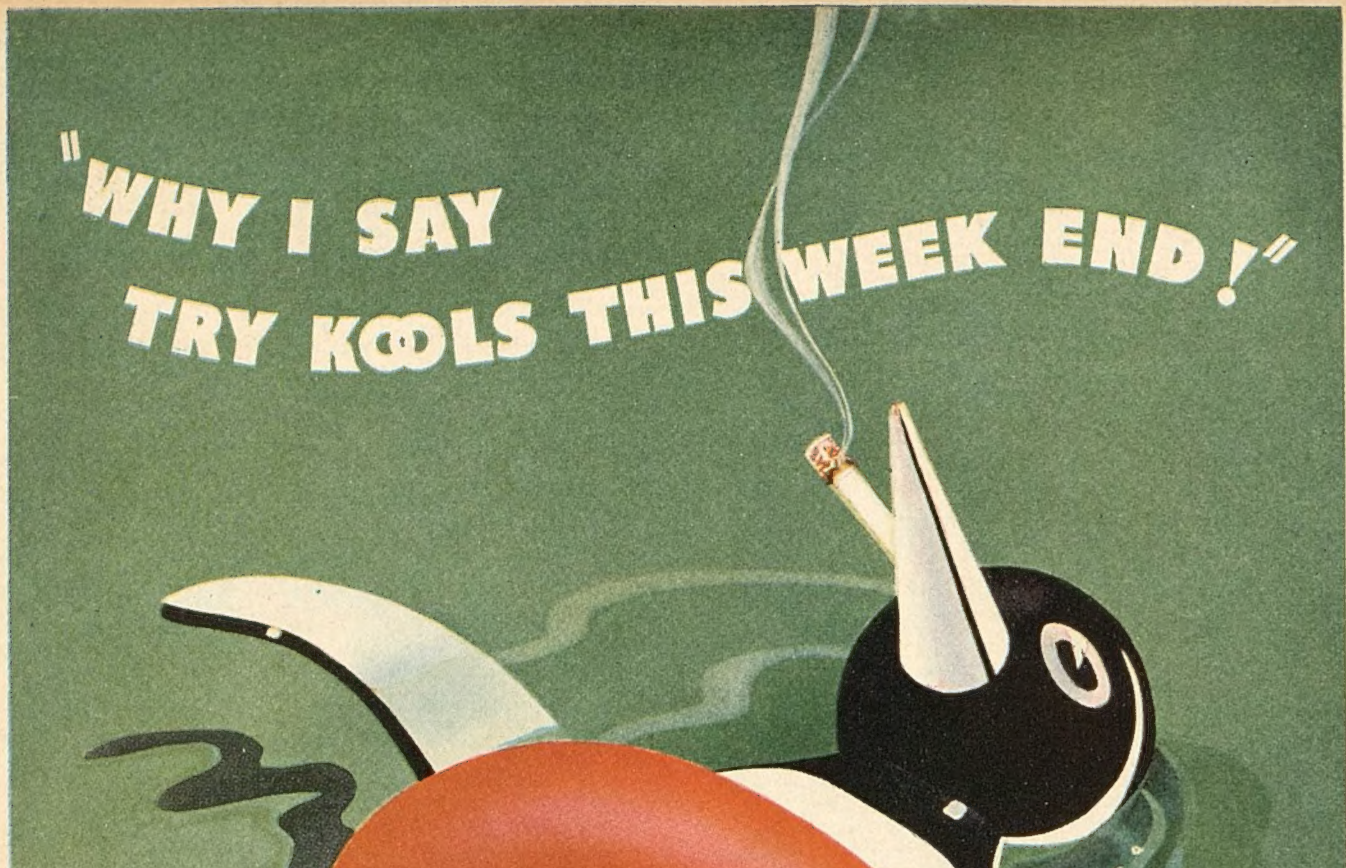
ORTY:
low to Get It
y Marjorie Hillis

by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.:
DVICE TO FORTUNE HUNTERS AND TO BARBARA HUTTON

HOW THE POPE HELD OFF DEATH


"WHY I SAY
TRY KOOLS THIS WEEK END!"
Rupprecht

YOU grind away at your job five tough days a week. Come Saturday, your body needs a change—and *gets* it! Why not give your *throat* the same break? This week-end—just for an experiment—change to **KOOL** Cigarettes. I'm not asking you to switch to **KOOLS** now and forever. Just try 'em *over the week-end* . . . and see how much better your throat feels on Monday. The mild menthol cools the smoke, makes each puff soothing and refreshing. (Yet you lose none of the hearty flavor of the Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.) **KOOLS** really rest your throat! No fooling—there's a lot of sense in this idea. Smoke **KOOLS** this week-end and see! P. S. And save that golden coupon on the back of each pack!

Now . . . **FOUR EXTRA COUPONS IN EVERY CARTON OF KOOLS**

B & W Coupons also packed in
Raleigh & Viceroy Cigarettes; Big Ben Smoking Tobacco

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
BY THE UNDERSIGNED:
For nationally advertised merchandise according to terms of premium
KOOL
KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
"REG. U.S. PAT. OFF."

15¢

20¢ in Canada

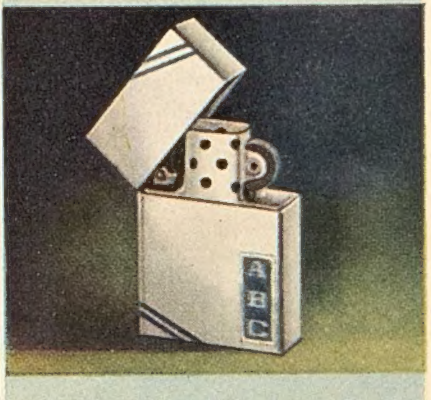
UNION MADE

DOZENS OF HANDSOME PREMIUMS

SAVE B&W COUPONS

(Offer good U. S. A. only)

ONEIDA Community Par Plate Silverware. 26 pieces with chest (service for six). 800 coupons. Without chest, 650. Additional pieces obtainable.



ZIPPO LIGHTER De Luxe. Wind guard, large filling capacity. Satin chromium. Plain or with three-initial monogram if specified . . 175 coupons.

BRIDGE TABLE DE LUXE. Modern and smart. Top of genuine inlaid woods. Automatic steel leg-locks for rigid support . . . . . 750 coupons.

MANY MORE PREMIUMS. Six-cup Teapot, gold-lined Creamer, Sugar Bowl, Serving Tray, Gravy Boat and Tray; Fitted Toilet Cases for men and women; and many other useful items.

FREE . . . NEW PREMIUM CATALOG. Write today for 36-page book, "Beautiful Premiums." Latest edition No. 15. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

BEAUTIFUL Premiums
FOR B&W COUPONS

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey, his trombone and his orchestra. Wednesday evenings, nation-wide NBC Red Network.

The Magazine Cover Girl of 1948 can't let "Pink Tooth Brush" endanger her smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LUCKY little Joan! The smile that's so charming in this little girl of eight ought to be utterly irresistible when she reaches eighteen! For already she's had an excellent start toward a future of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums. From her dentist and from her grade-school teachers, she has learned an important oral hygiene lesson—*that massage of the gums* is as important as *cleaning the teeth!*

For modern dental science teaches that gums are often deprived of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of vigorous chewing helps make gums weak and tender. Watch out for gums that are lazy, tender, and weak! All too often they flash the warning of "pink tooth brush" —a warning you *must not ignore.*

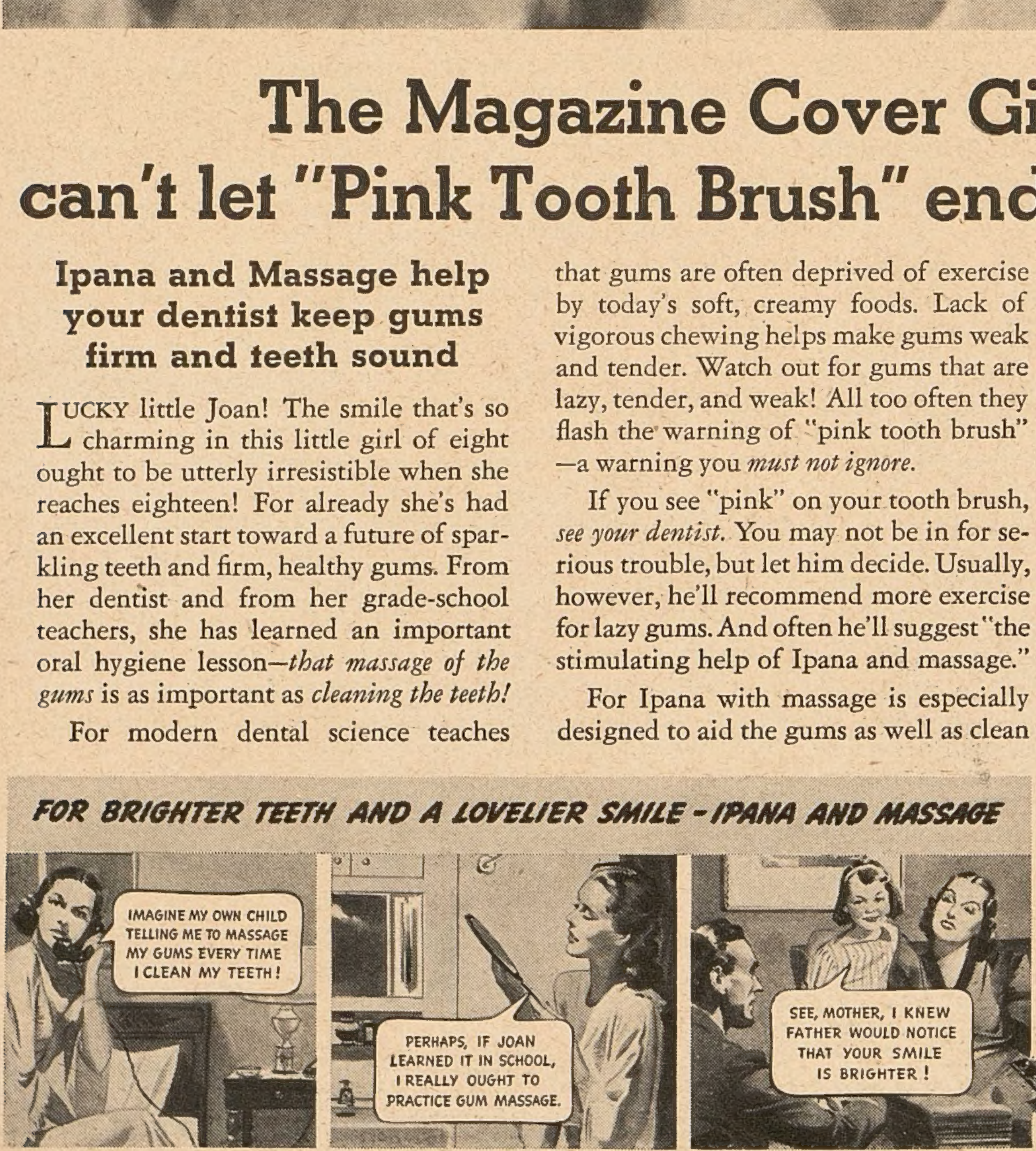
If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll recommend more exercise for lazy gums. And often he'll suggest "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. To help give lazy gums the exercise they need, every time you clean your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Thousands are finding Ipana and massage one modern way to better dental health—to a brighter, more attractive smile!

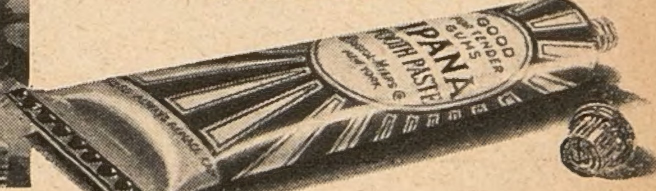
TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.


FOR BRIGHTER TEETH AND A LOVELIER SMILE - IPANA AND MASSAGE
IMAGINE MY OWN CHILD TELLING ME TO MASSAGE MY GUMS EVERY TIME I CLEAN MY TEETH!
PERHAPS, IF JOAN LEARNED IT IN SCHOOL, I REALLY OUGHT TO PRACTICE GUM MASSAGE.
SEE, MOTHER, I KNEW FATHER WOULD NOTICE THAT YOUR SMILE IS BRIGHTER!

IPANA

Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

AUGUST 13, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 33

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

ARE WE LOSING OUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION ?

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

What is the one privilege that will unreservedly guarantee to us the retainment of our democratic system of government? If every other form of protection were taken from us, this one factor, if fully reserved, would be sufficient protection to hold our freedom for all time to come.

They might pack the Supreme Court. They might buy out Congress. They might fill our governmental offices with racketeering officials, but if we retain that one privilege—

FREEDOM AT THE POLLS

we can always right whatever wrong may be perpetrated upon us.

The right to vote in accordance with our own secret desires . . . to follow the demands of our own individual reasoning . . . that is all we need . . . nothing more is required.

And when I say that this sacred right, which we should hold more dear than life itself, is being menaced at this time, some of my unthinking readers may claim that my reasoning is crooked.

But no one can question the accuracy of the indictment that the billionaire relief fund will be used in many election districts this coming fall to change the honest votes of our citizens. They want to keep their friends in power. They have boldly and brutally come out in the open and acknowledged that they intend to do everything they can with that end in view.

Talk to any old-time politician. Tell him you have money in unlimited quantities to buy an election, and he will guarantee results in practically every instance.

This country at this time is facing a critical situation. If we lose the rights that come with a free ballot, we will soon be sunk into the mire of an unfeeling dictatorship.

And doubtless we will still have elections. They had an election recently in Russia. Ninety-nine per cent of the voters recorded their preference for the name of Stalin.

God forbid that we are ever faced with such a crisis.

But if the vote-buying New Deal wins the election this coming fall, with the millions of votes that they will influence through the billionaire relief fund, we may have a rubber-stamp Congress. The United States Supreme Court can be packed into supine adherence to New Deal policies. The Reorganization Bill and other exacting demands of Washington bureaucracy will doubtless be granted in full.

The workers, poor suckers, who have been used so effectively to put over the New Deal policies, may begin to feel the heavy hand of governmental restrictions.

There are no unions in Germany, Russia, and Italy. In each country the workers were deceived by false promises similar to those which are now being used so effectively in this country.

Never, throughout all our history, have we had such violent strikes, often indirectly encouraged by high officials. These strikes in some instances were directed by foreign agitators and were frequently associated with reckless lawlessness.

Does the New Deal want recovery? . . . Are they not in favor of destroying industry? . . . are questions that have been frequently asked.

President Roosevelt and his various officials frequently attack the dictatorial governments, but the entire program of the New Deal aims in that direction.

If a dictatorship is not desired, why try to pack the Supreme Court? Why the Reorganization Bill? Why ask for dictatorial powers over business and labor given by the NRA and the Wages and Hours Bill?

The trend toward dictatorship by the New Deal legislation is as plain as the noonday sun, and a dictatorship means no more freedom at the ballot box, and furthermore, it will combine the three separate groups of our governmental system—legislative, executive, and judiciary.

These three groups were formed for the distinct purpose of protecting us against a dictatorship. They were made to insure justice to every individual citizen, and when one man, or group of men, makes and enforces our laws and prescribes the penalties, " Justice " may frequently have occasion to hang her head in shame.

The coming elections next November will be a crucial test.

The legislators who voted for the billionaire (political) relief fund and endorsed the New Deal's demand to use this fund as their officials desired should be looked upon with suspicion.

Bernarr Macfadden

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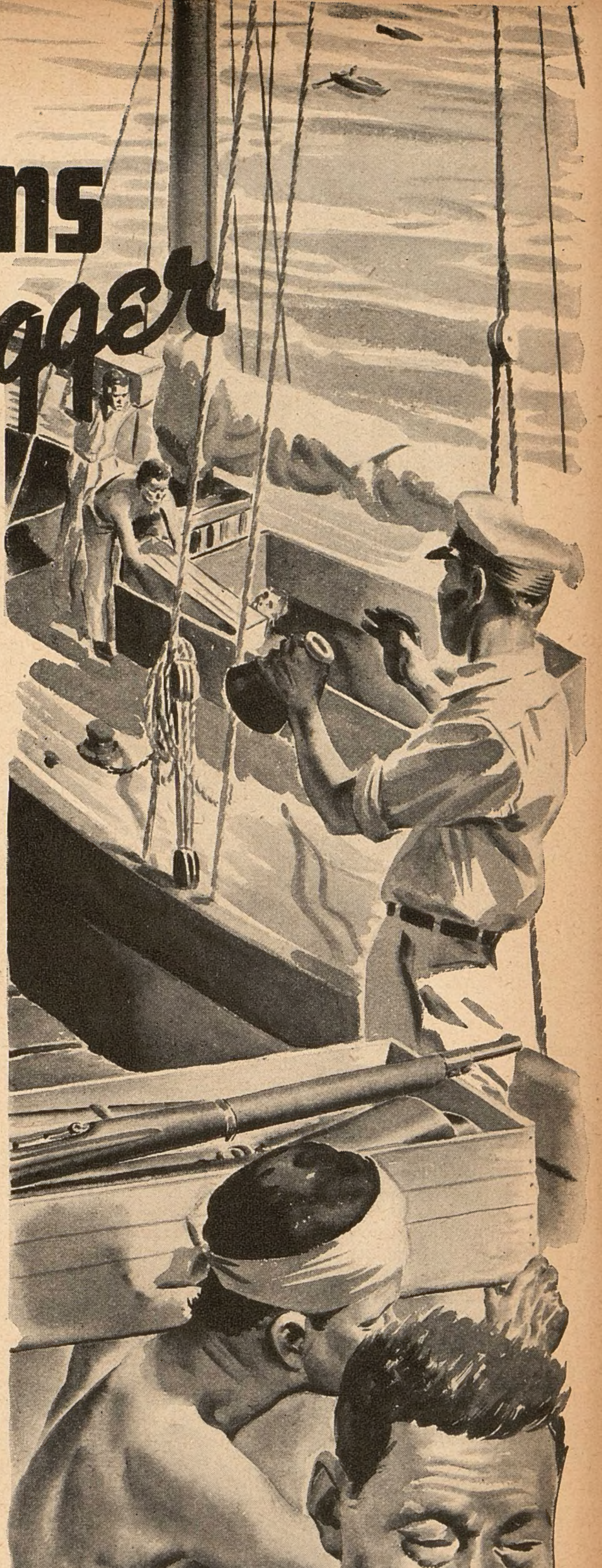
I am a MUNITIONS Bootlegger

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A revelation! . . . The breath-takingly outspoken and candid confession of an American who secretly deals in death



GENERAL FRANCISCO FRANCO, the man I had to see on a big business deal, was 3,300 miles away. At twenty minutes to midnight I hustled along the New York water front, swung in at one of the piers, and boarded an old freighter. I was dressed like a deck hand. My luggage, already aboard, bulged with illegal munitions samples. I had no passport. I was posing as a member of the crew to sneak out of the country.

In my inside coat pocket was a letter to Franco.

"That should get you to him," a well known American citizen, who has extensive connections the world over, had remarked when he signed it. This kind friend—you have read his name many times—had also persuaded the owners of the freighter to list me on the crew.

In the middle of the night our ship nosed out past the Statue of Liberty. Leaning over the rail, staring at the statue through the silent darkness of the harbor, I hoped for adventure, but, more than that, for a large order from General Franco—enough to pay me well for my time and trouble. We docked at Porto, Portugal, ten days later.

Soon I was in an automobile, sitting alongside a Portuguese government official to whom my industrialist friend had also written. We entered Rebel Spain, advancing to within eight miles of the Rebel line. Past columns of marching troops, past ambulances removing wounded men from the front, we rushed toward General Franco's field headquarters at Burgos. A quarter of a mile away a Rebel antiaircraft gun roared; we saw a Loyalist plane fall.

General Franco, handsome in his uniform, greeted me formally in a large outer office. I was there to try to sell him something illegally. He did not seem to like my looks.

As calmly as I could, I mentioned that in the United States a $10,000 fine or a two-year prison term, or both, await anybody caught negotiating with a rebel movement. Then I exhibited some of my smuggled munitions, principally small samples of fuses.

The General was so courteous, so complimentary about my American friends, that I dared hope for a large sale.

"But," he said in Spanish, patting the perspiration from his forehead with a white handkerchief as he spoke, "be sure this war is not going to last forever. Some happy day it will be a horrible memory."

We talked on. Finally the General said, "We

Odd-looking fishing boats are constantly smuggling arms into Mexican ports.

probably have all the munitions we need, but there might be something—" And he turned me over to Lieutenant General Joaquin Lazara, one of his aides, to whom I gave a long sales talk.

I was overjoyed when I returned to New York three weeks later and called my company, for I was told a check awaited me—my commission on an order cabled by General Franco's agents in Portugal. I raced to the office for the check and unfolded it tremblingly.

It was for thirty dollars.

TODAY I can be philosophical about that unprofitable trip I took in August, 1936, when the Spanish War was but two months old. For now it appears that the summer and fall of 1938 will bring attempted uprisings by the Gold Shirts of Mexico, by anti-Fascists in Italy, by Japanese-inspired rebels in the British colonies, and by so many other groups in so many other countries that I am almost sure to regain, many times over, the money I wasted. Partly as a result of the Spanish War, the illegal munitions business, in which I engage in New York, has boomed toward its highest peak of all time.

From New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans we are running guns to Brazil and other hot spots of South America; to tribesmen still battling Mussolini in Ethiopia; to anti-Fascist Italians now quietly assembling along the Italian border in France; and to China, Bulgaria, Greece, and Hungary. And by digging under the high wire fence that stretches along our southern border we are getting hundreds of rifles into Mexico.

To supply all these customers we have guns cached in many places in the United States.

Well hidden from the police, 250,000 smuggled Mauser rifles are stored in warehouses on New York's lower East Side and in flats and apartments across the Hudson River in Jersey City and Newark.

This is just one of our sources.

Late at night "bread" and "furniture" trucks speed along South and West Streets on the bumpy New York water front, grind to a stop at deserted piers, and unload crates of these weapons on to tugboats.

The tugs then disappear into the shadows. . . .

Like other arms bootleggers, or filibusters, I have a "front" down in the financial district in a men's-wear shop or a bond broker's office or that of a furniture company—I don't believe I'd better tell which. From this office I see so much international back stabbing daily that I'm convinced the world situation grows even more strained than it appears from the headlines. Of immediate importance is the projected uprising by the Mexican Gold Shirts. Americans are helping the Gold Shirts—American financiers and American pressure groups. Money has even been solicited in this country to pay for rifles which we have smuggled across the border.

The outbreak is so imminent that it has been smelled out by the keen-nosed, adventure-loving American soldiers on the border. They are already applying for the army's strange "hunting passes" which will permit them to leave camp with their rifles, ostensibly to go hunting along the Rio Grande but actually to take part in the uprising at five to fifteen dollars a day.

But the chief behind-the-scenes contributor to unrest and rebellion is the governmental type of arms bootlegger who is now very active in this country.

Most numerous are the Orientals and Europeans. Their type of gunrunning greatly endangers the peace of the United States. I honestly believe that my own type of activity is insignificant in that regard.

The job of a governmental type of bootlegger is to place arms with insurgent groups in countries of which his own nation is not particularly fond. He is a professional trouble stirrer. He would, of course, deny that he is the agent of Japan or Germany (or France or Italy or whatever other country he springs from), and indeed he is probably not so listed in any of the archives. But observe a sample of his work and its results.

Oriental brokers in New York are now practically giving arms to plotters of 1938 outbreaks in British India and Iraq. "Twenty-five per cent down and pay the rest any time," is their offer, but actually not even a down payment is required.

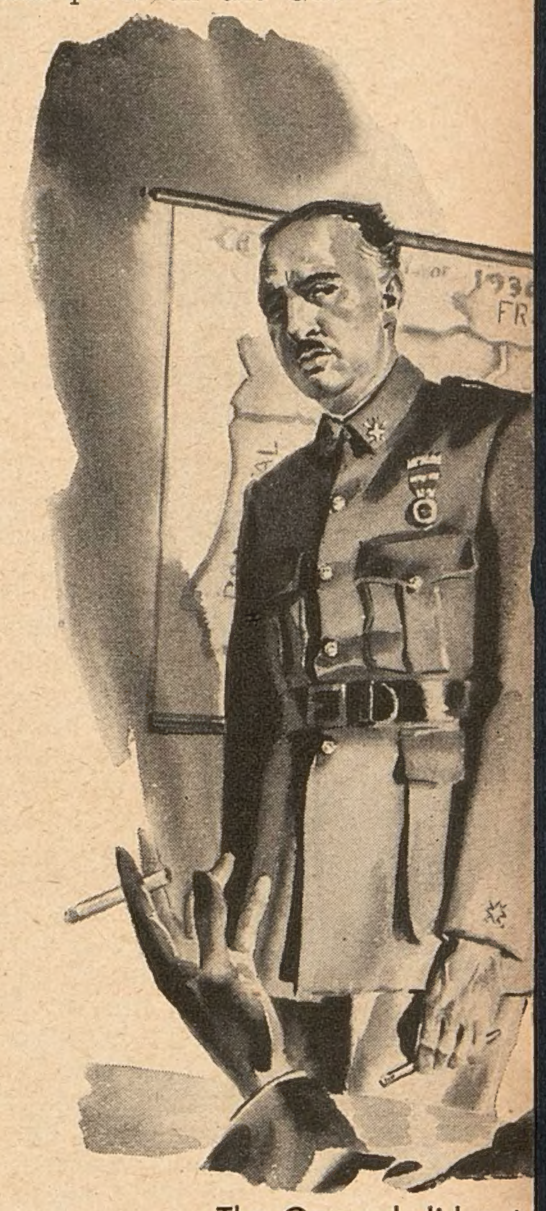
So alarmed are the British by this activity of the Orientals that British arms buyers recently met American financiers in a secret get-together at the Bankers Club in New York, prepared to spend almost $20,000,000.

"We've got to get President Roosevelt's ear," the leader of the British said.

They pleaded for the privilege of buying 1,280,000 Enfield rifles owned by our government and mostly stored in a federal arsenal at Rock Island, Illinois. They wanted to tell the President that they needed the guns in the British colonies this year, to quell revolt, far more than we would ever need them. Temporarily at least, they were balked by a provision prohibiting sales of rifles to another country except by Congressional authorization.

We of the illegal arms fraternity have seen the Japanese, with the help of the governmental bootlegger, move in closer and closer upon the United States.

Odd-looking fishing ships which can be converted into torpedo boats are constantly smuggling arms into Agiabampo, Mexico, and other small ports on the Gulf of California less than 500 miles from Arizona and New Mexico.



The General did not

Japanese fishermen, farmers, and tradesmen — such they pretend to be, at least—get off these boats and stay as spies, or as officers in the Mexican army or navy, or merely as colonists.

From Central Europe big arms shipments come to Yucatán. I have watched some of these cargoes being trucked away to join the Japanese munitions, hidden away in the interior. Down in Costa Rica and Colombia are more Japanese colonists and more Japanese fishing boats.

And while all this goes on, responsible Japanese army and navy officials are ensconced in offices in the heart of New York's midtown business district, carrying on whatever business the Japanese army and navy happen to have in the United States. The efficient military men of Japan, it is seen, are alert.

Of course nobody would blame the governmental or semiofficial gunrunning for all the world strife, but it has certainly added to arms activity in this country.

In the eastern United States cartridge plants are springing up. Several experts have organized a syndicate to supply munitions advice to any country asking it—provided the fee is generous. Some fellow dealers have smuggled rifles recently to the Chinese; pretty bad rifles, incidentally, which will probably blow up in the hands of the Chinese troops one of these days. We have communicated with three former Presidents of Cuba now in the United States, all thinking longingly of their one-time jobs.

Everywhere there are groups which want guns, and seem to get them.

In Yorkville, the German section of New York City, the Nazi sympathizers even have a small arsenal—"enough rifles to equip one hundred men"—one of the Germans, who was wearing the uniform of the German-American Bund, told me.

Is the big international blow-up then actually at hand? *Must* there be one?

"The summer and fall will tell," is the answer my filibustering associates send you.

And if it does come, we're ready!

WE are not ruffians—that I want to say in defense of my bootlegging friends and myself. (I do not include the governmental type of bootlegger; some of those *are* ruffians). There are about two hundred of us battling for the big 1938 business, and some are decidedly polished. One is a count; another comes from a family internationally known in America. Besides those in New York, some can be found in Washington, moving about in the diplomatic set or working in the embassies or legations. Strategic smuggling points like Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and San Francisco claim the others. Our cultural distinctions are that we speak French, Spanish, and German and prattle very glibly about world affairs.

And although we have violated practically all sections of the Neutrality Act and might justifiably have been in jail many times, we have consciences.

Soldiering is one of the side lines of the trade, and it happens that, in practicing it, I have killed a few people. In Cuba I once helped hang three men who quite deserved it. But at heart I am a mouse of a man, proud of my Old World lineage but quiet about it, almost tearfully sentimental about my college days, a lover of operatic music.

Nor is it in an outlaw spirit that I smuggle arms; for to me there is no great evil in helping along some little war. Probably that is traceable to reading books about "the glory of the sword" which have been ringing in my mind since I was a small boy and read Dumas. And one of my associates is a high official in his home-town Boosters Association!

That is the munitions bootlegger at home. At the office he is a different man.

After he had been at his desk for a quarter of an hour this morning he received a typed semiconfidential notice which was being passed around among the arms bootleggers by one of New York's very smallest dealers. The dealer's name, address, and telephone number were written lightly in one corner, in pencil. The text:

> Latest Special!
>
> Lewis machine guns with aircraft mounts or can be converted into antiaircraft use, weight 18 pounds. Also steel helmets, American regulation; gas masks, hand grenades, Enfield, Mauser, and Remington rifles. Also Fairchild's and Burnelli's bombers, 220 miles an hour, made to specification.

Studying this, I saw that it was extremely modest, compared to a list already on my desk. The latter, which contained seventy-five items, had come from a grasping syndicate which, according to New York gossip, has $80,000,000 worth of war materials in reserve. The big list offered everything to be found in the "Latest Special!" circular, plus T.N.T., rolling kitchens, "flying fortresses," leggings, bandages, and stretchers—even 500,000 cans of foot powder for infantrymen.

CHARLES BRYSON

seem to like my looks.

Naturally, we can't use full-page advertisements in the national magazines; but that's all right, for in 1938 our customers mostly hunt us.

Bouncing into my office quite early came a fat little Mexican with a purposeful look. He arranged for some smuggling to the Gold Shirts. I next saw a desk-pounding anti-Fascist Italian. Could I get arms to his colleagues, who are leaving New York on a foolish plan to begin operations in France and Italy against Mussolini? I reminded him that such chores are my specialty. Later came a French delegation which included a woman. They wanted planes for the enemies of General Franco—they would ship them to France first, to avoid the American embargo on shipments to Spain.

I had a few hot words with the next customer. He was a dark-skinned British Indian, and told me that his syndicate has bought $9,000,000 worth of munitions in Czechoslovakia in preparation for a mutiny against the British. He wanted to place a few small orders in this country.

I gave the fellow a little lecture. "I have a conscience," I told him. "I wouldn't touch such a thing." I added that a strong Great Britain and a strong United States are the best insurance we have for world peace—after all, not even I am *anxious* to see a big world war—and asked him:

"Why don't you drop the whole thing?"

He told me heatedly to mind my own affairs. "I'll get the stuff through somebody else," he said.

And I'm sure he will, too—and probably from the Nazi or Japanese governmental operators.

Much later, one of my associates came in and announced that he was sailing immediately for Greece and Bulgaria. "Even they are getting ready for the big explosion!" he said jubilantly.

My dealing with the Gold Shirts and the anti-Fascist Italians is illegal because they represent insurgent groups. Similarly with the French purchasers, since they are acting to violate an American embargo. But there is no official reason why we should not sell arms to Greece and Bulgaria. If we should sell them guns which had been smuggled into this country, we would drag the transaction into the bootlegging classification. My associate might very likely do that, too. The cost to his customers naturally would be lower; they might even prefer that method themselves.

From this it will be seen that our contacts with our customers are far from spectacular. In fact, we are immediately suspicious of anything with a Hollywood flavor.

There was, for example, *l'affaire* traveling bag.

I was lunching with a fairly well known radical writer in the old St. Andrew's Hotel in New York City. It was early this year. Suddenly two men brought a large tan traveling bag to our table.

The writer had previously asked me to get some munitions for his associates, and I had remarked, "I'd like to see some of their money first."

And that's what I did see—a traveling bag brimming with currency. "There's $550,000 in there," one of the men said, and I could almost believe it.

He added that it was Communist money, and that he wanted light automatic pistols, shotguns, hand grenades, cartridges, and gas bombs to put into the hands of his friends in the United States. In the event of a Japanese attack on the United States, the Communists would be left unprotected by the American army, he predicted, and would themselves have to fight for their lives with any weapons they could get.

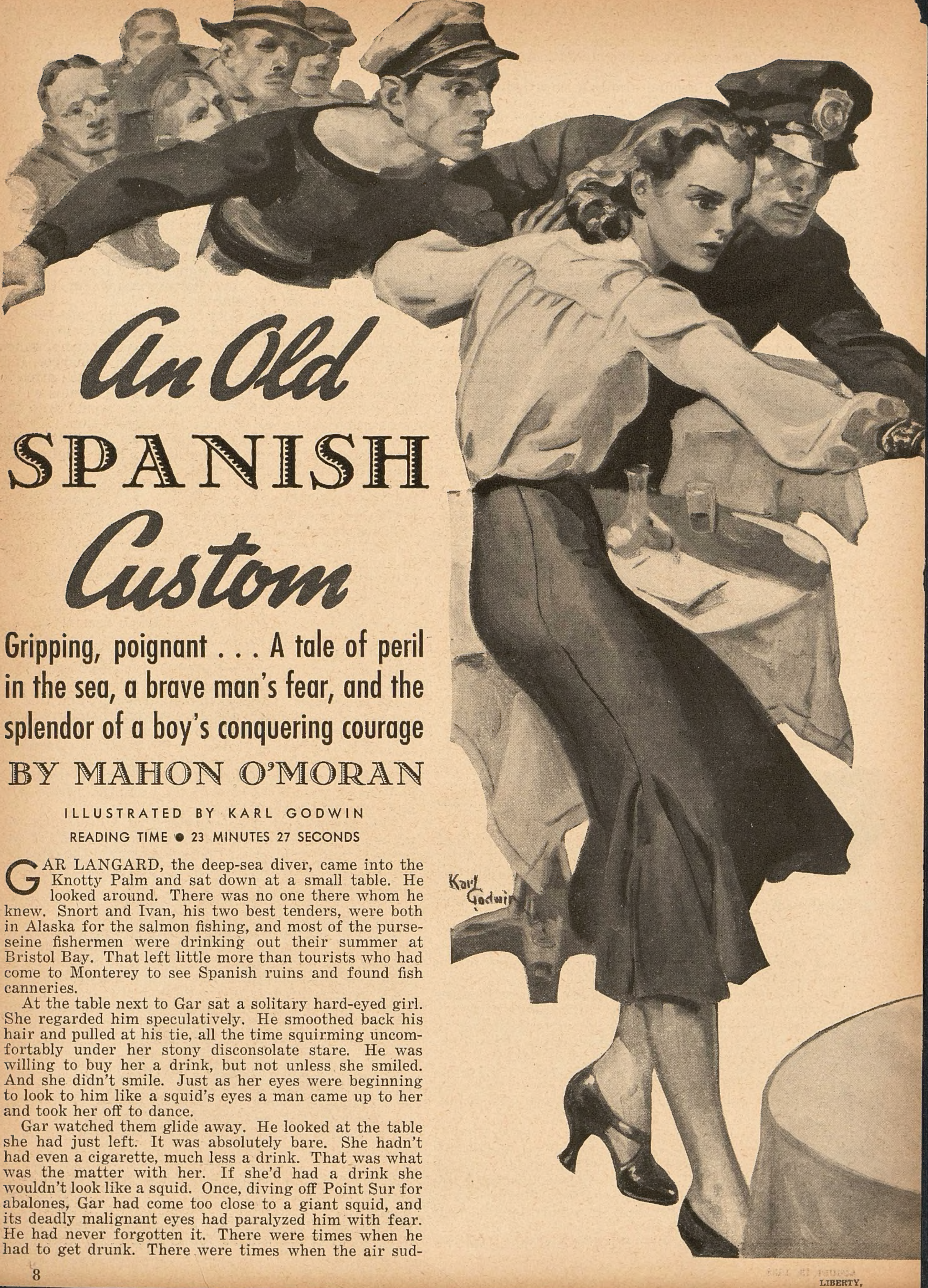
This smacked so of the movies that I decided it was probably phony—and if genuine, I told myself, it was probably anti-American. I not only refused the offer but reported all the details to United States Army authorities.

The same bulging traveling bag subsequently appeared in the offices of undercover munitions companies.

I don't wish to brag, but at smuggling, which is the artistic side of munitions bootlegging, I'm a whooping success. At normal American jobs, like selling bonds, radios, and automobiles, I'm a gigantic washout, and after getting fired from them, as I always do, I often look in the mirror and give myself a stern reprimand. "Don't you ever intend to make anything of yourself?" I ask myself angrily. Unfortunately, I drift back into gunrunning.

During the last two years I have frequently smuggled guns to the Spanish Loyalists. I am using the same methods now in smuggling to other customers in anticipation of the big 1938 crack-up. How do I do it? To understand that you will have to read about my latest activities. . . .

This munitions bootlegger's amazing revelation of his smuggling methods and of the hair-raising risks he runs, his exposure of foreign "governmental gunrunners" in the United States, and his discussion of what can be done about it all, will be found in Liberty next week!



An Old SPANISH Custom

Gripping, poignant . . . A tale of peril in the sea, a brave man's fear, and the splendor of a boy's conquering courage

BY MAHON O'MORAN

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

GAR LANGARD, the deep-sea diver, came into the Knotty Palm and sat down at a small table. He looked around. There was no one there whom he knew. Snort and Ivan, his two best tenders, were both in Alaska for the salmon fishing, and most of the purse-seine fishermen were drinking out their summer at Bristol Bay. That left little more than tourists who had come to Monterey to see Spanish ruins and found fish canneries.

At the table next to Gar sat a solitary hard-eyed girl. She regarded him speculatively. He smoothed back his hair and pulled at his tie, all the time squirming uncomfortably under her stony disconsolate stare. He was willing to buy her a drink, but not unless she smiled. And she didn't smile. Just as her eyes were beginning to look to him like a squid's eyes a man came up to her and took her off to dance.

Gar watched them glide away. He looked at the table she had just left. It was absolutely bare. She hadn't had even a cigarette, much less a drink. That was what was the matter with her. If she'd had a drink she wouldn't look like a squid. Once, diving off Point Sur for abalones, Gar had come too close to a giant squid, and its deadly malignant eyes had paralyzed him with fear. He had never forgotten it. There were times when he had to get drunk. There were times when the air suddenly congealed into green water and the memory of that giant squid froze his blood with terror. There were times when black clinging tentacles had to be pushed off his chest, and only a drink would do it. And this was one of the times.

The room wavered around him and slowly glimmered out into heavy seas. Gripping his chair to steady himself, he took a deep gulp of the warm gin-scented air. His vision cleared and the water solidified into a six-foot cop. And standing near the cop was the squid-eyed girl again.

"Now where do you say your purse was?" the cop was asking her.

"Right here," said the girl, and she put her hand on the table.

Gar wondered if she were deliberately lying or if she really thought she had left her purse there.

"Well," said the cop after a long pause, "we'll lay a trap for the thief. We'll put another purse there, and when he sees it he'll be pretty sure to come back and take that one too. But this time we'll be watching."

He got another purse from the bartender, put it on the table, and he and the girl walked away. The cop leaned against the bar, and the girl sat down at a far table. They were both watching the purse. And now Gar watched it too. It was a red leather purse, very shiny and very new, and stood out conspicuously on the white cloth. Every one in the Knotty Palm seemed to be aware of the trap except a thin minnow of a boy possibly not out of his teens. He carried his coat on his arm. His step was steady until he came to the table, and then he stumbled against it. When he stepped away the purse was gone.

"Stop!" ordered the cop in a ringing voice. The boy's response was to duck and dart for the door.

The cop pushed through to the street, with the crowd of guests floundering after him like sardines in a brail. When Gar joined them, the cop was shooting at a figure just merging into the shadows of the fish canneries, and so far away that Gar was sure it could not be the boy. But the cop continued shooting until his revolver was empty, and then the crowd ebbed back into the Knotty Palm again, and Gar was left alone on the street.

It was too exciting in the Knotty Palm, and he hadn't wanted excitement. He had merely wanted to get drunk. There were other and quieter places in Monterey where he could achieve his purpose, and with several of these in his mind he walked up the street to his parked car. As he started to climb into it he saw there was some one crouched down on the floor. A warm rush of delight swept over him, and his hand whanged down on the recumbent form.

"It ain't you, Snort?" he cried out. "It ain't you come back from Alaska?"

"It's me," said a tremulous voice—a boy's voice. "It's me—Pastore."

Gar's disappointment bit harshly into his words. "A spick, are you? Get up and let's have a look at you." Gar struck a match.

"Oh, no, no. Please, please, no! No light." And then, in a tone so low that it was scarcely audible, he choked out:

"I—I took the purse."

"Then you're lucky to be alive," said Gar. "Get out of my car!"

The boy backed out and stood up on the curb. Under the street lamp he looked very slight and forlorn, but with something in the turn of his head that might have been proud and commanding in a different setting. Thin wisps of fog were blotting out the stars and wrapping wetly around the lights, and a gust of wind rippling over his threadbare shirt set him shivering. Except for the moaning of the bell buoy off Cannery Row and the muffled rhythm of the dance music inside the Knotty Palm, the street was starkly silent.

Gar's voice boomed and rolled and echoed down the emptiness of Lighthouse Avenue like an amplifier: "You got a fool's mind!"

"I didn't eat all day. And I didn't know they'd shoot." The boy's trembling increased.

"Sure they'd shoot. Who'd listen to 'em if they didn't?" Gar's flat face knotted up as he spoke. "I oncet had a dog. The fool got run over. I don't never want another. But you call him to mind. A hungry hound ain't unlike a hungry boy. They gotta eat, and that's all they know." His heavy hand fell on the boy's shoulder, and then recoiled from the bones that he felt there. "Wasn't there nobody could feed you?"

"I wouldn't ask," muttered the boy.

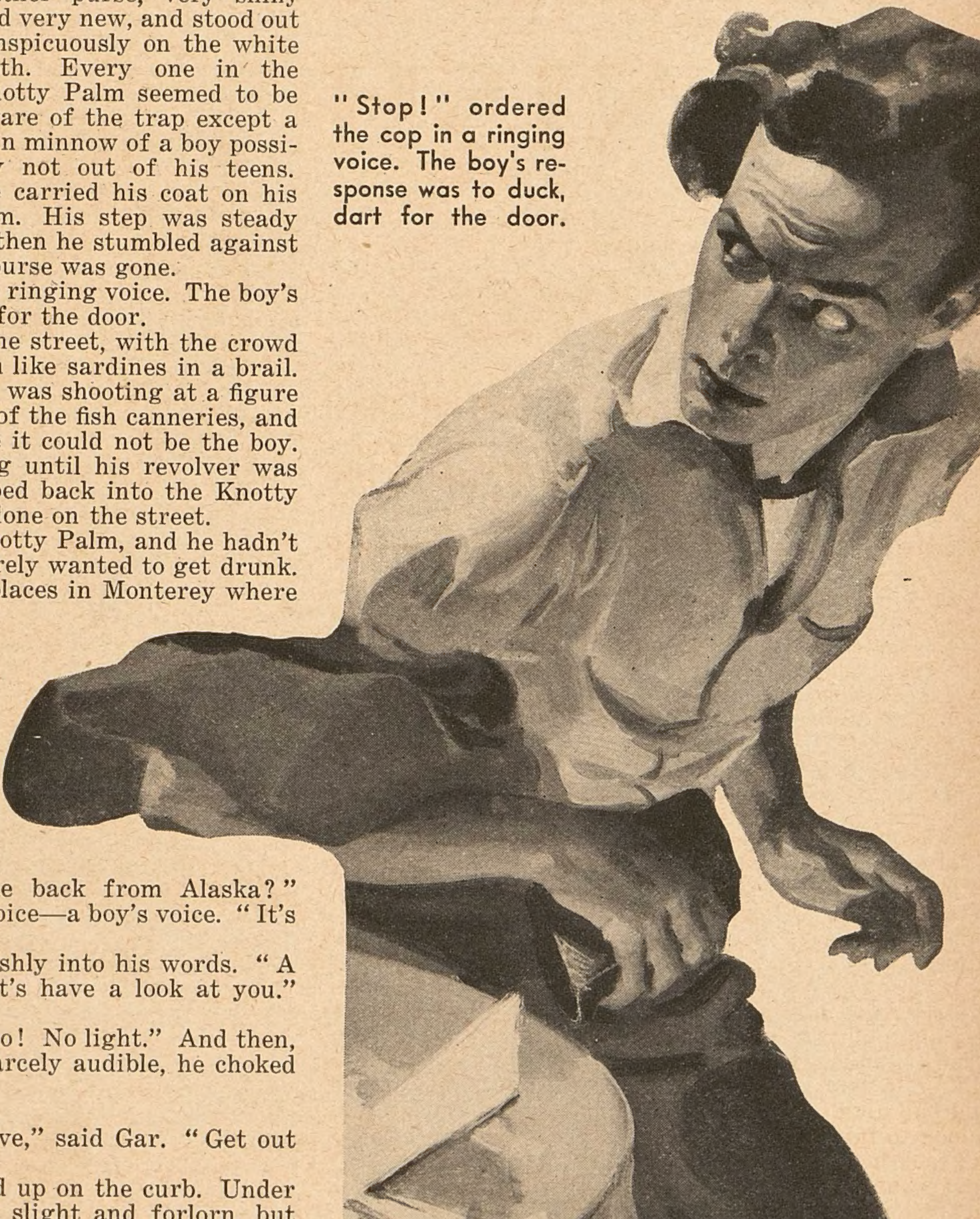
"But you'd steal!" thundered Gar.

"Yes."

"Proud, ain't you? A goofy way to be proud. But you got fooled. There wasn't nothin' in that purse."

"I didn't know."

"Sure you didn't know. You wasn't meant to know. Some one who steals nothin'! That's you. And seein' that, and seein' how it was framed on you anyhow, and seein' how you call my fool dog to mind—well, there's



"Stop!" ordered the cop in a ringing voice. The boy's response was to duck, dart for the door.

some smoked salmon and crackers out on the divin' boat, and a blanket to sleep in. They won't never look for you there."

The boy threw his head up. Tears quick as a child's suffused his big black eyes. "*Madre de Dios,* would you do that for me?"

"Aye, I would. And while you was hidin' out for the cop to forget I could do more. I could learn you to be a tender. Why not? There can't never be too many tenders. There can't never be enough. Say the name slow for me."

"Pastore."

"Too fancy. I'll call you Tory. And I'll say this for you. You don't look like no squid. The girl did, and the cop did. But you don't. And what's more, see that you never do."

Except for the small in-harbor jobs of the off season—repairing submarine pipes, locating lost anchors, and similar low-profit labor—there was little to do until the fish canneries opened again. Gar's only available tenders in case a job did turn up—black-haired Mike, a discharged soldier from the Presidio, and sandy, freckled Pete, a truck driver who had speeded himself out of all employment—spent their time hunting new credit over new bars. So the most Gar could do in the matter of training the Spanish boy was to spend more time on the diving boat himself. To this end, he brought his gear out and left it there, and went over it piece by piece with Pastore.

"Pressure's the danger, and pressure's the cure," he explained. "And the gear does this, and the gear does that, but it's the man on the topside what's got the diver's life in his hands. The time it takes to light a cigarette may mean convulsions to him on the bottom. Aye. Or the few minutes he uses to stretch his muscles while he's tendin' the lines might let the weight of the seas down on to the diver's bones."

Pastore nodded, and rubbed the helmet to a high polish while he listened. Generous portions of smoked salmon and hamburger had filled out his body to the beauty and symmetry of the early California caballeros, and under Gar's painstaking instructions his mind showed an activity to match his body. And when the lessons were over he would wait for Gar to stretch out in the sun, and then relax his muscles by swimming. Gar always watched this swimming uneasily. Time and again he saw the boy dive off one side of the boat, swim under, and come up on the other side. And then swim down so far that he lost sight of him, and had to clench his fists until, happily exhausted, Pastore climbed into the boat and threw himself, panting, down.

YOU come by it natural," commented Gar one day, hiding his concern under a careless flow of words. "In the early days they dove for pearls here, and they dove like you done down in their bare skins. And got 'em. But the pearls is gone now. Take that from me. I been over every inch of the bottom here. And s'pose they wasn't, you know what happened to them divers? They come up with the pearls, but they come up with the bends too. They come up chokin' and black, with their eyes rolled back into their heads and their bones crushed flat by pressure. And they died off like flies. That's how gear come to be invented."

"I dive for fun, not for pearls," said the boy. His velvet-black eyes stared down into the cool water softly slapping against the side of the boat, and his muscles rippled lightly under his bronzed nakedness.

"Fun?" repeated Gar. And then he related again his terrifying encounter with the squid off Point Sur.

"Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And there's big jellies a hundred feet long streakin' through the water. And crabs what has legs what measure fifteen feet and what have eyes on the end of stalks as long as their legs. And five-foot clams what can open up and take a man in one gulp. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," said Pastore again.

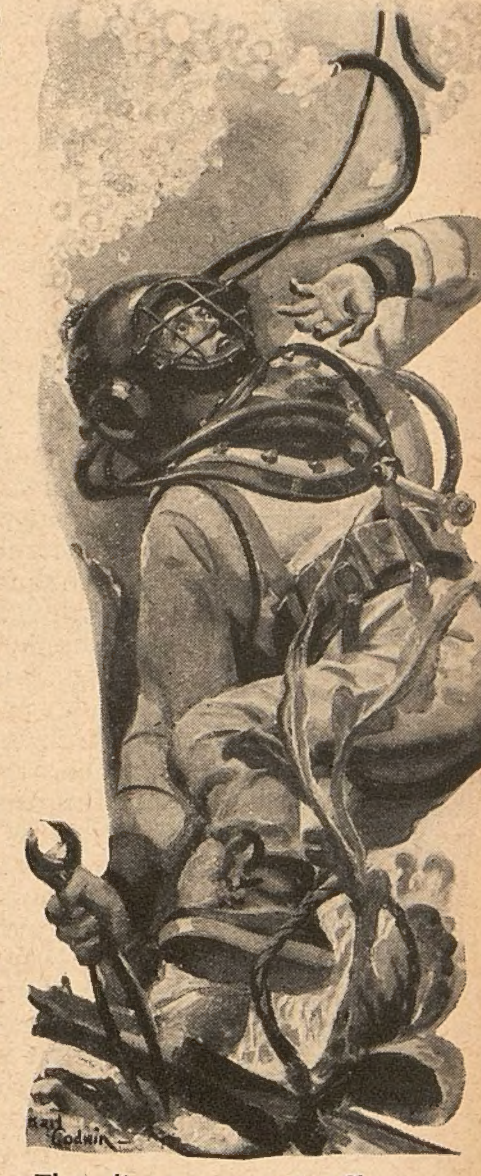
"Well, then, you better quit divin' in your bare skin."

Pastore laughed and rolled over luxuriously in the sun. He pointed out the golden hills that enclosed the bay.

"The Gabilan Mountains," he informed Gar. "And over there the Santa Lucia range. And through them is cattle runs and live streams and big redwoods. One time they was all my grandfather's." The boy looked at Gar confidently. He did not ask him if he believed that. He took it for granted that he did. "A big adobe house in town. It's still there, but I don't live in it."

"Aye," remarked Gar. "I see you don't. But jest you try takin' any more purses and you'll find the city givin' back some of that land to you. But it'll be a six-foot piece in the Monterey graveyard."

GAR decided to curb the swimming by giving the boy more shore interests. To this end, he took him up to live in the little house near the Presidio.



The diver was cut off.

"It don't cover miles, like your grandfather's ranches," laughed Gar, "but it's much more interestin'." And in proof of this he pointed out the miniature windjammer under glass in the parlor, and on the kitchen wall the snapshots of the hound that had been foolish enough to get itself run over. Gar's greatest pride, however, was in a collection of human bones he had picked up at various times on the sea floor, and the skeleton he was constructing out of it.

"But which bones is whose is a matter of guessin'," explained Gar. "I couldn't say myself. I put it together from a chart. I'm short on ribs, and a whole arm is missin'. The foot bones ain't too exact, neither. And if you don't quit divin' in your bare skin, who knows but it'll be your bones what'll go next into the skellyton?"

"You been swell to me, Gar." The boy looked at him with an affection that reminded Gar of the hound's eyes. "My bones wouldn't never pay you."

"O. K.," said Gar; "they won't. That suits me." He whacked down on the boy's shoulder with satisfaction. There was nothing to feel there now but hard healthy muscle, and Pastore took the blow unflinching. "Come along. I'm goin' to show you what no one else has never seen yet."

At the foot of the back steps Gar had built a small replica of the Point Pinos lighthouse from slabs of chalk rock.

"My likker cache," he said impressively. "Look. Watch me. I take the two back stones away, and it's holler inside. And then I reach in, and there's my likker. And nobody don't know where it is but me—and now you." He stopped and watched for the boy's reaction to this portentous trust. But there wasn't any. As Pastore never drank, the cache was of no interest to him. "My likker," repeated Gar. "It keeps the squid away. There's times—"

"You bet," nodded Pastore, a light breaking over his face.

He had seen one of those times. He had seen Gar one night when the green seas came into the kitchen and filled it full of squid, and every liquor shop in town was closed. It had been a long and terrible night. "Sure, I know, Gar. I remember."

"O. K.," said Gar, and he replaced the stones. . . .

Pastore now filled the place in Gar's house that the hound had left empty, but with a difference that soon became more of a problem than the swimming. For giving the boy the run of the house seemed to mean something more than Gar had intended. It meant not only the house but everything in the house. It was unconsciously an old Monterey gesture, and as such was joyfully comprehended by the boy. For whatever Pastore saw there and liked he felt free to take. The first thing he liked was Gar's new sweater. He put it on one day, decided it looked well on him, and didn't take it off again. Another time he picked up Gar's razor, pronounced it a good razor, and then calmly put it into his pocket. Gar could not quite term these things thefts. But when it came to Pastore's picking up Mike's green polka-dot tie and Pete's blue silk socks, Gar found it hard groping for soft words.

"It's only his grandfathers in him," he placated the two angry tenders. "It's them old Spanish customs. When the kid picks up a necktie or a pair of socks, it don't mean nothin' more than he's took you on as a friend. He's tryin' to show you he likes what you got in a way what you got to believe him. It's—it's—well, a bokay he's handin' you. Some day that kid'll turn round and give you back twicet what he's took. That's the way them Spanish customs work."

"Yeah?" snarled Mike. And he looked so unconvinced that Gar produced a bottle of his best whisky and let the tenders help themselves.

AFTER three weeks of sun-soaked idleness the run of bad luck was finally broken and Gar signed a contract to replace a section of the city sewer pipe clogged up somewhere on the sea floor. It was an in-harbor job, and likely to last a full week, with a monetary compensation that would cover the losses of the whole season and put the diving outfit all in money again. Gar sent Pastore to hunt up Mike and Pete to celebrate with him in drinking up the last bottle of whisky remaining in the cache.

"But if the squid come, Gar?" reminded the boy. "If the squid come and the last bottle's gone?"

"They won't come," promised Gar. "Go get me Mike and Pete."

When he got home he found the tenders already there waiting for him; but Pastore was not with them. Mike said the kid had gone out to the diving boat to clean it up. Gar inserted the key in the front door and, passing into the house, warned the tenders to stick close to the skeleton while he got the bottle.

Except for a black beetle and three flustered water bugs, the interior of the lighthouse was unmistakably empty. It took Gar a full minute to grasp this fact, and then he turned cold all over. His liquor was gone. And Pastore was gone too! Gar tensed his heavy muscles, kicked over what remained of the Point Pinos lighthouse, and cursed all Spanish Californians and their customs from the good old padres down to the meanest fish cutter in the canneries. But he knew then that Pastore must go.

And the next day Pastore knew it too. The diver and his two tenders cast off from the wharf for the diving boat in the early forenoon of such a day as if all nature rejoiced in the new job with them. The sun sparkled on the blue water and threw a dusty gold over the massive curves of the hills. With Mike pulling on the oars and Pete taking care of the steering, the rowboat threaded a course through the idle fleet of fishing boats moored off Cannery Row. Pastore stood in the bow of the diving boat watching for them. He was dressed as usual in only a pair of shorts, but had used Gar's razor to such advantage that, as he stood there with the sunlight flashing on his wide black eyes and his beautiful white teeth, he looked as bright and clean as the boat itself.

Surly Mike and sandy freckled Pete both slapped the boy on the back and commended him on the smart appearance of the boat—brasses all glittering, deck immaculate, ropes neatly coiled, and in a blue mug in the cabin a slightly wilted but still lovely Sherman rose of Monterey. But not a word from Gar. There was something so cold and forbidding in his face, a judgment so final and inexorable, that Pastore's questions died unasked on his lips and he said nothing.

Mike filled the tank with gasoline and started the engine, and within a few minutes brought the boat over the line of the submerged sewer pipe that was to be repaired. Gar sat in the bow of the boat, his hands loosely clasped. Silently Pastore laid out the gear and handed it piece by piece to the tenders as they proceeded to dress the diver. And with each bit of apparel pulled, laced, and bolted on to Gar, Pastore's admiration struggled with his pride, until at last he burst out: "You look grand, Gar. Oh, if you'd only let *me* tend you today! I learned everything, Gar. I could do it good."

"You, Tory," muttered Gar, stunned out of his detachment by the boy's presumption. "You're finished. Washed up. Tonight you scram."

"What? Me?" cried the boy. "Did you mean that, Gar?"

"Tonight." Gar's eyes returned to the mountains, but they were as pained as if he had just kicked his unfortunate dog out of the front door.

Mike and Pete, unconscious of the rift between the diver and his charge, assisted Gar on to the ladder, and Pastore sprawled down on his stomach and stretched as far as he dared over the side of the boat to watch the slow easy descent. As Gar slipped down through the translucent depths his lines became two thin threads, and himself a beetle suspended at the end of them.

There was no sound on the boat except the soft put-put of the engine compressing the air, and an occasional grunt from one of the tenders—once when a sea lion threatened to foul the lines, and again when the fin of a basking shark rose out of the water off the bell buoy.

At last the diver was down. For a long time Pastore watched him. He seemed to be flattened down like a turtle, and whatever he was doing was blurred by the blue fogginess of the depths. The bubbles came up in a steady stream like pellets of silver shot from below. Mike held the lines taut but easy, and Pete kept the engine steady and rhythmic as a lullaby.

"He'll need whisky when he comes up," remarked Pastore. "Did you guys bring whisky for Gar?"

"We brung coffee," said Mike shortly. "There wasn't no whisky."

"Gar don't want coffee after a dive. He wants whisky. He learned me that. Whisky when he comes up," insisted the boy.

"Today he gets coffee. It ain't a hard dive. Coffee's all right."

"Coffee? You're swell tenders, ain't you?" taunted the boy. "Today he gets whisky. I saw to that, you dumb eggs. I put a bottle in the locker for him. And it's there now."

"You thievin' little spick! So that's where his bottle went!" exclaimed Mike, keeping his eyes down on the lines. "And him tellin' us he'd forgot but he'd drunk it up already. And we never knew!"

"You bet you didn't," retorted the boy. "Nor him neither, maybe." And, unfolding to the soft warmth of the sun, he pillowed his head on his arm and feigned sleep.

MIKE'S cry brought the boy to his feet. His eyes had been closed but a minute, and in that minute something terrible had happened. Pete had left the engine and was bent over beside Mike, and both were staring fearfully into the water. Pastore looked down too. The diver was there as before, a dark round blob on the bottom. But his lines were drifting up to the surface. Something had severed them, and Mike was holding on to only broken ends. The diver was completely cut off from the topside. Weighted down with two hundred pounds of gear, he could neither blow himself to the surface nor be pulled up.

"It was a long black thing—a shark maybe, or a swordfish," babbled Mike. "It tore by like the Del Monte express. And then I felt the slack."

"We'll weight a rope and drop it down," gasped Pete, dragging at a coil with a grappling hook at the end of it.

"No good." Mike leaned far over the side of the boat. "It'd drop far wide of him. He's done for."

"We'll wriggle it till it reaches him. We'll let the anchor down to him." Pete dropped the rope and lunged toward the anchor. "We'll get it to him somehow—if he lasts that long."

"He won't. His air's cut off. He'll be gone before it gets to him." Mike's face twisted up into hard lines of pain. "We can't see it, but he's foldin' up. He's chokin' for air. He's suffocatin' down there."

"God, that's tough. We can't let Gar go that way. We got to do something!" Pete's grasp on the anchor relaxed and his eyes darted wildly over the boat in search of what he could throw down. All he saw was the life preserver. He made a feeble motion toward it. "We got to do something," he urged.

"I know what to do!" shouted Pastore. "Give me the rope. I'll take it down. I can go that deep—if I have to." He sprang to the gunwale and balanced there, tightening up his muscles for the dive.

"Get down, you crazy kid," groaned Pete. "There ain't nobody could do that."

"I can," said the boy proudly. "Give me the rope."

"Sure, let him try it," urged Mike. "He's only a spick—and that's Gar down there." Mike, as he spoke, fastened the rope around the boy. "Get it on to his belt, kid. Get it hooked on good. That's all that counts. Remember that. On to his belt. He won't be able to hang on with his hands. He'll be too far gone. Get it on to his belt."

With a spring outward and down, the boy cleaved the water in a swift clean dive, and, with the weight of the grappling hook aiding him, swam toward the doomed man below. Mike fed out the rope, and Pete looked helplessly on. The boy became a thin dark line like a feather drifting downward, but drifting in the direction of Gar. The seconds were laden with the agony of years as the feather lost outline in the bulk of the diver.

In time a faint pull quivered up along the rope.

"It's on," howled Mike. "Feel that! It's on!"

"He done it! The damn little spick, he done it!" sobbed Pete. They hauled away on the rope with all the strength that their great arms could put out.

"If it only holds!" prayed Mike. "Easy, easy. If anything goes wrong now—who knows how good he got it hooked on? Look! He's comin'! He's comin' up. He's had time to suffocate ten times over, and if he ain't, it's jest because Gar ain't no ordinary man. We got him now. Easy!"

"But—but the little spick. I can't see him," faltered Pete.

"Forget the kid. We're gettin' Gar up."

"And we gotta get the kid up too," persisted Pete.

"He ain't comin' up," said Mike soberly. "The kid's gone. He ain't with Gar. So he's gone. Can't you see that? It was the chancst he took. But he got us Gar. That was worth it. If only everything's right with Gar!"

THEY pulled the diver in over the gunwale. He was unconscious. Pete broke open the glass plate on his helmet, and Mike cut the tight cuffs and released the weight of breastplate and belt and boots. And after a long time of rubbing and massaging and a stiff drink of whisky from the bottle Pastore had provided, Gar's round blue eyes at last rolled open. He looked blankly at the clear sky above him, and at the clean oak planks of the deck that the boy had scrubbed so cheerfully the day before. Then, as he caught sight of his two anxious tenders bending over him, he warmed into speech.

"Squid," he muttered hoarsely. "Giant squid."

The two tenders made no reply, and a deep frown creased Gar's forehead. He turned over restlessly. Pete poured him another glass of whisky and gave it to him. Gar drank it mechanically. He smacked his lips over the last gulp, and then exclaimed in astonishment:

"Hey, that was whisky you give me!"

"Sure." Pete held the bottle out for him to see it. "Your whisky. The whisky you didn't give us yesterday because you'd drunk it all up—the bottle you fooled us on. That's that whisky."

"My whisky?" Gar closed his eyes for a few minutes to ponder this information. Then he turned to Pete again. "Where's Tory?"

Neither of the tenders answered. Pete took the warm towel that Mike passed to him and laid it gently on the diver's bruised chest, and Mike became very busy warming another towel. The boat lifted lightly to the swell of the incoming tide, and a refreshing breath of wind from the west riffled over the water. The diver's voice broke into the drowsy silence.

"Squid," said Gar again, watching both his tenders closely for the effect of the word. But their faces showed only doubt.

"You don't believe it," groaned Gar.

"No." Pete shook his head.

"Aye, that's because you're topside. But the kid will believe it. Get me the kid Tory. I got to tell him about it. I got to get it off my chest. The kid will know. It broke my lines. A squid. I didn't know it was there, and it broke my lines. And I felt the tug, and I looked up. And there it was. I couldn't see nothin' else. Only them eyes, comin' closer, closer. Squid eyes. I couldn't blow myself up. I couldn't move. And then I passed out. But you don't believe it! Where's the kid? Where's Tory? You dopes don't believe nothin'."

"No, I don't believe you." Pete's chin quivered. "Because it wasn't no squid. That was the kid himself. He was takin' the rope down to you. Oh, God, the poor kid!"

"Takin' the rope down?" Gar raised himself up on his elbow and looked from one tender to the other. "And the poor kid? Whaddye mean? Say, I seen the squid, ain't I? Where's Tory?"

"It was the chancst he took," explained Mike. "You know, Gar. Like the pearl divers."

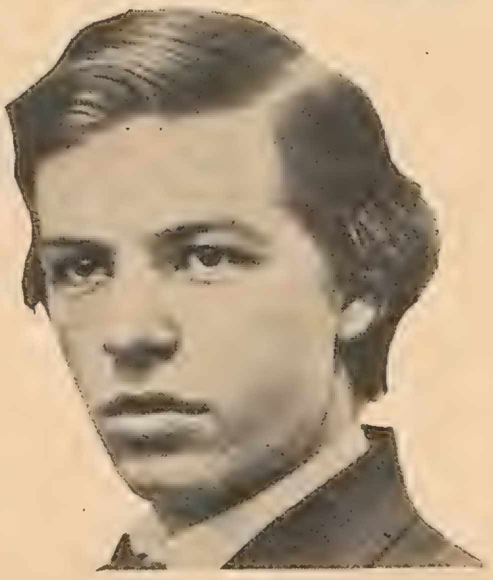
"And you was the pearl," added Pete.

"Tell me," demanded Gar. "I ain't in the humor for old Monterey history. Tell me before I take a poke at you."

Pete looked up at the bank of fog hanging over the Carmel hill so he would not have to look down into the water, and Mike fixed his eyes stubbornly on the bluff above the canneries where the Presidio parade ground is. And then in the terse abrupt phrases of the water front they told Gar how the boy Pastore, with only a necktie, a pair of socks, and a few things from Gar checked up against him, had at last lived up to his Spanish traditions and come across with everything he had.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—His father was a breakfast-table author and he was wounded during the Civil War. Later, the subject of this week's early photo became editor of the American Law Review. He worked his way up through the Bay State Supreme Court, and was appointed to the one in Washington in 1902. Who?

2—When in 1938 was Fathers' Day?

3—According to Hollywood, who was Bluebeard's Eighth Wife?

4—Is Kimi Ga Yo Wa eaten, worn, or played?

5—What American naval hero assumed his last, undistinctive name?

6—Why is the sea cat so called?

7—What are the two most common causes of drowning?

8—If Goethe is first, who is ranked the second greatest German lyric poet?

9—R. O. T. C. means what?

10—Which radio star specializes in advice to budding song writers?

11—Who originated mail-order merchandising?

12—The Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, East Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, is better known among actors as what?

13—Who was the author of the novel, Hard Times?

14—What is the status of a citizen of the U. S. who has enlisted in the French Foreign Legion?

15—"Veni, vidi, vici" means what in English?

16—Who was the Teacher President?

17—In 1863, who ruled England? Germany? Russia?

18—Does the Indian's head on a buffalo nickel face to the left or to the right?

19—Human beings normally have how many teeth each?

20—Who wrote the poem entitled, Barbara Frietchie?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

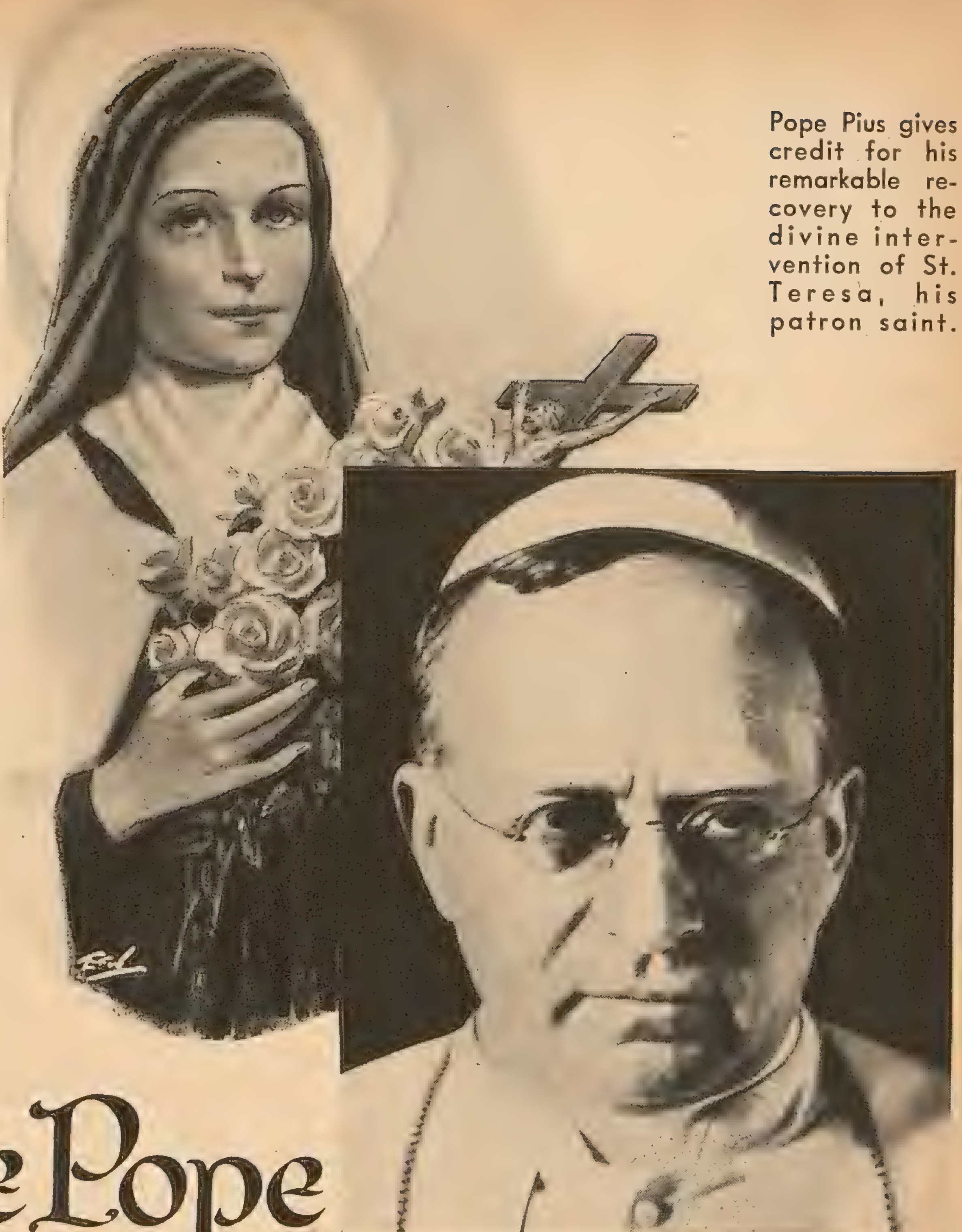
IT took the knockout conclusiveness of repeated thrombic heart attacks exploding in his chest and numbing his brain with blunt pain to convince Achille Ambrogio Damiano Ratti that he was a sick Pope.

Numerous danger signals of the arteriosclerosis that, as long as three years ago, had begun to clog his blood vessels were unheeded in the swirl of work. Dizzy spells, pains in the limbs, chest, and back were disregarded. With a tenacity, not to say downright stubbornness, peculiar to the Milanese, the Pontiff tightened his thin straight lips, set his jaw, plunged on into the never-ending round of ceremony, receptions, audiences, benedictions, study, and administrative duties forming the life of the King of the Catholic Church, the toughest job in the world.

Finally when, on December 4, 1936, Pope Pius XI was obliged to withdraw from the annual spiritual retreat of prayer and fasting preceding Christmas, he admitted:

“Well, perhaps we are ill. Call the doctor.”

A vein in his right leg had burst following a particularly severe heart attack. The hemorrhage weakened the Pontiff. Worse, the sudden flow of blood had loosened tiny particles of fibrous tissue inside the walls of the veins, and Pius XI faced death at any instant from embolism, that peculiar clogging of the heart resulting from the sudden entry into its chamber of a small clot which stops life as you turn out an electric light.



Pope Pius gives credit for his remarkable recovery to the divine intervention of St. Teresa, his patron saint.

How The Pope Held Off Death

The intimate, inspiring story, told by one who was there, of a moving and magnificent battle for life

BY FRANK GERVASI

The Pope's personal physician, Dr. Aminta Milani—an unpretentious practitioner, methodical, thorough—had foreseen just such a cataclysm in the Pontiff's health. He had prescribed accordingly.

But when he entered the papal sick chamber on that fateful night of December 4, Pius, his watery blue eyes twinkling behind thick spectacles, handed him a tiny key, saying: “*Caro* Milani, this is the key to my medicine locker. You will find there all those bottles you prescribed. I didn't take any. You know how I feel about medicines—and doctors.”

Dr. Milani bit his lips, stroked his aristocratic nose, glared at Pius, and proceeded with his examination.

“You are,” Milani told the Pope, “a very sick man. I have told you so before, but you would not listen. Your Holiness, we must call in specialists. Now, I know a good man in Vienna . . .”

Pius pursed his lips, cocked one eye amusedly at Milani, clipped him short with:

“*Niente, niente*—nothing doing. One doctor is enough to kill one man.”

Milani bowed and withdrew. Had he loved Pius less, he might have abandoned the case. Ordinary doctors would. For to deal with Pius XI—and this is no secret—one must have the patience of Job, the forbearance of Jacob. In the Vatican there is but one will, that of His Pontifical Holiness, ruler by divine right of nearly 400,000,000 Catholics, vastest empire of all, the envy of all dictators, for only the Pope rules without force.

In despair, Milani, knowing the life of one of the world's most important men—perhaps in a certain sense the most important—lay in his hands and his alone, picked up the telephone and called Padre Agostino Gemelli. This was a stroke of genius on the doctor's part.

Father Gemelli, intimate friend of Achille Ratti, president of the University of the Sacred Heart, president of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, is Italy's outstanding psychologist. This simple, rugged Franciscan friar is renowned in the Vatican as the only man, with the possible exception of tall, lean Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, who can sway the Holy Father.

Gemelli rushed to Rome by chartered airplane, flying through the night. He had never before traveled by plane. He stomped into the papal sick chamber. He found Pope Pius, against orders of course, sitting up in a chair, banked by pillows, his distended legs swathed in bandages, calmly reading a digest of the day's news.

Gemelli swished back his long coffee-brown robe, fell to his knees before his beloved friend. Pius reached out a white puffy hand, touched his friend's shoulder. Tears welled in the eyes of the tall broad-shouldered priest, twenty years the junior of the octogenarian Pontiff. Compassion was in his eyes and lighted his tanned, seamed face, but there was the steely ring of a challenge in Gemelli's voice as he spoke:

"Holy Father, thou art ill, sick with the illness of age. Only you, your spirit, can conquer this crisis. Remember, Your Holiness, that you are needed now. Remember that around you are gathered the fighters of the cause of the Mother Church. Remember Spain, and I call to your mind the rise everywhere of atheism and of paganism. It is to you we look."

And so he continued for half an hour. I am told by those in a position to know that when he had done, Father Gemelli rose, crossed himself, and withdrew, leaving the Pope transmuted into a calm serenity, his face aglow with new life.

That was more than a year and a half ago. The Pope lived, and he may be alive still when this is reduced to cold type, and the longest, most expensive deathwatch in the history of journalism continued.

The deathwatch is the macabre phrase coined in the city rooms of the English-speaking press of the world for that nerve-racking process of waiting for a great man to die. The watch mobilized to record instantly the demise of His Holiness is unprecedented in journalistic history in cost and extent. Intricate pipe lines have been laid into the Vatican to ensure immediate notification of the death of the Holy Father.

From all appearances right now the deathwatch of Pope Pius may go on and on for weeks, months, perhaps years, for until his work is done, or at least until Pope Pius is certain in his own heart and mind that he can entrust the affairs of the Holy See to a successor, Pius will *not* die.

IT is not difficult to comprehend the mental and moral determination of the Pope as he faced death, when one considers the kind of physical specimen he was when he came down from the flanks of the rugged Alps to become Pope. Achille Ratti was born, the son of a silk-mill worker, in Desio, near Milan, on May 31, 1857. From his youth he combined courage and moral stamina with physical fitness.

The man who lay dying, wasted and wan, pale and febrile, on the plain brass bed of his unpretentious cell, was the same man who thirty years before had pulled men twice his weight out of crevasses on the Alpine glaciers, had conquered the precipitous Matterhorn.

When finally he was obliged, by the bursting of the vein in his leg, to withdraw from the spiritual exercises of Advent, he minimized his illness to the extent of saying he was indisposed because of a "local affliction"; that it was "nothing grave." As a matter of fact, until Padre Gemelli came, he stood at the threshold of death. He rallied, sank again, rallied once more.

On the night of December 5, 1936, with hundreds of newspapermen on the *qui vive* for the tolling of the bells of St. Peter's that would have signalized the passing of the Pontiff, Pius, more dead than alive, his eyelids heavy with fever, barely able to breathe, pulled himself up to a sitting posture and rang for his secretaries. He demanded certain papers, signed them, sank back exhausted into a semistupor. The papers made certain that help would be sent homeless, penniless refugees of the Spanish Civil War.

As he lapsed into semiconsciousness, two brown-cowled monks who knelt at his bedside heard him murmur:

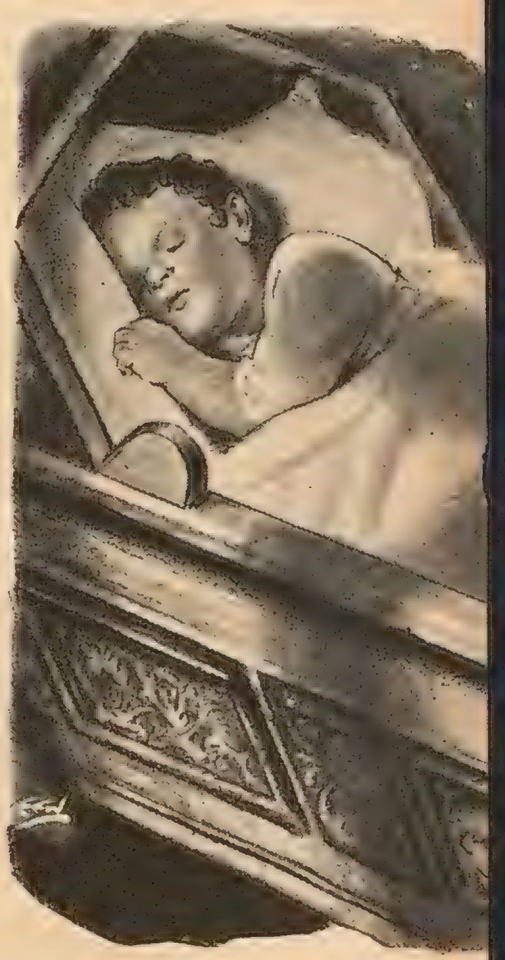
"*Il Papa non puo' morire* [The Pope cannot die]. . . ."

Perhaps it was merely coincidence, but the really critical phase of Pope Pius' first and later illness began soon after the start of the bloody civil war in Spain which brought the Catholic Church, and more particularly His Holiness the Pope, face to face with one of the gravest crises in its history.

Pius XI was confronted with an imponderable dilemma. He saw churches burned and sacked by the government forces, and his natural inclination was to favor Generalissimo Franco, himself a Catholic, whose cause was fundamentally in the interests of the Church.

But Pius, the "Pope of Peace," who had condemned war and its ravages upon the lives of innocent men, women, and children, could not openly favor Franco. Neither, to be consistent with his personal ideals and his repeated interpretation of Church doctrine, could he look with favor upon the effects of Franco's campaign.

On the other hand, he was tormented by the mass killing of nuns, clergy, and Catholic laymen by what were rapidly coming to be known as the "Reds." At least 15,000 Catholic clergy, nuns, missionaries, and lay church workers have been massacred in the Spanish Civil War to date. The damage to church property, the vast sums in treasure and *objets d'art* lost in the sacking and looting, constitute irreparable losses counted in many millions of dollars.



In August, 1936, only a few weeks after the war in Spain had begun, I had the privilege of being a guest at the Pope's summer Vatican at picturesque Castel Gandolfo, situated in the hills about twenty miles southwest of Rome.

I saw with my own eyes what the strain of worry over Spain had done to the Pontiff. As he shuffled in red-leather slippers from one audience room to another, imparting his blessing to kneeling pilgrims from all parts of the civilized and uncivilized world, his usually round placid face was pale and taut like flaky parchment. He moistened his lips repeatedly.

Weakened by work, he had caught cold. Preceding him wherever he went, flunkies closed windows to prevent drafts, despite the stifling heat that was hurled with fury from the reflecting surface of adjacent Lake Albano and from the flanks of the Alban Hills.

More than one thousand pilgrims and newlyweds—it is a Catholic custom in Italy for new brides and grooms to go to the Pope for his blessing—filled the main audience chamber of Castel Gandolfo. The windows were closed tight, the electric fans were switched off. The heat from the massed, packed bodies added to the stifling oppressiveness of the atmosphere. Into this literally reeking room, jammed except for a space of about ten feet cleared around the throne by the colorfully garbed Swiss Guard, whose costumes were designed by Michelangelo, the Pope was carried in a small sedan chair.

With obvious painful difficulty he rose from the chair and climbed the four red-carpeted steps of the dais to his throne. His face was ashen. He looked small and harassed and suddenly very, very old. His voice, despite amplifiers, was barely audible. I learned later he had spent the entire morning reading dispatches from Spain, telling among other tragedies of the murder of twenty nuns who had been herded aboard a barge and the barge scuttled.

I knew then that the days of Pope Pius were numbered. As correspondent for International News Service, I knew I must make my plans for the deathwatch. But little did I suspect that throughout the turmoil of the Spanish Civil War, Pius was to remain standing, back to the wall, fighting the greatest battle of his life.

The Pope who came to power sixteen years ago, enjoying thus one of the longest Pontificates in the history of the Mother Church, was to see the map of Europe changed when his archenemy Adolf Hitler grabbed Austria and thus injected into the life of the Church and Europe's destiny another spiny problem.

Next to the plight of Catholics in Spain, closest to Pius' heart lay the fate of millions of the faithful under Nazi paganism. When word reached Pius in a coded telegram that German troops had crossed into Austria and were on their way to Vienna, he fell to his tortured knees, spread his arms, and cried:

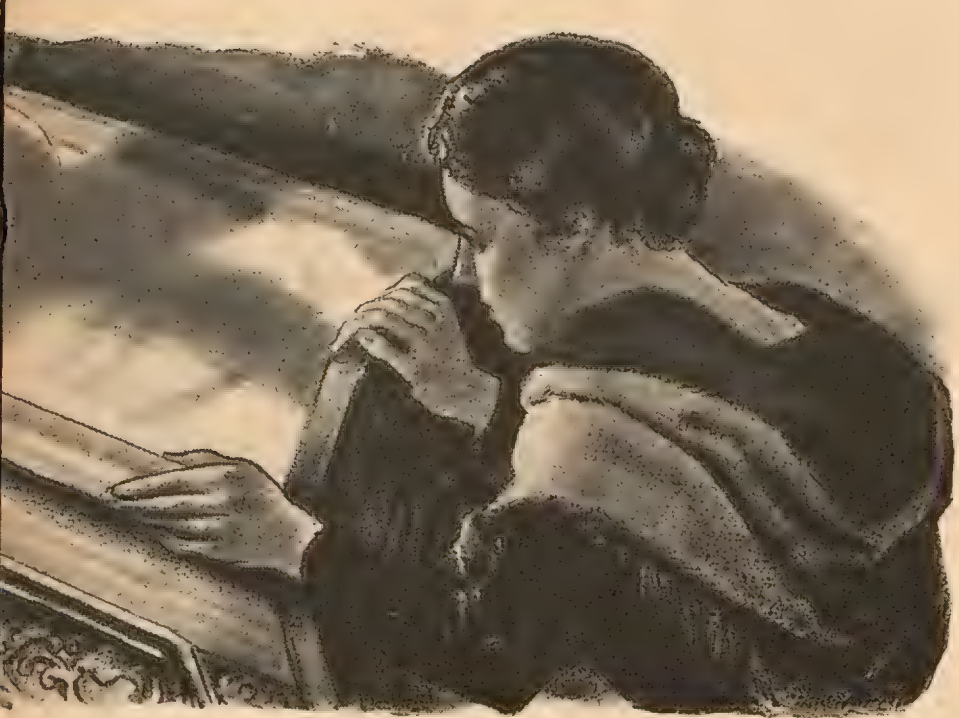
" To this we shall answer . . ."

Those near him moved away, left him in his grief.

The fate of more than six million Catholics in Austria, totaling 90.4 per cent of that most Catholic of nations' entire population rests in the hands of Pius, who, strangely enough, sees some glimmer of hope now of bringing Hitler to terms over the Austrian issue.

Austria, the Pontiff reasons, is more homogeneously faithful than was Germany, where there were thirty million Catholics, or roughly 50 per cent of the Reich's population, scattered over a territory much larger than Austria's. Hitler cannot afford to alienate such a solidly Catholic concentrated population. The Pope will demand from Hitler the right of a free Catholic press, freedom of worship, and freedom of education of the young in Catholic schools.

It is told how the shadow moved along the gleaming sanded floor and how the cross seemed to pause on the cradle of the babe.



The policy of Pope Pius, despite his intense personal dislike of Hitler and his condemnation of Nazi repressive and oppressive methods, will be to negotiate a new concordat with Berlin—to cover Vienna too—along the lines of the Lateran Treaty signed with Benito Mussolini in 1929, ending a split between Church and the Italian State that threatened the existence of both.

If I know Pius at all, it will be Hitler who will be obliged to bend the knee.

SUCH was the battle that surged and roared about the thinning figure of the man from the Alps as he faced his eighty-first birthday, May 31, 1938. If courage and determination count, Pius will live to win this battle, or come mighty close to it. I hear cardinals and prelates in the Vatican refer to Ratti now as "sanctified and strengthened by the wine of courage born of the desperate need to live."

Truthfully, such phrases have not in the past often been spoken of Pius, whose efficiency, whose brusque business man's methods, frequently aroused intense opposition.

Pius attributes his recovery to the divine intervention of St. Teresa. A year ago last December, when he lay dying, a statuette of her, his patron saint, stood on a table by his bed. A sliver of lighted wick, floated in sweet oil, burned before the image, while Dr. Milani counted the Pope's pulse. The pulse dropped to thirty-two beats a minute. But Achille Ratti lived.

Men of science marveled. Men of the Church whispered, " a miracle."

Certainly something more than the mere fact that Pius had had a strong constitution accounted for his recovery. Something more gave him strength to live on when every fiber of his being cried out for the relief from pain that would have come with endless sleep.

As a newspaperman I have seen many men die, have held the deathwatch over Thomas Alva Edison, and Ambassador Dwight Morrow, and a score of lesser folk. I have recorded their last words, have seen pagans converted with their dying breath.

But never in many years of reporting have I witnessed such monumental physical and moral courage as that of His Holiness before and after he became ill.

Men who had virtually heard the death rattle in his throat heard him speak over the radio, carrying onward his fight against Communism, injustice, and what in the eyes of his Church constitutes sin.

I have stood near the frail ailing old man as he risked pneumonia in a raw March wind on Easter Sunday afternoon, 1937, barely out of his sickbed, to give his blessing to half a million men, women, and children, princes and paupers held within the encircling arms of the ancient colonnades of St. Peter's Cathedral.

I heard his voice crack and choke with the emotion of the moment, for to him, as to the kneeling thousands before him, his appearance on the balcony overlooking the square was nothing less than a miracle.

I have seen him stoop and pat the head of a child when for him to bend at the waist was physical agony.

WHEN Ratti came down out of his native Alps to become the spiritual and temporal head of the Catholic Church he brought with him better physical equipment than any of those previously called to the Pontificate.

Wind and sun had bronzed his face. His muscles were corded by arduous mountain climbing. In childhood and young manhood his back yard had been the steep flanks of the friendly Piedmontese Alps.

Legend has it that when Ratti was born in his father's humble millworker's home, the rising sun cast its rays aslant the belfry of an adjacent church in such a manner that the crucificial shadow fell on the red-brick floor where mother and child lay asleep.

It is told to this day how the shadow moved along the gleaming sanded floor and how the cross seemed to pause on the cradle of the babe who was to wear the black of priesthood, the purple of the Sacred College of Cardinals, and the white of the Pontificate.

From birth, it would seem, Ratti was to live under the benevolent shadow of that symbol to which he had devoted himself. From birth the rich threads of legend were woven into the tapestry of his life.

Though he clung tenaciously to life, Pius, like all Italians, was philosophic about death. He frequently repeated that old Roman phrase that goes: "*Quando muore un Papa, se ne fa un'altro.*" When a Pope dies, they make another. It sums up the attitude toward the Holy Father of Catholicism of those who live and die within the shadow of St. Peter's, within earshot of the cathedral's deep-voiced bells.

The words are never uttered irreverently. On the contrary, they carry a tenderness mingled with homage difficult to describe. They always shock the foreigner none the less. They shouldn't, because Popes themselves have accepted almost without exception the bald fact of death.

In the lives of the Popes there are but two important dates—that upon which he is raised to the Pontificate by the votes of fellow members of the College of Cardinals, and that upon which he dies.

THE END

Why Balance the Budget?

BY ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

NO one has yet been audacious enough to suggest that the government spend vast sums for public works and relief, and likewise lower taxes. Because if this were done, how could you balance the budget? And yet there is an inconsistency in the government taking money from citizens and industry to provide for those who lose employment because the government takes money from citizens and industry.

Economic theories develop dogmas which become fixed and rigid. The " gold standard," " inflation," " balancing the budget " are some of them.

The necessity of a fixed gold standard is not so apparent today as it was a few years ago. We shattered the idol after Hoover was crucified upon a cross of gold. With bated breath we awaited the consequences of a change in monetary standards. The change was made. Nothing dire happened—that is, nothing happened after we were assured by the Supreme Court that contracts which provided for payment in gold of a certain standard of weight and fineness might be fulfilled by payment of gold of some other standard, and that even the government promise to pay in gold could not be enforced unless the claimant could prove damages.

" Repudiation of debts," said one of the Supreme Court Justices. " Outrageous," " immoral," " dishonest." " The rock of capitalist civilization is based upon the assurance that men will meet contracts." So said the dissenters. Yet the Supreme Court, faced by the necessity of the situation, found that, since the government controlled the currency, the usual rules did not apply. Men continue to make contracts. Government bonds are still sound.

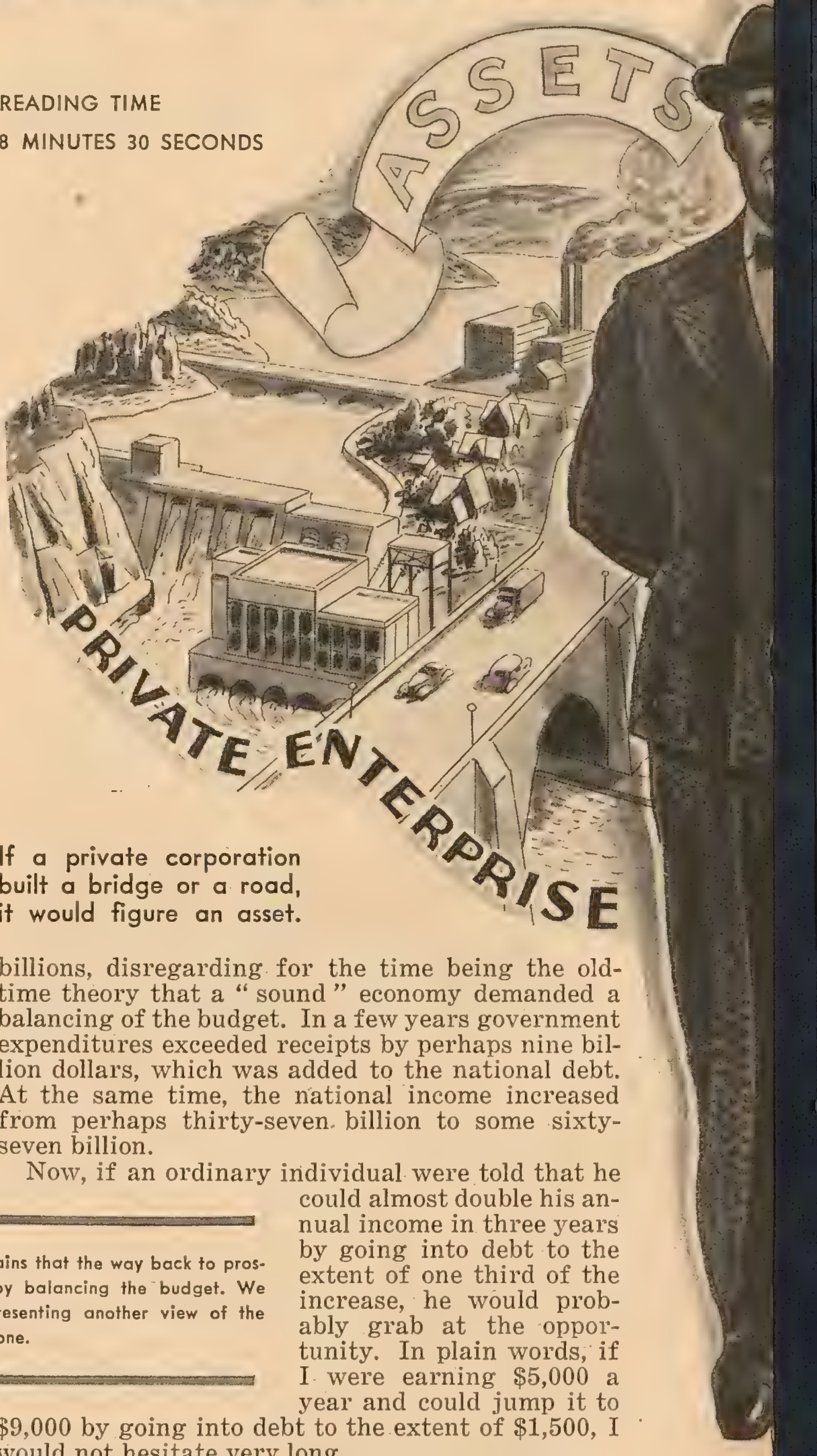
It was generally assumed that a change in the gold standard would result in inflation. The prospective inflation showed itself chiefly in the rise in price of commodities which had a world market. The fearful example of what happened in Germany, France, and other countries scared no one. We realized that conditions were quite different in the United States, and that inflation could be controlled by a country possessing hoards of gold. The change in the gold standard did not even provide sufficient inflation to bring relative values back to where they were a few years ago.

In our fear of inflation we forgot the dangers of deflation. If I own a house worth, we will say, $10,000, with a mortgage on it of $5,000, the result of deflation will be to kill my equity in the house. If the value of the house goes down $5,000, my equity is wiped out. If it goes down to $4,000, the mortgagee comes after me for more money. If the tenant pays less rent, as he does at such a time, I cannot pay taxes and interest on the mortgage. Under those circumstances, if money were worth half as much—in other words, if we had a certain amount of inflation—the value might go back to $10,000, the tenant would pay a higher rent in money, and I would be able to pay the interest and the taxes and still retain my equity.

In season and out, Liberty maintains that the way back to prosperity and sound government is by balancing the budget. We publish Mr. Hays' article as representing another view of the matter—and really a remarkable one.

Today the drive is on to balance the budget. Otherwise, say the economists and the bankers, we face catastrophe. Some time ago the administration said it would balance the budget in 1938. The general idea is, if the government makes a statement, it must stick to it. A physician might tell a pneumonia patient he would let him out of bed in a week. Nevertheless, the patient would be kept in bed unless his health were sufficiently improved at the end of the week to warrant the change.

The government started to treat the depression like a war. It established a new policy, to the effect that every man who desired to work would get a job and that the federal government would see to it that no one would starve. In carrying out this policy the government spent billions, disregarding for the time being the old-time theory that a " sound " economy demanded a balancing of the budget. In a few years government expenditures exceeded receipts by perhaps nine billion dollars, which was added to the national debt. At the same time, the national income increased from perhaps thirty-seven billion to some sixty-seven billion.



If a private corporation built a bridge or a road, it would figure an asset.

Now, if an ordinary individual were told that he could almost double his annual income in three years by going into debt to the extent of one third of the increase, he would probably grab at the opportunity. In plain words, if I were earning $5,000 a year and could jump it to $9,000 by going into debt to the extent of $1,500, I would not hesitate very long.

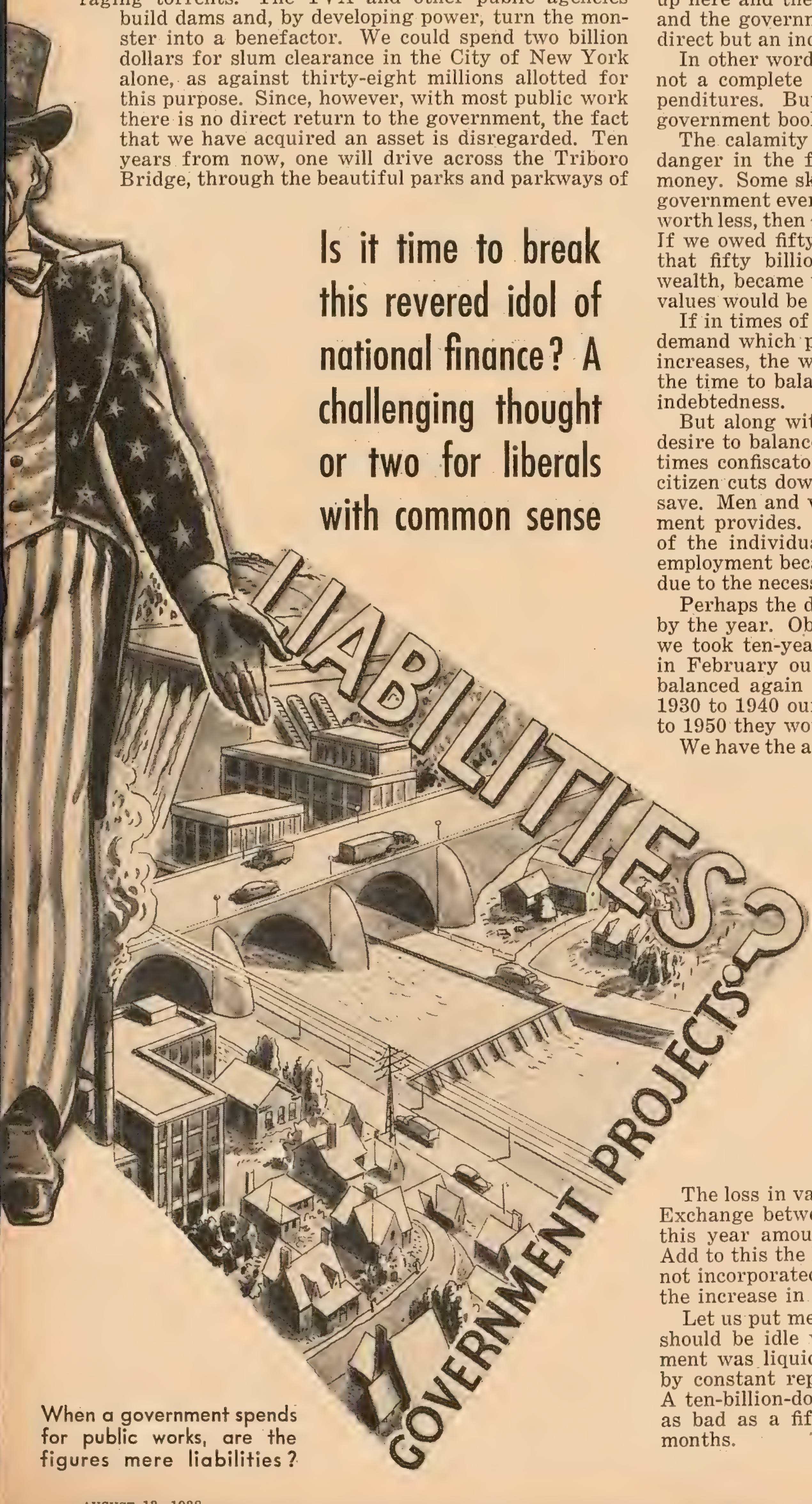
The result of government spending was that business picked up all along the line. Gradually men were taken back into private industry; less money was needed for public work and relief. If this course were continued until unemployment was liquidated, then government expenditures for these purposes would be eliminated.

But the wiseacres said, " We have given government spending a chance; now let's balance the budget." We still had millions of unemployed. With the cutting down of government expenditures, business slowed up and we had more men dependent upon the government.

When a government spends money for public works, the figures are put on the debit side. Our economists forget the credit side. If a private corporation built a bridge, a building, or a road, it would figure an asset against the money expended. This is because the private business would expect to make the investment pay.

Floods cost this country each year hundreds of millions of dollars. We denude the forests and release numberless streams into our rivers. At times these become raging torrents. The TVA and other public agencies build dams and, by developing power, turn the monster into a benefactor. We could spend two billion dollars for slum clearance in the City of New York alone, as against thirty-eight millions allotted for this purpose. Since, however, with most public work there is no direct return to the government, the fact that we have acquired an asset is disregarded. Ten years from now, one will drive across the Triboro Bridge, through the beautiful parks and parkways of Long Island, and the question will arise in his mind, When were these tremendous public improvements made? The answer will be, In time of depression. All over the country we will have landmarks of general public benefit which came, curiously enough, not because we were prosperous but because we were broke. Indirectly, there is a return. New homes, aided by government finance which also came about because we were broke, will spring up here and there. New communities will be developed, and the government, by increased taxes, will find not a direct but an indirect return.

Is it time to break this revered idol of national finance? A challenging thought or two for liberals with common sense


LIABILITIES?
GOVERNMENT PROJECTS?

When a government spends for public works, are the figures mere liabilities?

In other words, the spending of government money is not a complete waste. There are assets to balance expenditures. But, except for self-liquidating ventures, government bookkeeping notes only the increase in debt.

The calamity howlers would still insist that there is danger in the fact that the government owes so much money. Some skeptics would say, " What of it? " If the government ever came to owe so much that its money was worth less, then *ipso facto* the government would owe less. If we owed fifty billion dollars and we had inflation, so that fifty billion, in relation to national income and wealth, became worth half as much, our debt in relative values would be cut in half.

If in times of depression we spend money and create a demand which puts people to work, the national income increases, the wheels of prosperity turn again. Then is the time to balance the budget and begin to pay off the indebtedness.

But along with this goes another consideration. The desire to balance the budget has led to enormous, sometimes confiscatory taxes. In order to pay these taxes, a citizen cuts down his expenses; a business man seeks to save. Men and women lose employment, and the government provides. Thus the government takes the money of the individual to take care of those who lose their employment because of the high taxes. But this again is due to the necessity of balancing the budget.

Perhaps the difficulty is due to the fact that we figure by the year. Obviously the results would be different if we took ten-year or even twenty-year periods. Just as in February our books may be unbalanced and yet be balanced again in December, so it might be that from 1930 to 1940 our books were unbalanced, and from 1940 to 1950 they would balance up again.

We have the absurd situation that in the United States, with the largest share of the world's wealth and of the world's gold, we have millions of unemployed. In time of war economic dogmas are disregarded. We produce to the fullest extent. We have no problem of unemployment. True, we pay for this in time of peace, but that may well be because then we return to the old-time slogans.

The increase in government indebtedness represents the national income for less than two months. In a rich country of 130,000,000 people financial figures are astronomical.

When industry fails, there is a loss of billions a year. This is regarded as private money. According to common thought, the government is in no danger when private industry wastes or loses billions, but is in grave danger if they are spent by the government.

The loss in values of securities on the New York Stock Exchange between August of last year and January of this year amounted to over twenty-five billion dollars. Add to this the losses in values of property and business not incorporated or not listed. Compare that figure with the increase in national debt.

Let us put men back to work. Let us produce. No man should be idle when there is work to do. The government was liquidating the depression until the bankers, by constant repetition of a phrase, put on the brakes. A ten-billion-dollar increase in debt in five years is not as bad as a fifty-billion-dollar loss in values in a few months.

THE END

Advice To Fortune Hunters

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

From one who knows them well . . . It's a hard life, but you can find success and avoid disaster. Here's how!

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

HELLO, fellows!

I know you. I used to see you in Newport when I was a kid, you and your pappies and grandpappies. Since then I have seen you almost every year, standing on street corners with your dippers out, in Palm Beach and Miami, and in the pleasure resorts abroad which are most likely to be frequented by American society.

Did I say society? Solvency is the word. That's all you're interested in, and *how* interested you are!

Anyhow, I know you and your work. A good deal of it has been carried on right under my slightly raised nose. I have made a study of fortune hunting from the standpoint of one who was fortunate enough to be born a male.

That's why I feel competent to give you a little advice on how to streamline your business, how to make it 100 per cent effective according to 1938 rules.

(I have a little advice for a girl, too, a girl who used to be called Barbara Hutton, but I'll get to her later. When it comes to fortune hunting, as you boys well know, it's a case of women and children last.)

And what are the 1938 rules?

First, of course, there is the matter of equipment. You must have a suitable wardrobe, a good brand of Continental manners, a smooth "line," and—this is the rub—you must be provided with *some* cash for flowers, candy, tips, and taxi fares. It's no longer good form to borrow money from your prospective fiancée for these little matters so early in the game.

Also, if there are any men still hanging around in your heiress' family, you will have to get yourself some sort of job. American fathers are funny that way. No matter how lavishly they provide for their daughters, they have an antiquated notion that their sons and sons-in-law should work. It may sound silly to you, but since you're playing for big stakes, you must be prepared to endure some hardships. Furthermore, talk plenty about the business you're going to do *after* you're married. A big land development in the Argentine or Patagonia will do very well—anything will do so long as it's far enough away so that they can't possibly check on it.

There are pikers among fortune hunters who go after comparatively small stuff, like backing for modest stock-market ventures and support in a comfortable style. But the advice I'm giving is meant for big-game hunters: earnest and ambitious European youths, real go-getters with imagination sufficiently fired to strive for the luxuries of civilization in great gobs.

To such as these my advice is like that of a famous American of a sturdier era: "Go West, young man! Go West!"

Forget the socially wise "debbies" who loll on the sands at Bailey's Beach, and make for Malibu in California, Charlevoix in Michigan, and Lake Forest in Illinois. Lay off Boston's Back Bay, Philadelphia's Main Line, and the Newport and Palm Beach sets, and prowl around the Mid and Far West.

The East Coast dolls now know their Almanach de Gotha and their Burke's Peerage backward. There are only a handful of titles left in Europe that will impress them. Besides, most of them are conducting a desperate campaign themselves to bring fresh cash into their rapidly emptying family coffers.

For in the effete East things are not always what they seem, and certainly not always what they were in the golden '20s. Many of the great American "old family" fortunes are now nothing but a hollow shell. Increased income taxes in the upper brackets have made inroads on principal at a furious rate, and some families are now at their wit's end to keep up their elaborate establishments.

So don't waste on Park Avenue the little money you've secured from mortgaging your moth-eaten family château. Breeze out through Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. That's where the real money is nowadays. Your mildewed family escutcheon may sufficiently dazzle the families who control these great commonwealths to enable you to reach the altar with one of their truly well heeled progeny.

And don't ape high-hat Easterners by sneering at such towns as Paw Paw, Kalamazoo, Oshkosh, Oologah, Oskaloosa, or Ottumwa. You will find some mighty tidy fortunes hidden away in such towns.

While you're working on one of these Midwestern girls, go very easy on your past. Don't go into your routine about that little model on the Left Bank, and forget about those married women that you solaced when their husbands were out on their own. That stuff doesn't go over here, when a Grade A marriage is at stake.

My next major piece of advice is: Pick 'em young.

Commence on the young girls, and stick to them. Lay off the older women. They are easier to graft minor sums of money out of, but they won't get you anywhere. You'll be identified as an older woman's man, and irrevocably prejudiced in the eyes of the younger girls.

Down in Washington, a European who was prominent as a host recently lost his position through a change in his government. He had been entertaining almost exclusively older women. Last winter, when he sought a match among the wealthy young set, all the eligible girls turned their noses up at him.

Of course you may be the kind of fortune hunter who thinks it is better business to marry a woman with the money in her own name. I question this policy. If your wife has all the money in her own name, she is usually mid-aged and at a period when the winds of love are constantly shifting. Despite your best efforts, some one else, also attracted by the golden honey, may entice her affections, and you will be left lonely and penniless. Even if this doesn't happen, it will be difficult, since she is usually beyond the childbearing age, for you to become anything in her life other than a legalized gigolo.

No, my young European friends; the real money is in being the father of the grandchild of a great American industrialist, not in being the husband of a rich American woman. That will get you a good living while it lasts, which is usually not long. If her money can buy you, it will buy other fellows just as attractive as you. But mother love will stand up. If properly handled, it will pay you the biggest dividends.

Which brings me to my third and last major admonition to itinerant fortune hunters: "Once you're married, get a baby, and get it quick."

Your rich American wife may be desperately in love with you, but if her marriage is childless her family may tie up the estate so that there will be little or nothing for you in the long run. So begin as soon as possible to overcome any objections she may have to becoming a mother. Speed is essential. Remember, your time may be limited to months and not years.

If you are fortunate enough to have a boy for your

And To Barbara Hutton

first child—and if you examine the record you will see that you probably won't be around long enough to have a second—concern yourself immediately with his education. At birth, enter him for Eton or some other English top-drawer school. Make your plans for sending him later to Oxford, Heidelberg, or the Sorbonne. This will show the girl and her family that you know your stuff.

Don't drift into the stupid mistake of calling your wife's property "mine" or "ours." Be very careful about this. In America a wife's property is "hers," although her husband's is "ours."

But it is always safe to talk about the baby's financial future, and create a nice impression, too.

As an unselfish father who doesn't care for money himself, you can more easily persuade your wife to renounce her American citizenship and adopt that of whatever dissension-torn, fear-ridden, bankrupt European country you happen to come from. You can play up strong the income and inheritance taxes which she—and the child—will escape if she adopts your citizenship. It will probably result in doubling the taxes she'll have to pay later on; but never mind—you've got yourself to think of.

Once you have eliminated Uncle Sam from your marital picture, you don't need to pay any more attention to the mother. Just concentrate on the son and heir. Don't let him out of your sight for a minute. Keep him in Europe at all costs, and, at the first sign of a rift between you and your wealthy wife, rush the little thing back to your home country.

There you can use the money which you should by this time have shaken out of your wife to work on the courts sufficiently to keep the child there. Then, if you don't get a proper settlement in the divorce proceedings, you can sell the child back to its mother for a very handsome ransom.

Another point: Don't overlook getting the grandparents interested in your child early in the game. If you pull on their heartstrings too, you can get an even more generous settlement. American industrialists will do a lot for their grandchildren, even if they have foreign fathers.

Don't forget, too, that you may exhaust the fortune you secure from releasing the child. The years will pass and your child will inherit his fortune. He will then have money in his own name. And you're his father, aren't you? You should certainly be able to jerk enough new money out of him to keep you in the luxury to which you have become accustomed.

In short, boys, the only thing that will stand up against *all* odds is a child.

AS for you, Barbara Hutton, I beg of you to believe that none of these remarks are intended to refer to either of the foreign gentlemen you saw fit to marry. One is dead. The survivor seems like a personable chap. Both may have loved you for yourself alone. But since your second marriage is now on the rocks, where the first one went before it, it may not be out of place to give you a little advice, too.

I'll make it short: Come home.

There is nothing selfish about this advice. We have experienced no acute unhappiness since you renounced your American residence and your American allegiance. We can get along without you if you can get along without us. But I don't think you can. You don't seem to be doing so well on your own. And your boy, Lance. He won't do so well, either, if he doesn't prepare himself to look after his American millions in the American way.

So come along over, Barbara. Get yourself a little place of seven or eight hundred acres, christen it Never Again, and settle down to the simple life.

You might as well. We'll tax you anyway!

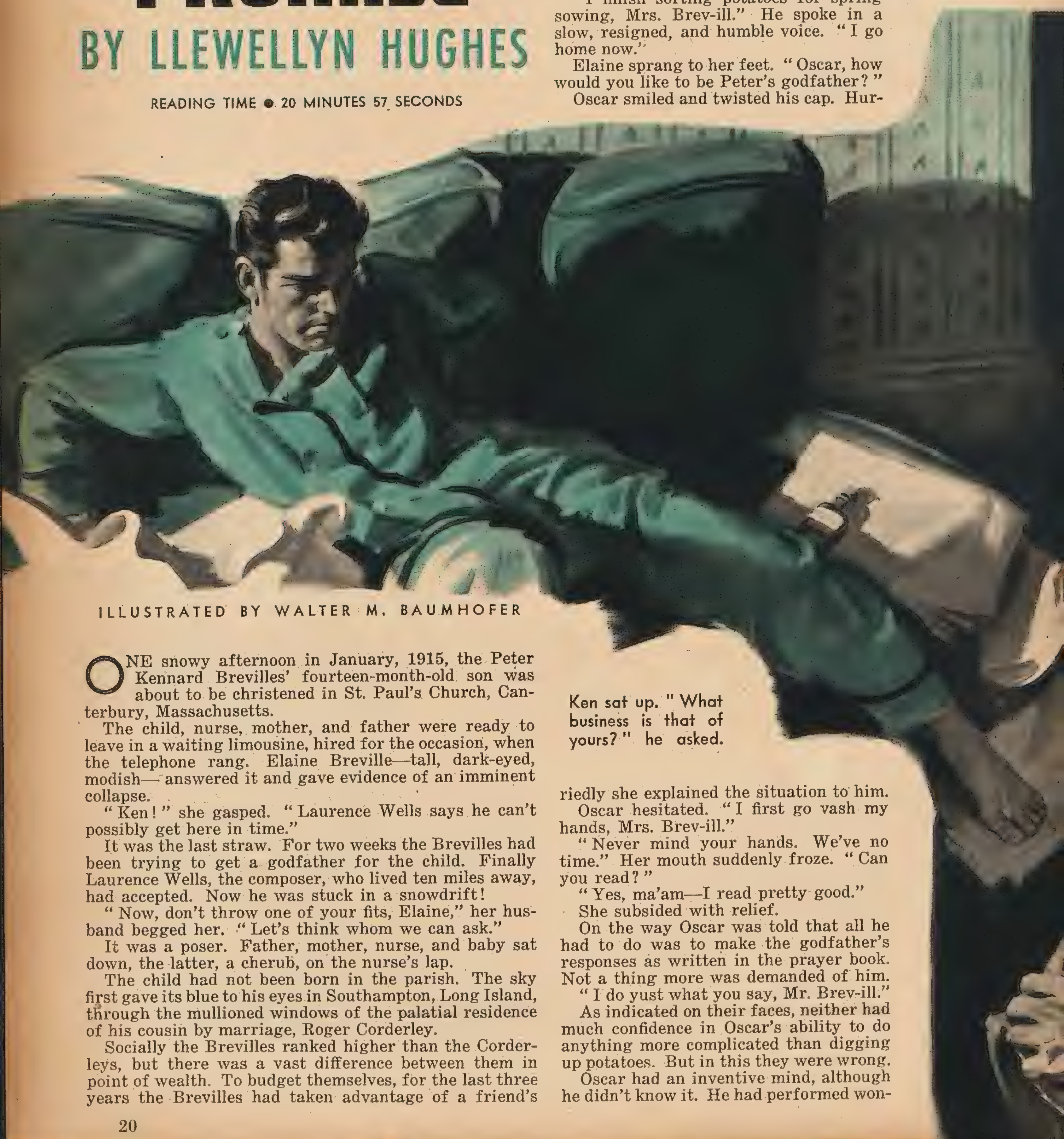
THE END

The Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow—born Barbara Hutton—has had bad luck with her two Continental marriages.

A PROMISE *is a* PROMISE

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



Ken sat up. "What business is that of yours?" he asked.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

ONE snowy afternoon in January, 1915, the Peter Kennard Brevilles' fourteen-month-old son was about to be christened in St. Paul's Church, Canterbury, Massachusetts.

The child, nurse, mother, and father were ready to leave in a waiting limousine, hired for the occasion, when the telephone rang. Elaine Breville—tall, dark-eyed, modish—answered it and gave evidence of an imminent collapse.

"Ken!" she gasped. "Laurence Wells says he can't possibly get here in time."

It was the last straw. For two weeks the Brevilles had been trying to get a godfather for the child. Finally Laurence Wells, the composer, who lived ten miles away, had accepted. Now he was stuck in a snowdrift!

"Now, don't throw one of your fits, Elaine," her husband begged her. "Let's think whom we can ask."

It was a poser. Father, mother, nurse, and baby sat down, the latter, a cherub, on the nurse's lap.

The child had not been born in the parish. The sky first gave its blue to his eyes in Southampton, Long Island, through the mullioned windows of the palatial residence of his cousin by marriage, Roger Corderley.

Socially the Brevilles ranked higher than the Corderleys, but there was a vast difference between them in point of wealth. To budget themselves, for the last three years the Brevilles had taken advantage of a friend's house in Canterbury at a low rental. It was a comfortable place, and had a large garden back of it, which happily supplied them with vegetables.

Unfortunately Kennard Breville was handicapped in his quest for employment. A bobsled enthusiast in his richer, bachelor days, at St. Moritz he had hurtled over an ice turn into some trees. Despite the best surgery, he was never able to walk again except very laboredly and with the aid of a cane. He had put on weight, making it more difficult for him to get around.

In through the back door came Oscar Lomberg, his cap in hand. Oscar worked three days a week for the Brevilles. A lumpish fellow of twenty-eight, he had huge hands and fingers, the roughly handsome, earth-dark face of a peasant, and kind, sagacious eyes.

"I finish sorting potatoes for spring sowing, Mrs. Brev-ill." He spoke in a slow, resigned, and humble voice. "I go home now."

Elaine sprang to her feet. "Oscar, how would you like to be Peter's godfather?"

Oscar smiled and twisted his cap. Hurriedly she explained the situation to him.

Oscar hesitated. "I first go vash my hands, Mrs. Brev-ill."

"Never mind your hands. We've no time." Her mouth suddenly froze. "Can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am—I read pretty good."

She subsided with relief.

On the way Oscar was told that all he had to do was to make the godfather's responses as written in the prayer book. Not a thing more was demanded of him.

"I do yust what you say, Mr. Brev-ill."

As indicated on their faces, neither had much confidence in Oscar's ability to do anything more complicated than digging up potatoes. But in this they were wrong.

Oscar had an inventive mind, although he didn't know it. He had performed wonders in the Brevilles' garden. He would bring a flower or a vegetable he had raised to show it to his closest friend, George Rysing.

"Look, George. I t'ink I got somet'ings here."

"By golly, you have!" George owned the local hardware store and knew something about gardening.

It would seem that Oscar saved the dead leaves, the stalks, the discarded blooms and vegetables themselves, and kept them in their separate heaps in the tool house. When they had decayed, a certain mineral was added.

In the spring Oscar used each heap as fertilizer for its respective flower or vegetable. The principle, George Rysing decided, of a blood transfusion. The results had been remarkable, although the benefits of it alone accrued to the Brevilles. They, harassed by financial worries, were only vaguely aware of the arresting fragrance of the roses on their table, of the amazingly crisp celery, and size and delicacy of tomatoes, beets, carrots, and radishes on their plates.

St. Paul's Church at last! The Rev. Milford Lane received them and, Oscar Lomberg being accounted for, he retired to put on his vestments.

Peter's nurse produced from its tissue wrapping a white crepe coat of gossamer fineness, with a cape of ermine. Into this she buttoned and hooked little Peter, while he sought to snatch the spectacles off her nose.

A stirring tale of love, a simple man's creed of loyalty, and a two-fisted thrashing that strangely mended a young romance

"How exquisite!" Mrs. Milford Lane enthused. "And doesn't he look beautiful in it? What a lovely picture!"

Elaine Breville mentioned that the christening robe belonged to the Roger Corderleys. It had been worn by Roger Jacob Corderley, 3d, christened by the Bishop of New York a year ago. Bernice Corderley had given it to her for Peter to wear.

Mrs. Lane was properly awed by the symbol of the Corderley wealth, and Peter wore the discarded robe as though it had been made for him and no other. The Rev. Milford Lane then placed father, mother, and godfather nearest the font, the nurse with Peter on one side, and Mrs. Lane behind. The service began.

In one particular part the minister addressed Oscar directly, reading from the text.

"'Having now, in the name of this Child, made these promises, wilt thou also on thy part take heed that this Child learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health?'"

Mr. Breville's, Mrs. Breville's, and Mrs. Lane's respective forefingers lunged at Oscar's prayer book.

"'I vill, by God's help.'"

Oscar pronounced these words in such a slow and solemn tone that even the minister smiled.

At the reception, a glass of champagne was put into Oscar's gnarled hand.

"To Peter's health."

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir."

After that he was free to go, and before he left Kennard Breville gave him a cigar.

Bubbling over with thoughts of the christening and his important part in it, Oscar walked home through the snow to his wife and eleven-month-old baby daughter.

"You never saw such t'ings, Hilma," he laughed.

He went to see his child in her crib in the next room. One little arm in gray flannel was flung back beyond a makeshift comforter shedding its cotton stuffing.

"I vonder," Oscar mused beatifically. "I vonder."

Four months later there was another christening in St. Paul's Church. The Brevilles were not at this ceremony. A small white ermine coat was proxy for them. It was a little roomy for the ailing Greta Lomberg.

In June, 1936, a marriage was announced in the Boston papers, showing pictures of the bride and groom.

BREVILLE-TORREY WEDDING
Socially Prominent Event
Bridegroom Related to Roger Corderley

There followed a description of the bride's wedding dress and a word about her Junior League activities.

More space was given to Peter Kennard Breville because of his connection with the Corderleys. This was explained in tedious detail. The groom had attended Harvard and was now a bond salesman. No mention of a college degree, no clubs, no home address. His photograph showed him dark, handsome, with wide-apart smiling eyes and curly black hair.

"Don't care for young men forced to resign from college," the bride's father had said. "Don't care for young men who come to sell me bonds without knowing what they are talking about. Still, he's young. He may improve."

So the marriage went forward, and the reception was gay. Jean's father gave her a check for five thousand dollars.

There were scores of congratulatory telegrams, but only one from the groom's family, and this from the Roger Corderleys. Jean was excited about it, and showed it to her parents, sisters, and friends.

"Ken," she said, looking over the other telegrams, "who is this one from?"

He studied it, a little befuddled from too much champagne. Not so debonair as indicated by his photograph in the newspaper. Too much shaded dissipation in his young face, an unnecessary line or two under slightly muddied blue eyes.

BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY LIFE WITH PROSPERITY AND GOOD HEALTH TO YOU AND YOUR WIFE STOP SOMETIME I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN NOW YOU ARE GROWN UP
OSCAR LOMBERG

"Who is Oscar Lomberg?" Jean asked.

"Never heard of him in my life before."

"But he must know you, Ken." And she read aloud. "'Sometime I hope to see you again.'"

"Sounds like Mae West."

Jean remained curious and interested: a lovely slim young thing with corn-colored silken hair and brown, trusting eyes. "Sent from Canterbury at eleven sixteen this morning," she said. "Addressed here. Do you know anybody in Canterbury, Mass.?"

"Didn't even know there was a Canterbury, Mass. Come on, darling, don't try to puzzle out a fool thing like that—not while the wine is going around." And he took the telegram, carelessly crushed it in his hand, and threw it under the table.

At 5 P. M. the newly wedded couple were on their way to the Coast for a month's honeymoon, made possible by Jean's wedding check, in her own car, loaded with most of her own luggage, and—in no condition to drive—her husband at the wheel. She was blissfully happy.

Nine months later, in March, 1937, Peter Kennard Breville's name again made headlines in the Boston papers, and his connection with Roger Corderley was once more high-lighted. This time he was involved in his second automobile accident, and charged with drunken driving. The report ended with: " Mr. Breville married Jean Torrey in June, 1936. She is now in Reno."

In Canterbury, Oscar Lomberg reached for his hat and went to see the Rev. Milford Lane. The vicar, indebted to him, received him promptly. The years had changed Oscar's peasant face not at all. He hardly looked a day older, except that his hair was gray. There was vigor in his step. Lean, loose-limbed, he evidenced a perennial strength imparted to him by Mother Earth.

His business with the vicar didn't take long. Then he took the train to Boston. There he went to a private detective agency.

" I'm Mr. Lomberg of Canterbury. I want you to find the present address of Peter Kennard Breville." Oscar's Swedish accent was gone. " Find out all you can about him, where his parents are, and why his wife is seeking a divorce. How long will it take? "

" A few hours, Mr. Lomberg. Where can we reach you? "

" At the King George Hotel."

" The charge will be fifty dollars."

" Go ahead."

Early that afternoon the report was read to Oscar.

" So he has no father any more? "

" Died in 1926."

" And his mother? "

" So far as we know, she's still living." The detective referred to his notes. " Husband divorced her in 1919. Case uncontested. She married Count Seralli in Paris, 1920."

" Is the boy working? "

The detective read: " 'Discharged from Hammond, Reed, and Hammond, 1936. Since then, unemployed.' "

" And the girl—his wife? A pretty girl she was."

" Her charge will be desertion and nonsupport. From what we can gather she stuck to him as long as she could. We understand it was a genuine love match on her part. Her father persuaded her to go to Reno. The truth is young Breville drinks too much. This new automobile accident comes up for hearing on the tenth. There'll be a suit for damages against him, too."

Oscar's gnarled hand came away from his eyes. " His present address? "

" Twenty-two Suffolk Street, ten minutes' taxi ride from here."

" Thank you. That's all." From a well stuffed and shabby-looking pocketbook Oscar took a fifty-dollar bill. He ignored the detective's offered handshake.

IN the late afternoon Ken Breville, in frowzy pajamas, lolled on a dilapidated couch blackened with burnt holes. He was trying to fashion a cigarette from newspaper and stub tobacco.

Like himself, the two-room apartment was a mess. Empty glasses, empty bottles, most of them the size and shape of medicine bottles, cluttered up the window sill, tables, floor. The room was acrid with stale tobacco smoke, the smell of ethyl alcohol, and a stinging perfume.

" Shake a leg," he grumbled to some one in the tiny kitchen.

A girl's voice answered, " There's only one drink left."

" We'll share it."

" No, Ken—I don't want any more. You have it." The speaking tube buzzed.

" See who it is, will you? " Ken asked.

The girl emerged and on wobbly-heeled shoes walked across the room. She was wretchedly thin, had a paper-white face, consumptive eyes, untidy hair of a nondescript reddish shade, and wore clothes of an abominable cheapness and fit. The pathetic thing about her was her youth.

" A Mr. Lomberg wants to see you," she relayed.

" Ask him what he wants? "

She did so, then turned to Ken. " Says he wants to see you about something."

" Tell him to go peddle his papers some place else."

The girl translated this into: " He ain't in." Back in the kitchen, she picked up a glass of water and alcohol, and brought it to Ken. The scion of the Brevilles, his hand shaky, was trying to light his newspaper cigarette. There was a knock on the door.

The girl was afraid. " Maybe it's the cops again."

" Open the door." Unalarmed eyes, lounged position, showed nerve in him yet, and, under the circumstances, maybe courage.

A well preserved man of middle age came in, a laborer in his Sunday best. For a moment or so magisterial eyes studied Ken. " Are you Mr. Breville? "

" I am. What do you want? "

Oscar glanced at the girl.

" Who are you? "

Ken sat up. " What business is that of yours? "

" Who are you? " Oscar again asked her.

" Just—just a friend of his."

" Put on your coat and hat and go."

Ken Breville jumped to his feet. " Say! Who d'you think you are—butting in here and—"

Oscar was still looking at the girl. " Go! "

She snatched up her hat and coat and ran out, Oscar closing the door on her.

ALCOHOL and bad blood rushed to Ken's head. " Listen, you. I don't know who you are—but if it wasn't for your age I'd poke you in the nose."

Oscar showed no alarm. " Long ago I promised to look after you, Mr. Breville. Twenty-two years ago, when you were a baby. I last see you in a little white christening robe. I never forget that. I take an oath to see that you live a good clean life. You know why? I was your godfather."

Ken stared at him. " Now, look here, old fellow. You've come to the wrong apartment."

" I didn't know that your father is dead all these years. Otherwise," Oscar said, " I look after you sooner. Maybe it is not too late yet." And with the flat of his hand he struck Ken across the cheek and knocked him sprawling.

Ken rose and tried to close with him. A hand hard as stone struck him on the other cheek, staggering him against a table. Glasses, bottles, saucer ash trays smashed. A table leg splintered. Ken wrenched it loose. Oscar wrested it away from him and took off his coat.

" What the hell is all this about? " Ken demanded.

" I tell you soon—but first I give you thrashing you never forget." And Oscar grabbed him by the coat of his pajamas, threw him violently against the wall, and punched him on the rebound with swinging lefts into the stomach. Ken's knees buckled like tin foil. Oscar straightened him up, cuffed and slapped him with all his strength. Ken had no defense. His face a bloody mess, he collapsed in a heap. Oscar laid him on the couch.

Outside, in the street, an approaching siren could be heard. A moment later running steps sounded in the corridor. There was a pounding on the door. Oscar opened it to be confronted by two policemen.

" What's going on here? "

Oscar remained calm. " I have just given this boy a good thrashing, officer."

" What's your name? "

" Oscar Lomberg."

" What did you beat him up for? "

" For not living the right sort of life." He took an envelope from the pocket of his flung-aside coat.

The officer read the letter aloud and, dazed though he was, Ken Breville listened to it.

" This is to certify that Mr. Oscar Lomberg was godfather to Peter Kennard Breville, Junior, in St. Paul's Church, Canterbury, Massachusetts, on January 4, 1915.

" Rev. Milford Lane, Vicar."

The letter was returned. The officer then walked over to Ken and shook his shoulder. "What's your name?"

Puffed eyelids slowly opened. "Breville."

"Know this guy?" he asked, indicating Oscar.

"No, I don't."

"Do you want to bring a charge against him?"

"Yes, I—I—" He tried to sit up, only to slump back again. "No—I guess I had it coming to me."

IT was April. For almost five weeks Ken had been at Coronado Beach, California. Through riding, walking, and throwing the medicine ball with Oscar, he had lost all his excessive poundage, had acquired smooth brown skin, clear eyes, and was thinking normally and intelligently again.

With the sands as a mat, he had just pinned Oscar's shoulders in a wrestling bout. Both were in bathing trunks.

"By golly!" Oscar congratulated him. "I'm glad I caught you out of condition in Boston."

He patted Ken's back. "I'm sorry that I had to give you a thrashing that time, Ken."

"Forget it."

Oscar looked at him, and Ken felt that he had sounded curt. "You know that expression, pop," he explained. "It means don't let it worry you any more—put it out of your mind."

"But I don't want to put it out of my mind. And I don't want you to."

Ken grinned. "O. K."

"O. K! Forget it!" Oscar imitated him. "I never heard your father use such language."

"All right, pop. Out with the slang." And with a laugh Ken again grappled with his godfather. Finally both of them were content to lie still.

"Pop," Ken said quietly, "how long did you work for my father?"

"About three years."

"And you've been a gardener ever since?"

"Some sort of a one."

"Then how can you afford to do all this for me?"

"I saved my money all these years."

Ken felt uncomfortable. "But what about your work—your employment in Canterbury?"

"Now I've got you straightened out, I must go back there."

As he thought of all the money Oscar had spent on him, Ken Breville winced. Before leaving Boston he had in some way also fixed matters in connection with the automobile accident. "You'll never need to worry about me again," Ken tried to thank him, clenching his fists in the intensity of his resolve. "I hate to think where I was headed for until you put me across your knee."

Both were silent for a while.

"It's been very pleasant here," Oscar mused. "My first holiday since I was a schoolboy in Sweden. But tomorrow I must be on my way East. You, too."

"I'm anxious to get going, too," Ken said.

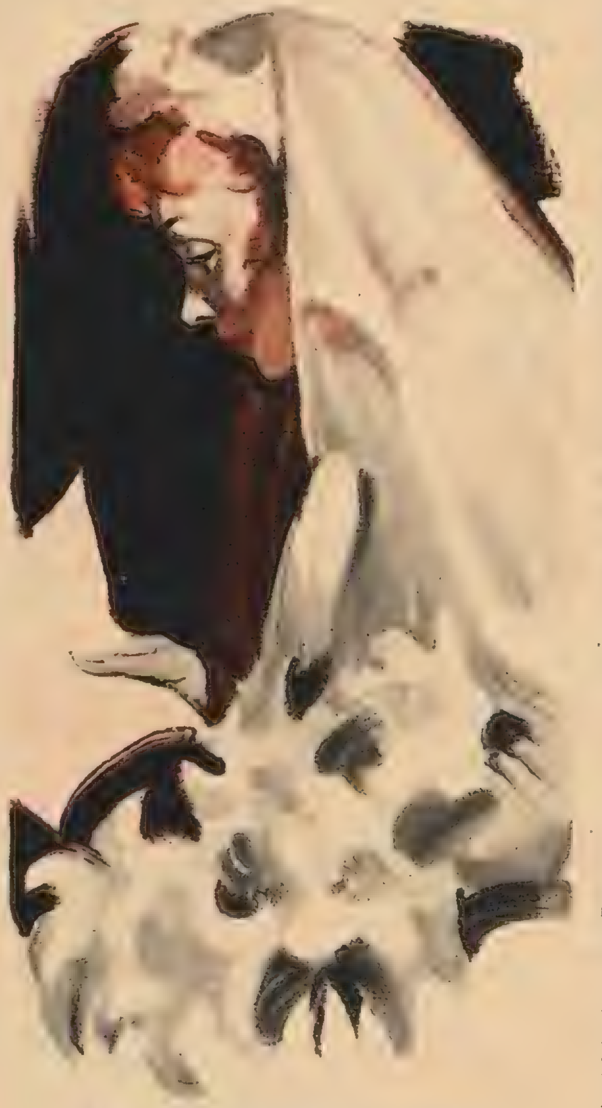
"You've liked it here, haven't you, Ken?"

There was something almost sly about the question, and it led Ken into a confession. "Maybe this will surprise you," he said. "I was here ten months ago. I came here with my wife—on our honeymoon. We had apartment A-6 in this same hotel."

Abruptly he sat up. "Pop! You've known it all along. You brought me here on purpose—to rub it in."

Oscar didn't deny it. "So you still think of her—sometimes?"

Ken fell back on the sand, arms crossed over his eyes. "All the time," he murmured. "It didn't seem to matter much, when she left me. Now I've come to my senses again, I'll go around the rest of my life eating my heart out for her."



"Ken, who is this one from?"

Oscar got to his feet. "Then let's be on our way."

"On our way where?"

"By plane—to Reno. We've got about forty-eight hours to stop that divorce."

But on their arrival there Oscar would have no further hand in the matter. Ken, he said, was now on his own. "She's still your wife, and you say you'll never be happy without her. That's incentive enough for any man. Now get busy."

Ken did. He discovered where his wife was staying, and phoned her. She hung up. He went around to her apartment. She refused to admit him. For hours he remained in the lobby until she came down in the elevator. Her lovely brown eyes widened when she saw him, but still she declined to listen to him.

He waited until midnight when she returned, went up in the elevator with her, begging her to hear him, asking her forgiveness, and telling her he loved her. She closed her door on him.

The following morning he managed to see her again. "You remember that telegram we got from an Oscar Lomberg on our wedding day, Jean?" He told her how Oscar had thrashed him, and why. "He's my godfather, Jean. He's only a gardener, and he's sacrificed his life savings in an effort to bring us together again."

What finally won her, who can say? Possibly Ken's tenderness and resolve. Finally, as young brides have a way of doing, she forgave him, kissed him, and wept on his shoulder.

Since she felt nervous about going back home, and Ken had no place of abode, Oscar suggested that they stay with him for a while. He hired a plane to fly them back East. And when they reached Canterbury they found that he was living alone in a brand-new residence surrounded by gardens and trees.

Ken gasped. "I thought you said you were a gardener?"

"I am—in a way," Oscar smiled. "I'm what you'd call a fruit and vegetable culturist. My factories cover three acres here. You'll meet my partner tomorrow, George Rysing. Take heed of him, because he'll be your boss when you start working for us."

Ken was too amazed to speak for a while. "I'll work day and night for you," he said in a strained, thankful voice. "I've kept account of the money you've spent on me, and from whatever salary you think I'm worth I'll put something aside every week until I've paid you."

"Save your money—yes," Oscar commended him. "But not for me. I have all I need. As a matter of fact I'm in your debt. Twenty years ago I lost my wife and daughter. I've been alone ever since. Not every man of my age," he chuckled, "can go off on a vacation and come back with a new daughter and a grown-up son."

Jean threw her arms about him and kissed him.

Much later Ken brought him some news. "We'll have a christening," Oscar elated. "Right here in St. Paul's Church. And I insist on being godfather—insist on it!"

When the day arrived he went to church with a small bundle under his arm. There, he unwrapped it, and a little white crepe coat with a cape of ermine was revealed.

"You wore this, Ken, at your christening," he laughed. "And my little daughter wore it. I borrowed it from your parents. When I went to return it, they had gone. I never heard from them again. Now, Jean," he said to her, "I give it to you for your son."

"It's lovely—heavenly," she said, tears in her eyes.

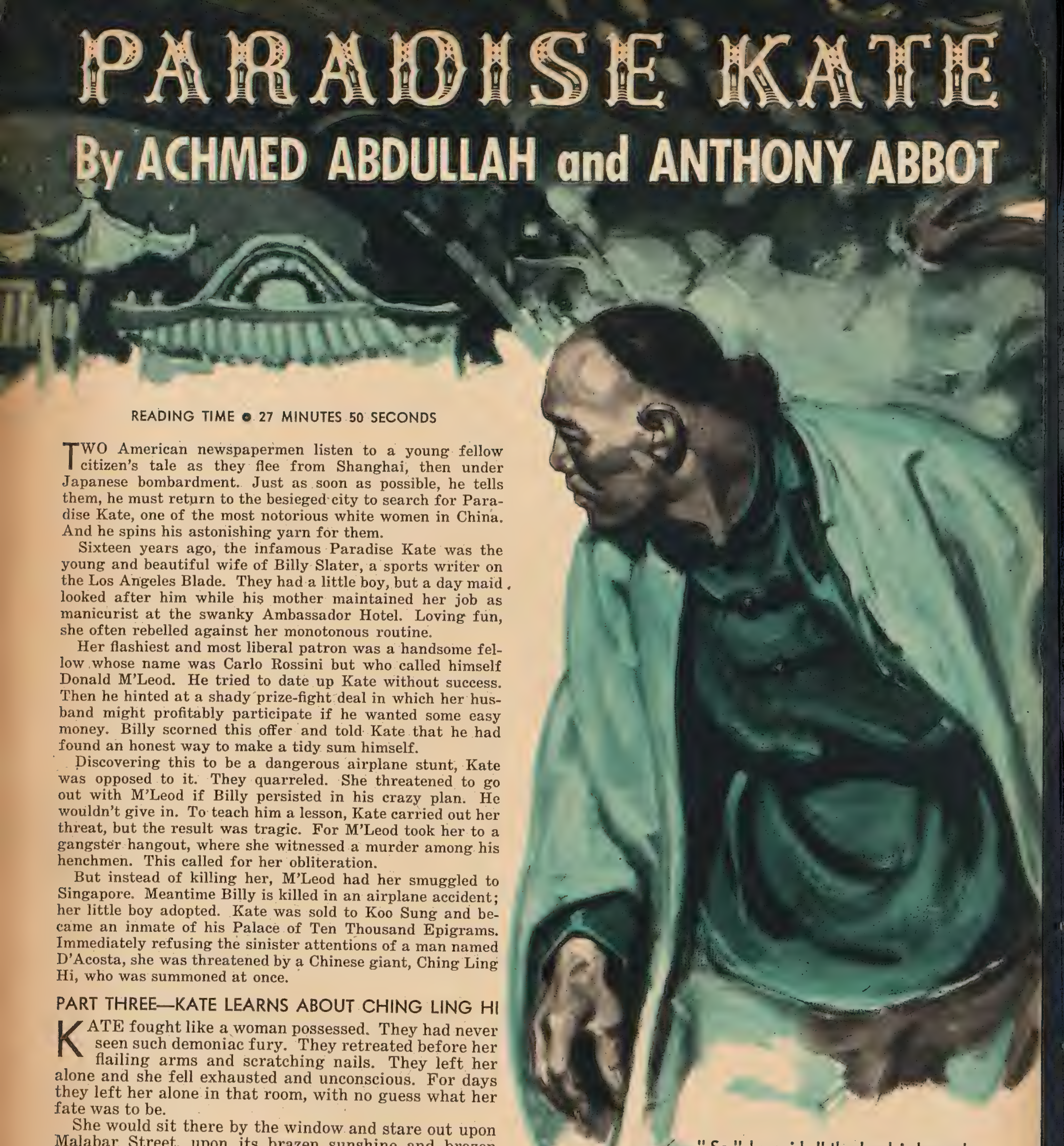
Ken Breville squeezed Oscar's hand. "All you've done for me!" He swallowed. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Aw, forget it!" grinned Oscar.

THE END

PARADISE KATE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT



"So," he said, "the land is barred to us. Our only safety is the sea." Again Ching doubled on his tracks.

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

TWO American newspapermen listen to a young fellow citizen's tale as they flee from Shanghai, then under Japanese bombardment. Just as soon as possible, he tells them, he must return to the besieged city to search for Paradise Kate, one of the most notorious white women in China. And he spins his astonishing yarn for them.

Sixteen years ago, the infamous Paradise Kate was the young and beautiful wife of Billy Slater, a sports writer on the Los Angeles Blade. They had a little boy, but a day maid looked after him while his mother maintained her job as manicurist at the swanky Ambassador Hotel. Loving fun, she often rebelled against her monotonous routine.

Her flashiest and most liberal patron was a handsome fellow whose name was Carlo Rossini but who called himself Donald M'Leod. He tried to date up Kate without success. Then he hinted at a shady prize-fight deal in which her husband might profitably participate if he wanted some easy money. Billy scorned this offer and told Kate that he had found an honest way to make a tidy sum himself.

Discovering this to be a dangerous airplane stunt, Kate was opposed to it. They quarreled. She threatened to go out with M'Leod if Billy persisted in his crazy plan. He wouldn't give in. To teach him a lesson, Kate carried out her threat, but the result was tragic. For M'Leod took her to a gangster hangout, where she witnessed a murder among his henchmen. This called for her obliteration.

But instead of killing her, M'Leod had her smuggled to Singapore. Meantime Billy is killed in an airplane accident; her little boy adopted. Kate was sold to Koo Sung and became an inmate of his Palace of Ten Thousand Epigrams. Immediately refusing the sinister attentions of a man named D'Acosta, she was threatened by a Chinese giant, Ching Ling Hi, who was summoned at once.

PART THREE—KATE LEARNS ABOUT CHING LING HI

KATE fought like a woman possessed. They had never seen such demoniac fury. They retreated before her flailing arms and scratching nails. They left her alone and she fell exhausted and unconscious. For days they left her alone in that room, with no guess what her fate was to be.

She would sit there by the window and stare out upon Malabar Street, upon its brazen sunshine and brazen women. Women of a dozen races, all engaged in the same sordid struggle to exist.

Persians there were with balloon-like trousers and short open jackets revealing white curves. Olive-skinned Gulf Arabs with barbarous clanking silver jewelry and robed in voluminous *meleh'fahs* of violently striped silk. Black Tamils, flat-nosed, strident of voice. Armenians and Syrians, enormous quivering mountains of pale flesh. Pudgy Annamites, their faces rouged and stenciled as if for coarse sensual rites. Chinese, tiny, dainty ivory figurines, looking so amazingly—and deceptively—innocent. Eurasians, bought from their parents on the installment plan, as in America one acquires a trailer or a diamond ring for which one hasn't the cash. Also a sprinkling of Europeans, Italian and French and Spanish, Polish and Lithuanian Jewesses, who had run the gamut of innumerable greedy hands before they had found the Ultima Thule of poverty here, in Singapore.

None too old. None too young.

Some strolling up and down. Some sitting on narrow benches in front of their homes with their hands folded on their laps, waiting, like cattle at a fair. And some, the aristocracy of their profession, well guarded in places like Koo Sung's—the "Palace of Ten Thousand Elegant Epigrams," he called it. Luxurious places where contraband was first-chop, where the champagne bore misleading vintage labels, and where the patrons, Chinese *towkays* and Eurasians such as Leopoldo de Villareal D'Acosta, men suffering from prosperity as from a disease, paid gold to be swindled at the gaming table, with women like Kate to urge them on to gamble.

Kate sitting there by the window. Dully wondering:

How long has it been since Fah brought me here? How many days have passed? How many weeks? How many months? Aw—how many eternities?

Eternities indeed. Gray, swinging eternities which, night after night, etched a deeper scrawl across her soul. . . .

At first she had resisted, fought, made scenes. Had been threatened again and again, with Ching Ling Hi holding the whip—in silence, impersonally, passionlessly; a job for which he was hired. Finally she *did* mingle with the customers and drink with them.

Once—she recalled—she had picked up a priceless Ming vase and had thrown it at the half-breed. It had missed his head by less than an inch; had sailed crashing through the window, hitting a passer-by.

Then commotion outside. Excitement. High-pitched, angry exclamations.

By this time she had learned a smattering of Chinese as well as of Malay, enough to get the gist of what had drifted up. The curses. The threats. And, after a while, the Sikh porter at the gate arguing with somebody who had barked with the brassbound accents of authority.

A policeman. Sure. And she had heard him coming up the steps; talking to Koo Sung in the hall. Oh—thank God!—here was her chance. She'd tell him. He'd get her out of here. . . .

So when, shortly afterward, a stranger had entered her room—a Malay in European clothes to whom Koo Sung, who had accompanied him, had referred as a *mata mata glap*, a "secret eyes," or detective—she had rushed up to him. She had overwhelmed him with a torrent of hysterical words; had stammered out the shameful tale of what they had done to her; had begged for protection, justice, help. . . .

"Be quiet!" he had interrupted. "I know your sort."

She had stared in amazement.

"Eh . . .?"

"You came here of your own free will. Koo Sung showed me the paper which you signed."

"Me—signed a paper? It's a lie!"

"I saw it."

Then, observing the slow wink passing between Chinese and Malay, she had suddenly understood.

"You"—she had screamed—"you lousy, grafting cop! . . ."

He had struck her in the face.

"Be quiet," he had repeated, "O woman of the devil!"

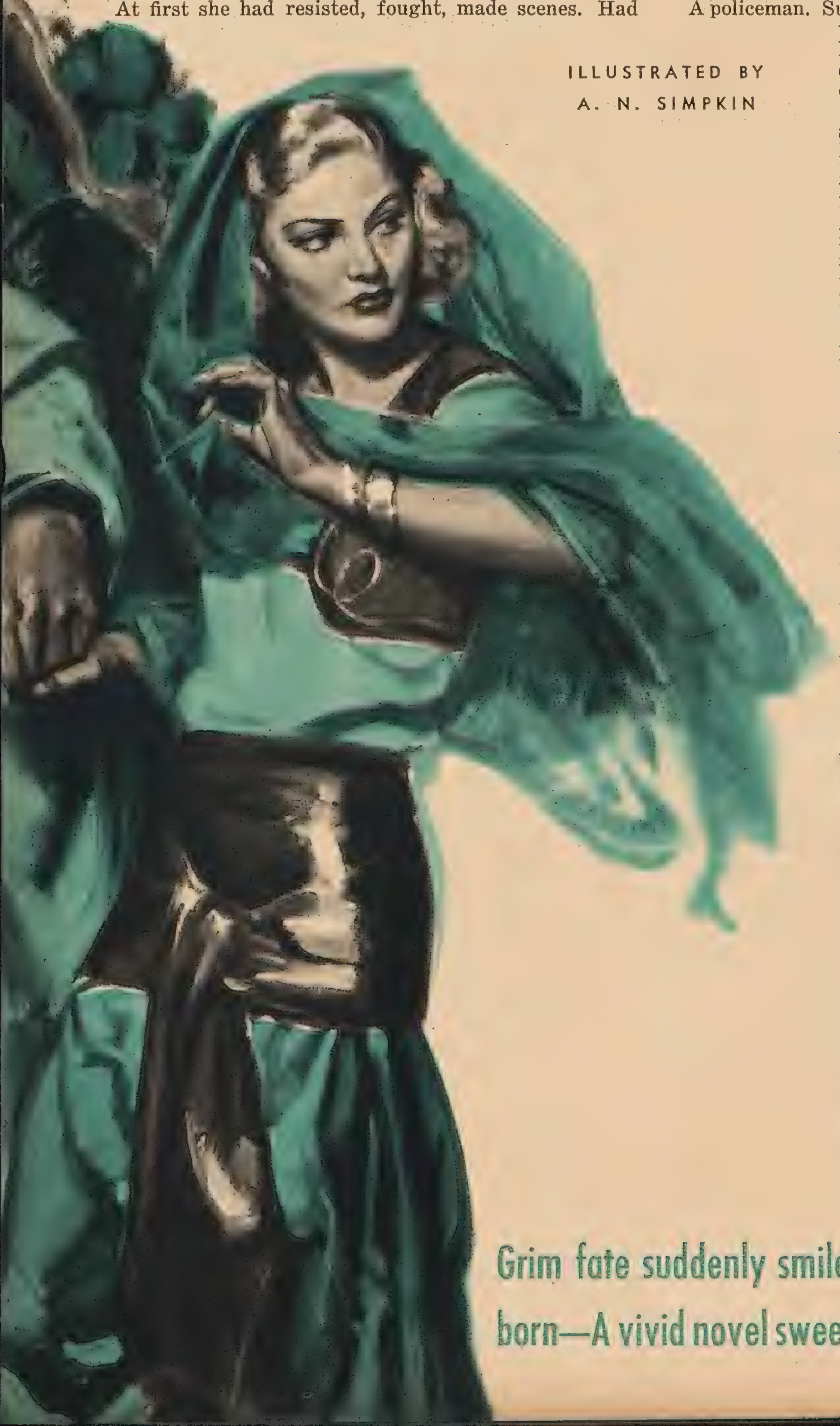
He had left. So had Koo Sung. She had been alone, had dropped on the bed, sobbing her heart out.

WOMAN of the devil—she had echoed in her mind—that's what she was today. An inmate of Koo Sung's Palace of Ten Thousand Epigrams. Only a few months ago, back home in Los Angeles, she had been a decent young wife. A decent young mother. Not her fault that this—this terrible thing had happened to her.

But it made no difference whose fault it was. Didn't change the fact of it. And this fact she must face—for the time being. It couldn't last forever. For sooner or later there would be, must be, a way out. Sooner or later she would return to America. For the sake of her love for her little son—and for the sake of her hate against M'Leod. Ah, but she'd squeeze her hate to the last gall-bitter drop.

In the meantime patience, evasiveness. And—money.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN



Grim fate suddenly smiles . . a bizarre friendship is born—A vivid novel sweeps into new, thrilling action

Money, too, was necessary, she reflected. And she hoarded the rupees—not that, never allowed to go out, she had a chance to spend them—which, occasionally, D'Acosta threw on the table. She even said "Thank you," quite humbly.

But she was unable to cloak her loathing and disgust. It was in her eyes, her quivering lips, the clammy moisture of her palms, whenever he came near her. And he was aware of it; the realization hurt his conceit, belabored his ego. He still wanted her to long for him.

He would tame her until she begged for his kisses. Begged for them. . . .

HE was not very sober when, late one evening, after a heavy dinner, he turned into Malabar Street. All the way to Koo Sung's house he told himself that tonight he would succeed; that for once it would be her advances, not his. He dramatized the scene to his own complete satisfaction. And now, as he stepped up to her, he recoiled from the truth as from a blow.

The truth of what she thought of him! It was in her flaccid handshake; her insincere smile; the bored expression in her cold blue eyes; the faint yawn as she greeted him. . . .

"You"—he stammered—"you don't seem very glad to see me—eh . . .?"

There had been occasions in the past when, out of sheer bleak desperation, she would have bowed to the inevitable; would have replied:

"Sure I am."

But tonight she was tired. Her head ached.

"Any special reason," was her answer, "why I *should* be glad?"

Here—as he read it—was a chilly, ironic insult. He gave a shriek of rage. He swung a fist at her. She sidestepped. It caused him to stumble, to hurt his shin against a chair. His rage grew, bloated.

"I will beat you," he yelled.

Ah, he thought, if he could make her cry, that would be a poultice for his injured self-esteem. . . .

He ran to the door.

He called for Ching Ling Hi.

The latter came shortly afterward. Impersonally he glanced at Kate.

"Beat her!" cried D'Acosta, and, raising his fist, himself would have struck the first blow, but ludicrously he missed. Instead, he struck Ching Ling Hi, ripping a ragged scarlet furrow from jaw to ear; and immediately, like a great lithe panther, the Chinese was upon D'Acosta.

His strong fingers—it was a purely automatic action—closed about the man's windpipe. They squeezed. There was suddenly a whistling noise, as if a reed had snapped, had broken off. And, quite unhurriedly, Ching Ling Hi unclasped his hands; and, while Kate stood there, too frightened to move or utter a sound, watching with a queer kind of nauseated fascination, something dropped on the ground—something that was flabby and limp—a dead something that stared at the ceiling with round glassy eyes. . . .

The man who had killed shrugged his shoulders. He turned to Kate. It was the first time in all these months that he had spoken to her; and his words were calm—and in English:

"Here's a little brown rat that will never squeak again."

There was a long silence.

"What're you going to do?" she asked finally.

"Go away. Tonight. At once. What else? And"—slowly—"so will you."

Then, in that grim red room of death, joy came to her. She laughed. Why, you bet she would go away! Ching Ling Hi would help her. That's what he had meant.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, yes. I'll go away—home—to America. . . ."

He had locked the door. He stood with his back against it.

"No," he said; "not America."

"But . . ."

"You're coming with me."

"With—you . . .?"

He smiled.

"Not for the reason which you have in mind. I have no desire for women, be they yellow or white. Not even for women as lovely as you. By the Buddha"—and his voice rose sharply—"there's only one thing I want in life. Only one thing."

She was puzzled, also interested.

"What's this one thing?" she demanded.

"Gold!"

"Oh. . . ."

"Gold!" he repeated, rolling the word over his tongue as if there were a sweet taste to it, like honey.

Again Kate was puzzled and interested. She looked at the man, at his towering, massive height, his thick chest, his granite countenance. Oh, she thought, with a shuddering thrill, the enormous strength he exuded, the iron will power. A ruthless and terrible will power which—her curious imagining at that moment—might help him to achieve and conquer whatever he chose.

And yet—all he wanted was gold. . . .

IT was in the weeks to come, weeks during which Kate lived like a harried animal, that she learned about Ching Ling Hi, the man destined to influence and shape her fate and—in a measure, although unwittingly—that of China.

British-born he was. A native of Singapore. Father unknown. Mother a drab from Shanghai whose weary soul—doubtless gladly—had leaped the Dragon Gate one night when she had tried to collect an additional piece of silver from a drunken red-haired Scandinavian sailor who, instead of silver, had given her pointed steel—neatly below the third rib. Therefore the sailor had gone to the gallows, while the orphaned Ching Ling Hi, then seven years old, had received an ironic upbringing pinched in between chilly Chinese charity and chillier British mission school, until, at the ripe age of eleven, he had been considered to have reached man's estate.

So he had been sent across the causeway to Port Dickson; thence, with a trainload of spitting, sweating, acrid coolies, up into the Malay States, slaving here and there, in Penang, Perak, Negri Sembilan, in tin mine and rubber plantation, under Malay overseer and Cantonese foreman and British company manager.

And the years passing. Toil all day and far into the night. Not many hours of rest. Wretched, insufficient food. Heat and fever and miasmic stenches. But, in spite of it, his body filling out and growing. His muscles coiling like ropes. His hands becoming callous. Callous, too, the inner man—the stark, rank ferocity of the life he was forced to live.

Then, one morning, suddenly conscious of his enormous physical strength, he had half killed an English engineer who had aimed a kick at him. He had been sentenced to jail, and on his release, had drifted back to Singapore, where he had become a strong-arm man in Koo Sung's employ.

Not much more than a coolie. But there were still his dreams—almost his obsession—of power, success, measured with the ellwand of gold. . . .

All this Kate learned during the following weeks. Here, tonight, he said once more:

"You're coming with me."

She frowned. What could he want of her?

"Told me—didn't you?—that you don't care for the female of the species. . . ."

"Nor do I."

"Then . . .?"

"Did I not also tell you that I love gold? You see," calmly, "other men, being less wise than I, will doubtless admire you. You will be the unattainable one—and lead them on to gamble their money away. The profits will be great."

"And"—she flared up—"you've the gall to imagine that just because you found me in this dump I'll keep right on— Why"—choking with rage—"you rotten, no-good . . ."

"Wait!" he interrupted.

"Well?"

"There is an ancient Chinese proverb which says that a clever warrior has no need of fighting, nor a clever siren of removing her shoes."

"I get you! But—anyway—nothing doing. I'm not going with you."

"But"—slowly—"you are."

He had stepped away from the door. She ran up to it.

"Listen!" — threateningly, her hand ready to turn the key. "You get me out of here — somehow — with no strings attached. If you don't . . ."

"If I don't?"

"I'll open the door. I'll yell my head off. People'll come. The cops. And . . ."

"They will find a dead rat. A rat whom—it is known up and down Malabar Street — you hated. You were in this room when I killed him. And if I told the police that you asked me, paid me, bribed me to . . ."

"They wouldn't take your word against mine!"

"A killer's word against a woman like you? Oh, yes, they would. They'll hang me, to be sure. And you they'll send to prison—for life."

She bit her lips. The man, she knew, was right. She was in a trap. There seemed no way out. . . .

And then an idea came to her.

Silly of her to argue with the man! Why, once she was out on the street, she'd give him the slip. Wouldn't be hard. . . .

"O. K.," she announced. "Let's get out of here."

HIS lips curled in a smile. He had guessed what she was thinking of. He told her so, saying it would be so foolish for her to make the attempt. For would not the very fact that she had run away with him prove that she was his accomplice? And where would she hide? She was unfamiliar with Singapore. The police would pick her up in no time. . . .

"From this moment on," he added, speaking almost solemnly, "your fate and mine are one. The Buddha, if there be a Buddha, has given *you* beauty and shrewdness, and *me* strength and shrewdness. And you and I together—ah—consider the gold that will be ours. The rich red gold!"

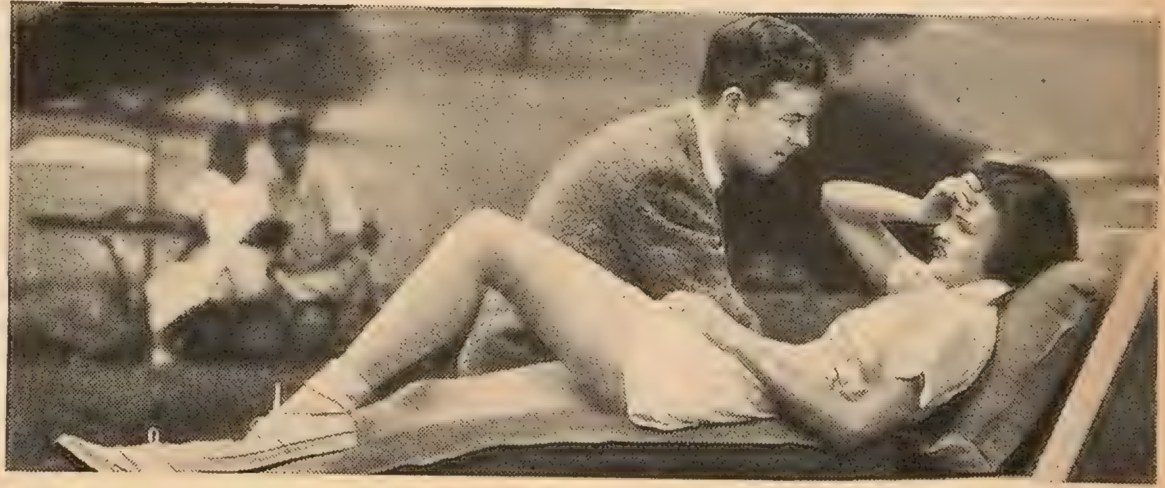
She did not reply at once.

Suppose, she reflected, she got away from Ching Ling Hi; suppose she managed to convince the police that she had nothing to do with the murder; suppose the American consul staked her to her passage home . . .? Even so, she was what the last months had made her. And people would find out. They always did.

Maybe she could brazen it out. For herself. But what about her little son? Had she the right to—oh—to taint and brand him with her terrible scarlet shame . . .?

On the other hand, suppose that, quite a few years from now, she returned to California—rich as mud? She'd be half forgotten then, and she'd invent some plausible story to explain where she had been all this time and how she had got her wealth. And, for the sake of her wealth, people would believe; or, at least, would make believe that they believed be-

For a quick come-back
—take Sal Hepatica!

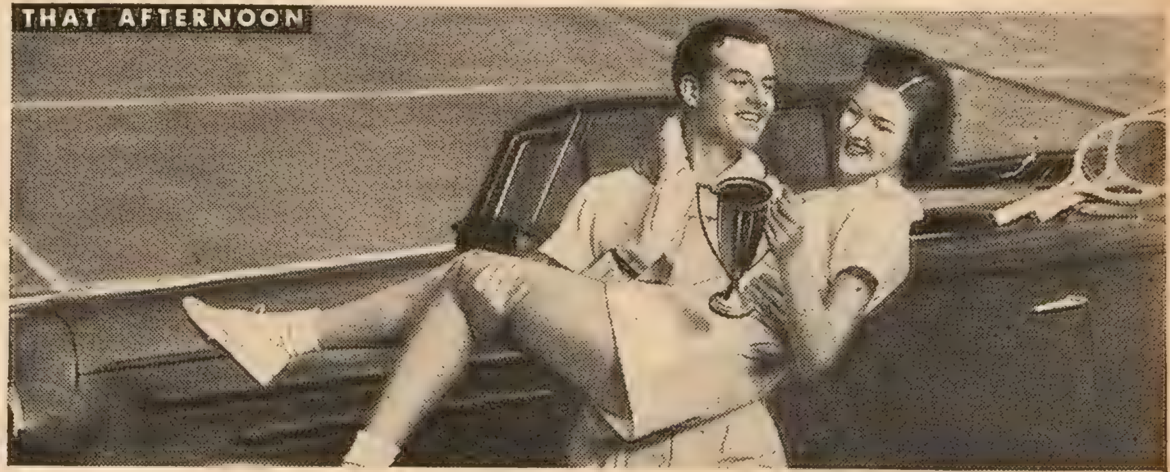


MRS.: Wouldn't you know? The day you and I are to lick the world in the tennis finals, I get this silly, logy headache! Even if I take a laxative, this sickish feeling is sure to linger.

MR.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, honey.

MRS.: You mean . . . Sal Hepatica is different?

MR.: You bet it is! Millions of people prefer Sal Hepatica because it acts quickly yet gently, and also counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling *pronto.* You'll see.



MR.: Darling, you were marvelous! Thanks to you, the loving cup roosts on our mantel this year.

MRS.: Thanks to you, you mean, and that glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. I'm glad I've learned the secret of a fast come-back.

Chase logy headaches with
SAL HEPATICA
a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN every Wednesday night at 9 EDST, for the "TOWN HALL BIG GAME HUNT"

cause—sure—success was the whitewash, and money, plenty money, the cure-all. The cure-all—you bet!

And this man, this tall granite-faced Chink, had what it took. The power he had. The iron ruthlessness. She'd throw in her lot with him. . . .

So she held out her hand.

“I'll trail along, Ching.”

He stared at her.

“The road will be hard.”

“Aw, give the girl credit for a little nerve!”

And at that moment—so queerly, so unreasonably—she felt, deep within her, a certain gaiety, a certain eager expectancy for what the future might hold in store, even a certain romantic longing. For—and this, fully as much as her courage, was the quality which kept her from going under—throughout the days of her life, its drag and smother, its disenchantments and tragedies and contagious impurities, she would always have this longing for romance as her ghostly companion. . . .

CHING said to her:

“Got any money?”

“Not much.”

“Let me have it.”

“But . . .”

“I have none. Hands will have to be greased, and I know better how to drive a bargain.”

She gave him her small hoard. He stowed it away in one of his loose sleeves.

He went to the door, opened it at a slant, looked right and left, listened tensely. Complete silence but for somewhere the sound of a sleeper snoring rumblingly, sluggishly.

“Come!” he whispered. “Quick—the back way—follow close. . . .”

A long corridor. A winding staircase that was steep and pitch-dark. Presently, the darkness cut off as sharp as with a knife by a wedge of silver moonlight stabbing through a low gate that was ajar. And swiftly crossing threshold and back yard, slipping past cinder pails that spilled their reeking contents, past heaps of festering melon rinds and banana peels, past a strung line where Koo Sung's underwear was swinging in the breeze with a sort of pompous, self-righteous dignity.

Out into the street. Not many people there at this time of night.

A Tamil woman squatting in a postern, sings to her naked baby and crooning barbarously, dismally. A bearded Moslem beggar, half asleep, though still stretching out a clawlike hand, still mumbling: “Alms, O true believers! Alms for the sake of Allah the One!” A Hindu fakir, on whose forehead was a caste mark of diagonal black and white stripes, frantically chanting the praises of Ganesa, the elephant-headed god, first-born of the sons of Siva and Durga. A drunken Bugi sailor rolling along, roaring a raucous bazaar ballad.

He saw Kate, leered at her, put an amorous arm about her waist, hiccuped: “Come with me, O breaker of hearts!” and was promptly felled by Ching Ling Hi's fist coming into violent contact with his nose.

They turned south. Then west; skirting Balestier Road, reaching the water front.

A network of mazed self-involved alleys.

Alleys quite unlike the high-hat Singapore bounded by the exclusive bar of the Cricket Club and the equally exclusive pews of St. Andrew's Cathedral. Indeed, this part of town was not high-hat at all, but entirely turban—and ragged, ruffianly, occasionally verminous turban.

Smells of damnation here, of hashish, of opium, of unwashed bodies, of cloying perfumes.

Squalor here, misery, filth.

All that—and safety, Ching said to Kate.

“Safety,” he added, “for those who have the price—although, where you and I are concerned, safety that will last no longer than a day or two.”

She inclined her head. Sure enough, she echoed in her mind, safety no longer than a day or two.

By tomorrow morning the police would know; would discover that she and Ching Ling Hi had disappeared; would put two and two together; and—since the murdered man had been rich and important—would comb the town. . . .

“Oh”—she stammered, as fear came to her—“what are we going to . . .”

“The front gate is barred,” he interrupted. “But . . .”

“But . . .”

“Remains the back gate,” he finished the ancient mandarin proverb.

He smiled at her. It was a thin hard smile; and somehow it reassured her. Sure, she thought again, that Chink had what it took. . . .

He led the way round a corner. Suddenly he stopped. He knocked at the door of a lascar sailors' dive whence came a confused symphony of sounds, peaking up hectically as if in an unbridled display of Asia's passions. A shriek of laughter. Stamping feet. Clinking glasses. A woman's high-pitched cry, “*Ma tchchemeh kif!*” and other voices chiming in with harsh gutturals, and a discordant scraping of stringed instruments, the dull, portentous staccato of a tom-tom.

A man opened the door, a tall Afghan. Hook-nosed he was, red-bearded, gray-eyed—shrewd-eyed as he listened to Ching's whisper, and replied:

“A room for you and one for the lady? Certainly, O Chinaman! You wish to receive no callers? Certainly, O Chinaman! In fact, you are not here, in my humble establishment? Have never been here? Certainly, O Chinaman!”

For each “Certainly, O Chinaman!” he held out a greedy hairy hand, receiving each time some of Kate's hoarded rupee notes; and shortly afterward he preceded her and Ching up along a dark corridor and ushered them into two small adjoining cubicles that were separated by torn curtains and shut against the landing by a heavy door.

Ching locked the door after the Afghan had left. He gave Kate the outer room, which looked upon the street, three flights below, through a soiled slab of glass. He took the inner room, which was windowless; dark it was but for a flickering candle stuck in a bottle.

She stretched out on the narrow cot. She was tired. Yet for long minutes she was unable to sleep.

For she was excited, conscious of that same eager expectancy as to what the future might hold in store. Only there was now no gaiety to the thought, not a trace of romantic longing, as she considered the prosy facts of the case, as she looked about the dirty room, with its mass of broken furniture, the rags piled in corners, the cobwebby ceilings where tiny furry bats cheeped and whined—as through the torn curtains she saw Ching walking up and down, up and down.

What, she wondered, was going on in his mind, his alien Mongol mind? What were his plans? His plans which so vitally affected her.

“Your beauty,” he had told her, “and my strength. . . .”

Her beauty. Not to be given for love. But to be dangled and never sold.

She swallowed hard.

D'Acosta . . . had not been her fault.

But this—this thing—was different. She—oh, she knew what she was doing. . . .

A taste like a bitter nauseating drug was on her palate. Tears welled up in her eyes. She trembled as if in an ague. But with a hard effort she controlled herself. She'd go through with it. Besides, had not Ching said, furthermore, that—how had he put it? Oh, yes!—that a clever courtesan had no need of removing her shoes.

O. K.! She wasn't going to remove hers! Not much, she wasn't!

And, at all events, she had got out of Koo Sung's house. That was one thing to be grateful for. And as to the rest—the present as expressed by this dirty room, the future as expressed by this hard-boiled Chink who was her sidekick—at least it was a new beginning, a fresh start. A start—now that her former life had been wiped out, all but her love for her son and her hate against M'Leod —from scratch. . . .

She gave a little laugh.

Finally she closed her eyes. She became aware, just as she dozed off, of the curtain moving and, a moment later, of feet slurring across the floor.

Ching, she thought.

She paid no attention. She had no fear of him; no fear—well—*that* way; neither tonight nor ever during the years to come. That Chink, she was sure, hadn't been pulling her leg when he had told her he had no desire for women, be they yellow or white. Gold—that's what he was after. Gold and power. Nothing else.

She heard the door opening, then clicking shut.

Going out, she guessed, to get himself some cigarettes. . . .

SHE slept soundly—she did not know how long—when suddenly she found herself wide awake. Looking for the cause, she noticed a small heap of pebbles which somebody had thrown through the window and which had struck her arms. She heard, the next second, a voice, outside on the street, whispering a sibilant: "*Shsht! Shsht!*" bidding her be careful.

She got up, looked out. Ching was below, dimly in the shadows. He motioned to her.

"What?" she asked softly.

Again the warning: "*Shsht! Shsht!*"

Again pointing at the rain pipe, saying as plainly as if he had spoken: "Slide down! Quick!"

Something must have occurred. Something that spelled danger.

All right, she decided; he was the doctor. . . .

She climbed out of the window, hugged the rickety pipe, muttered: "Ouch!" as a rusty nail tore her leg; gained the ground. He took her hand and hurriedly swept her around the corner and on and away, through grimy little gardens in the back of opium dives where the brick paths had been worn hollow and slippery by the tread of thousands of naked unsteady feet, through a packed, greasy wilderness of stone and wood, twisting and turning and doubling on his tracks.

As he ran he explained rapidly.

He had gone out, as Kate had guessed, to buy himself cigarettes. Lucky that he had done so, since rumors filter swiftly through Singapore, through coffeehouse and bazaar, through mosque and temple and market place; and since, at the tobacconist's, he had heard startling news.

Doubtless he had been careless about closing the door to Kate's room in the house of Koo Sung. Less than thirty minutes ago a servant had passed, had seen D'Acosta's lifeless body, had given the alarm. Detectives had come, had cross-examined every one in the vicinity; and somebody—Ching had no idea who; for all he knew, it might have been the Bugi

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT

After your bath, don't fail to give underarms special care! Popular girls use Mum!

What a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why *popular* girls follow every bath with Mum! They know a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come.*

If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you never risk offending others. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply stops the odor, all day or all evening long. Guard *your* charm—get Mum at the drug store today.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE

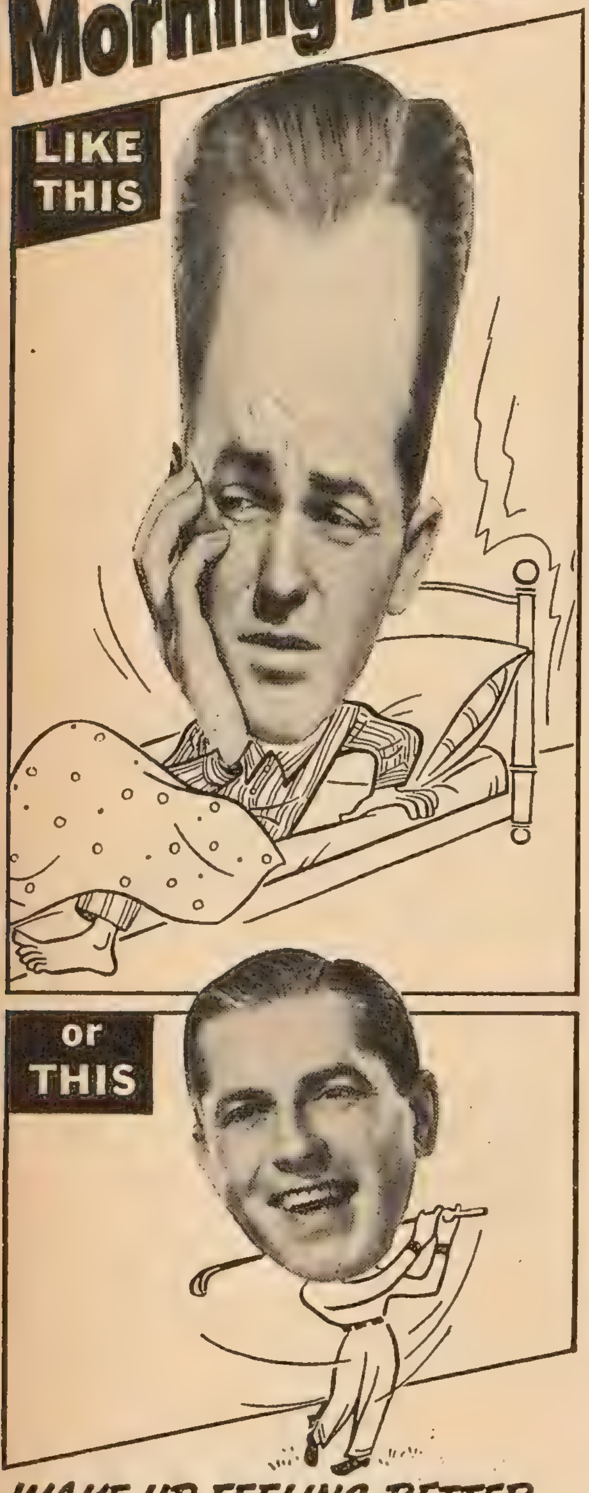
THAT BATH WAS GRAND! NOW A TOUCH OF MUM UNDER EACH ARM AND I'LL BE SAFE ALL EVENING!
TO HERSELF: FRANK'S THE NICEST MAN I KNOW! AND HOW THANKFUL I AM NOW — FOR MUM
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

How do you feel the Morning After?



WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

BEFORE bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it counteracts effects of heavy eating and drinking. Settles your stomach, calms your nerves—ALKALIZES.

AFTER waking, another Bromo-Seltzer freshens you. Relieves fatigue caused by late hours . . . leaves you peppier. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home.

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

To **avoid** or **relieve** Morning-Afters

BROMO-SELTZER

sailor whom he had knocked down and who, drunkenly thinking of revenge, of plunging a knife in the other's back, had followed for a block or two—had told the detectives about the queer pair, a Chinese and a white woman in gay Tartar costume, roaming about at night, disappearing in the direction of the water front.

Therefore it would now be impossible for Ching to carry out his original plan: to lie low in the Afghan's dive a day or two, while he contacted the Chinese lodge to which he belonged and obtained help. Haste was essential. For within the hour the police would have thrown a net around the water-front district and would search it house by house. Already they were patrolling the various roads that led out of town, toward the island as well as across the causeway that connected with Johore; and everybody was being stopped, questioned.

"So," he said, "the land is barred to us. Our only safety is the sea. . . ."

He ran on, Kate by his side. Again he twisted, doubled on his tracks; yet always aimed vaguely for the Inner Roads, the harbor.

A labyrinth of alleys. And the wind there howled like a starving wolf; and the blackness there was blacker than ink; and how Ching found his way Kate never knew.

So black it was that she could see neither house nor beast nor man. Yet life was all about in the darkness, used to that same darkness. All about she heard blurred voices, bare feet pattering away on incredible and mysterious errands, the shiver of garments brushing past, and occasionally a faint clashing of jewelry and crackle of steel.

Then, as they rounded a corner, the darkness stopped; and immediately Ching drew Kate into the batlike protecting shadow of a pile of freight.

THEY had reached the edge of the harbor. The glint of water was there; and sharply outlined in the moon's silver rays, a flock of frigate birds cutting through the air in squadron formation and trumpeting stridently; and perched on floating buoys and bits of drifting flotsam and jetsam, hundreds of gulls crying with the ocean's immense melancholy; and possessing the horizon as far as one could see, the ghostly outlines of vessels, the riding lights of the great cargo steamers and passenger ships and men-o'-war, the winking red-and-green eyes of smaller coastwise craft, fussing up and down to Burma and Siam and Indo-China; and alongside them, hundreds of slim Malay schooners and fat Chinese junks that leered at the world with huge many-colored lanterns swinging from bamboo poles.

Ah, what yarns they could have spun of typhoon and monsoon, of spices and drugs, of black-flag pirates, of quaint quays and lovely sun-kissed tropical islands, of violent sudden loves and violent sudden deaths. And here they rode at anchor, tranquil, drowsy, folded in the brown night.

All but one. A big Foochow junk--fully beamed, its foremast well raked over the bow, its high stern gaily painted with gold and scarlet and kingfisher blue—that, only a few steps from where Ching and Kate were hiding, was preparing to sail on the late tide. And chattering coolies rushing about, trundling bales, carrying boxes and bags. And the sailors making ready for the long pull home to China—making ready with sensitive jibs and steady foresail; with the canvas as delicate as bubbles and as reliable as iron; with bluff topsails, and topgallants like eager hounds, and impertinent skysails, and a jaunty moonraker that laughed at all landlubbers.

AND then—after the last coolie had stowed away the last piece of cargo and while the Chinese mate's orders to let go rose above the *whap-whap-whap* of the cordage and the deep booming of the helmsman's gong—Ching turned to Kate. He fumbled in his loose sleeves, brought out two revolvers, gave her one.

He smiled.

"I bought them on my way back to the Afghan's house, in case . . ."

"In case?" she stammered.

"Such a case as this. We're going to board the junk. It's our only chance. Use the weapon—if you have to!"

He ran forward. She followed. The junk had already begun to move, though the rope ladder was still dangling. They leaped, grabbed it, scrambled on deck.

It was deserted but for the captain, a small wizened Cantonese, who had his back to them, was busy kowtowing before a brass idol.

"O Enlightened One," he prayed, "grant me a safe voyage . . ."

"A voyage," came a low-voiced question, "that will take you—where?"

The captain gave a start. He looked up; saw a strange couple facing him: a tall Chinese and a golden-haired woman of the foreign barbarians, both armed.

His jaw dropped.

"Oh—" he stammered ludicrously, ineffectually.

"Be pleased to reply to my question," repeated Ching. "Where are you off to?"

"To—to Shanghai. . . ."

"*Hayah!*" laughed the other. "So shall we go to Shanghai—this woman and I. And now," poking the captain in the ribs with his revolver, "summon the cook. For I am hungry and thirsty. And the richest food and the finest rice wine are not good enough for me, O pimple on the belly of a flea. . . ."

Free from one master but into the hands of another, what weapons will serve Kate against the Chinese giant? Can she outwit him? What turns of the wheel in her fantastic fate await her in Shanghai? Next week's Liberty will disclose more amazing adventures.

Jimmie and Nickie

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The author, with Jimmie and Nickie.

BY JUDY VAN DER VEER

Who wrote "The River Pasture"

YOU'D think I'd have enough troubles with seven dogs, five cats, six horses, two sheep, one duck, a hen, a flock of pigeons, and a small herd of cattle, without going and getting two young goats. To be truthful, though, I didn't exactly go and get the goats. They were kind of wished on me. I met Nickie, the black kid, when I was visiting a friend who lives across the valley. Nickie was just six weeks old then. My friend's family didn't have room to keep him and begged me to take him.

I tried to harden my heart against him, for I have so many mouths to feed! But his winsome ways disarmed me, and when I mounted my colt to go home, I had Nickie in the saddle in front of me.

As soon as I dismounted at the ranch, Nickie got into trouble. He was so glad to find himself on the ground again that he started to race madly around the corral. Bossy was there with a brand-new calf, and she charged at Nickie, scooped him up on her horns, and sent him flying through the air. I caught him neatly and examined him to see if he had been punctured. Fortunately he wasn't, but I felt suddenly weak.

Nickie hadn't been with me a week before I acquired Jimmie. I was bringing the cows home one morning, the dogs and little Nickie trailing after me, when some people from a near-by ranch came driving along. "Open the back door of the car and see what we've brought you," they said, faces beaming with pleasure.

I opened the door and beheld young Jimmie, a little golden-colored goat, slumbering on the floor of the car. I was speechless. But of course I accepted him.

Those little goats flourished. Oh, how they flourished! They flourished on gallons of milk, on tree leaves and bark, on clothes hung out to dry, on the labels off tin cans, on cigarette butts, on flowers in the garden. They toiled not, neither did they spin—but there was nothing else they didn't do.

When the goats got older, I stopped feeding them milk, but Nickie continued to drink it. Nickie knows where milk comes from! As soon as I start to milk, he comes and pushes himself between the cow's legs, and tries to get his mouth in the bucket. To keep him from diving in, I have to fill the grain measure with milk for him.

Once some people came to visit us in a fine new car. When it was time for them to go, we came out of the house to find Nickie walking about on the top of the automobile and Jimmie inside eating the upholstery. Another time the two irrepressibles climbed into the open cab of the iceman's truck, carefully removed the accounts from the clips, and ate every one up! Now, when a car drives in through our gate, they have to be put in the chicken house.

From the very first the two goats accepted the dogs as members of their own tribe, poking their noses into the dogs' dishes at feeding time and sleeping beside them.

Big Bossy holds no terrors for these infants. Nickie thinks nothing of rearing high before her and bringing his hard little head down against her head. Jimmie bunted my old cow pony's nose; the pony stared at him in astonishment, then walked away, disgusted. And Jimmie fairly strutted!

Even the ferocious old duck scuttles away when she sees the kids. When they were very young they tried to chew her tail feathers off; now they like to push her off her feet and roll her around in the dust. But the young sheep, Noel, has so far managed to hold her own very nicely. She runs at them buck-jumping, holding her legs stiffly, bouncing up and down and bleating. Nickie runs from her, but Jimmie will place his head against hers and push. She is strong enough so that she can make him walk backward.

One is forced to admire Jimmie for his fortitude. One day he got a cut on his leg. It didn't heal properly, and finally I took him up to see Dr. John on the big ranch.

Dr. John boosted Jimmie up on the pigs' operating table, and the ranch hands gathered around to hold Jimmie down. The wound was cut open and proud flesh cut out. Not a sound did our Jimmie make. His eyes looked pained, hair rose up on his back, and he puckered up his trembling lower lip into a distinct pout. We all felt sorry for him, but we all laughed to see him pouting.

Nickie stood with his front legs on the operating table, bleating sympathetically. Jimmie was plenty mad. After his leg was bandaged and he was released, he jumped off the table and moved a few steps with his injured member waving in the air. Then suddenly he reared sideways and charged at the nearest bystander. As one of the Mexican hands said, "He ees leetle, but he get mad like a beeg goat."

Jimmie and Nickie loved to scamper after the horse with the dogs, when I rode. Now I have to sneak off without them, because they would make side trips to raid gardens and clotheslines.

Once Nickie came galloping after us dragging a gorgeous striped nightshirt. I'm getting less and less popular in the neighborhood, all on account of those two goats.

People who swear that they know tell me that my troubles have just begun. The older these scamps get, the worse they will be. The trouble is that they are quite as adorable as they are naughty, and what is going to happen to them and me is more than I can say.

THE END

The author of a famous book gives you the blithe tale of a case of kid appeal

Did Mrs. McLean actually meet and talk with one of the men who stole the Lindbergh

Why I am *still* Investigating the Lindbergh Case

By Evalyn Walsh McLean

with Alan Hynd

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

On March 9, 1932, Means came to Mrs. McLean's Washington home and, addressing her as "Number Eleven," told her his acquaintance in the kidnap gang had examined the ransom money and was satisfied that she was playing fair. He explained that in matters of this kind he always gave the principals code numbers. The Lindbergh baby was to be referred to as "the book"; Means himself was to be "Hogan." He said the gang required that she at once "pack up and get out of here" to Far View. The next day she did so, accompanied by Miss Nelson and by her butler, maid, and chauffeur. It was still wintry, but in Far View they could have no open fires and no illumination; Means had insisted that the house must look unoccupied. He came there to tell Mrs. McLean that he was now, at the gang's behest, to go to his old home in North Carolina. He expressed the opinion that the Lindbergh kidnaping had been "partly an inside job."

That night in Far View Mrs. McLean heard mysterious footsteps on the stairs. Then in turn the butler and, in the following night, the maid were repeatedly disturbed in a particular room by somebody pulling the sheets off the bed. The third night, Mrs. McLean herself occupied that room, staying wide awake all night—and some books were inexplicably tumbled off a table.

Meanwhile she had twice phoned Means in North Carolina. The second time, he said "the book" would be delivered tomorrow night at eight. But, instead, he came then to explain that the gang were still afraid to drive with the baby to Far View. The next afternoon he said that during the following night, that of Wednesday, March 16, they would attempt it. All that night Mrs. McLean and her friends sat up in torturing suspense, waiting—vainly.

PART FOUR

ENTER "NUMBER NINETEEN"

THE phone jangled and sent a weird, ghostly echo throughout the silence of Far View.

"Hogan speaking," were the words I heard when I lifted the receiver. "We couldn't get through with the book. We had a close call. Now listen carefully: I'm coming in to my Maryland home. Be there at half past two this afternoon. I'm afraid the deal is off, and if it is I want to return that green stuff to you. Please be very, very careful of your movements and make certain you are not followed. I'll see you at half past two, then."

And Means had hung up.

I felt like sitting down and having a good cry. But there was no time for that; no time to think of myself. I told Father Hurney and Captain Land that Means wanted me to meet him at his home that afternoon.

"Nothing doing, Evalyn!" said Jerry Land. "You don't go to that man's place alone. You can't tell what he's up to. There might be one of those Maude King accidents."

"Listen, Jerry," I said. "I appreciate how you feel, but can't you see that I must go? I'm perfectly willing to do anything within reason in order to get that baby back—and I am anxious to find out why the men Means claims to be in contact with want to call the deal off, after one of them saw the hundred thousand."

Father Hurney spoke up: "I'll pray for you, Mrs. McLean. I am certain that God would let no harm come to you on an errand of mercy, no matter what the seeming danger. But, just the same, do be very careful."

I asked the priest and the naval officer and Miss Nelson what they thought about the Means statement. They were as one in agreeing that the part about returning the money—coming as it did from Means—had a suspicious air about it.

And so that afternoon Kohler, the chauffeur, drove me out of Far View toward Chevy Chase and the scoundrel's home. I would not be telling the truth if I said anything less than that I was fighting mad—and scared to death. The fact that I was meeting Means in a house and during the daylight hours didn't diminish the danger of the thing one bit, in my mind anyway. As I neared his home I reviewed in my mind the case of poor Maude King. He had stolen tens of thousands from her, and an accounting had been due—an accounting that might have spelled prison for him. So what had he done? He had suggested a little hunting party. And "poor dear Maude," as he had called her, had shot herself—right in the back of the head.

The fact that Mrs. King would have had to be something of a contortionist to perform a feat of that kind Means just laughed away. He laughed too, and brazened it out, when an honest official took action in what had become a public scandal in North Carolina and had him indicted for murder. But Means was tried in a county where for many years the Means family had been prominent and where a Means could do no wrong, and the jury decided that the black sheep of the family had been the target of an ambitious public official; and so Gaston was acquitted, to go on to more infamous deeds.

You might think that I was overcautious. Well, if I was, I think I had reason to be. I carried a little gun in my handbag, and I can tell you that I was more than willing to use it—and use it on Gaston Means—if the occasion demanded. Further, I instructed Kohler, who was also armed and who was a strong man and a crack shot, to

baby? . . . Here is her own astonishing story

wait just twenty minutes for me after I entered the scoundrel's home. If I was not out in that time—and out alone—Kohler was to come in after me, breaking down the door if necessary, and shooting Means down right in his tracks if the situation warranted it.

When I rang the bell, a boy of sixteen, who I knew from descriptions was Means' son, answered the door. He was a fine-looking boy with big honest brown eyes, ever so different from those of his father.

When Means heard my voice, he boomed from the second floor: " Hello there! Come on up! "

I went upstairs, and there he was, waiting on the landing. His eyes were bloodshot and his clothes were rumpled and he otherwise looked as if he had been through a harrowing experience or drinking too much.

I followed him into his den. The door of a bathroom that adjoined the den was ajar, and I figured that somebody was in there to listen to what I would say. In one corner of the den was a large package covered with brown paper and fastened with red sealing wax. On a table was a strange-looking contraption. It consisted of a long board, attached to which were three or four dry-cell batteries, a big light bulb, and a reflector.

Means slumped down in a chair. " God, Eleven," he said, " what a close call we had last night! " Perspiration was pouring off his fat face.

" What do you mean, Means? " I asked impatiently.

He looked up at me like a wounded animal. This was his story:

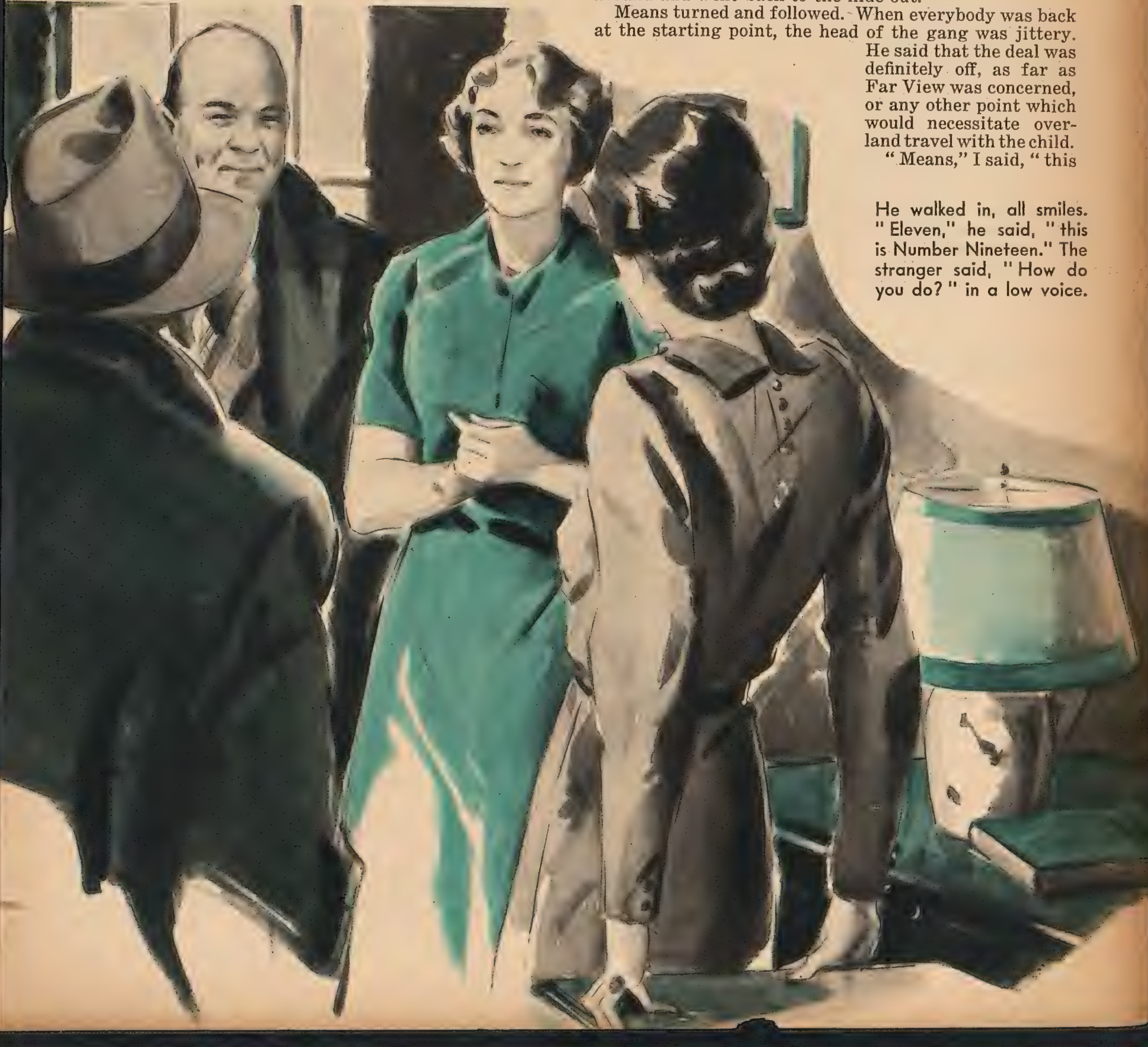
After darkness fell, his contact took him to the place where the baby was being held, and he met the head of the gang that had done the kidnaping. The place was within a hundred miles of Washington, but Means had given his word to the criminals that he would not divulge the location of their hide-out even to any of us who were participating in the ransom negotiations.

Some time after midnight the gang started out in two cars, Means traveling in the lead car and the man who had the baby in the second car. Means was to keep an eye out for policemen patrolling the roads, and if he saw that the police were stopping and searching cars ahead he was to use his homemade light contraption—that thing that I saw on the table—and flash it three times as a signal to the driver of the car in which the head of the gang rode with the baby.

Along toward three o'clock in the morning, when the two cars were midway to Far View, Means saw a car being stopped some distance up the road. He flashed his light three times, and the car in the rear of him turned around and went back to the hide-out.

Means turned and followed. When everybody was back at the starting point, the head of the gang was jittery. He said that the deal was definitely off, as far as Far View was concerned, or any other point which would necessitate overland travel with the child.

" Means," I said, " this



He walked in, all smiles. " Eleven," he said, " this is Number Nineteen." The stranger said, " How do you do? " in a low voice.

all sounds pretty queer to me. I want to remind you again that if I ever find out that you're not on the level in this thing I'm going to try to put you behind bars, if it's the last act of my life."

Means squinted in thought. Then he nodded in the direction of the brown package. "There's your hundred thousand, Eleven," he said. "My advice to you would be to take your money back and pull out of this thing."

"But, Means," I insisted, "I don't want to pull out of it! I'm going through with it so long as there is the slightest chance of getting that baby back."

Means walked over to the package and cut the cord and seals, and as the paper came unfastened, there on the top were green bills. Then he picked from the package a tag which he showed me and which read as follows:

GASTON B. MEANS
Property of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean

"I put this tag on your money for your protection," the scoundrel said solemnly, "in the event of my death."

Later it occurred to me that this package was hardly large enough to hold all the currency of small denominations that had been turned over to Means; but when you are in a spot like that you just don't have the opportunity to stop and analyze things. And, anyway, along about that time I happened to think of how cold it was out, and of the fact that the little Lindbergh child had been suffering from a cold when it had been taken from its warm crib.

"If further negotiations go on," said Means, "it's going to mean machine guns, Eleven, and somebody might get killed. I've got to bring the real kidnaper into this now, and you'll have to meet him face to face."

"I can't be frightened, Means," I said. "I'll face death any time it's necessary. But you'd better be sure there's a baby behind this or it's going to be too bad for you and any one connected with you in this affair."

MEANS paced up and down the floor in deep thought. "How would it be," he suggested at length, "if you went to Miami? The baby could be taken down there by the water route, and there wouldn't be so much risk as there would be if the gang had to travel over roads patrolled by the police."

"Just why do you suggest Miami?" I asked.

"Well, you have a cottage in Palm Beach, which is only a few hours' drive from Miami, and if the child were turned over to you in Miami you could drive up to Palm Beach with it. After delivery, the gang could get out of the country quickly by going right over to Cuba."

"But I don't have a place in Palm Beach any more."

"You have a home somewhere in the South, don't you?"

"I have a place in Aiken, South Carolina. My son Ned is in school down there and he spends week-ends at my place there."

"Who's in charge of the house?"

"Maggie, a woman who has been in our family's employ for many years."

"Is she to be trusted?"

"Yes; but I would never consent to having my home down there put at the convenience of a gang of criminals, not so long as my boy was there."

"Well," said Means, "maybe something can be worked out. Let me contact the gang again and see."

"All right," I said. "I'm leaving Far View and going back to 2020 Massachusetts Avenue. And again I warn you, it's prison if you're not on the level in this thing, if it's in my power to put you there."

Means looked hurt again. "Eleven," he said, "you saw that fine boy of mine downstairs, didn't you?"

"I did. And he is indeed a fine-looking youngster."

"That boy," he said dramatically, "is the safety valve in this whole matter, so far as you're concerned. The very thought of him would prevent me from doing anything wrong—for that boy is my whole life now."

Telling him I would think over the possibility of going to Aiken and would wait to hear further from him, I returned to Far View, then went back to Washington, after my "rest in the hospital." I had a grand reunion with my eleven-year-old daughter.

Of course I couldn't let anybody know I had been at Far View, but I was curious nevertheless to find the answer to those ghostly footsteps and that unexplainable pulling of the sheets off the bed. It happened that Mrs. Allen Daugherty, for years a close friend and constant companion of my late mother, came over to my home shortly after I returned that day. Gradually I worked the conversation around to Far View, where I knew Mrs. Daugherty had spent considerable time with my mother. I told her I was thinking of occupying the place the following summer.

"I wouldn't go there if I were you, Evalyn," she said. "I don't think you would like it."

"Why not?" I asked. "It's quiet and restful and very cool there in the summer."

Mrs. Daugherty just shook her head and insisted that I wouldn't like it. I insisted upon knowing why.

My mother's friend and companion—a very practical woman, mind you—leaned forward and said:

"Evalyn, you haven't actually spent a night there for many years, have you? Well, your mother and I spent many nights there, but if you'll think back you'll remember that we never went near the place for quite a while before her death."

"That's right," I said. "Why not?"

"Because, Evalyn, strange things went on in that house. Now, I don't want you to think I'm superstitious or one who hears things or sees things—but certain things went on there that terrified both your mother and myself."

Mrs. Daugherty apparently did not wish to discuss further a subject that was unpleasant to her. But this is the story I finally got out of her:

Both my mother and she had, just a few years before, been puzzled one night by the sounds of footsteps coming up from downstairs, thence along the hallway, then up the stairs leading to the unoccupied third floor. They had—as I had—at first supposed they had been hearing things, possibly sounds made by the wind; but when the same thing happened several times again, the two women were terrified.

Mrs. Daugherty had always occupied the room where Garfoni, the butler, Inga, the maid, and I had in turn had such singular experiences.

"One night," Mrs. Daugherty said, "I was sound asleep when suddenly I felt somebody yanking the covers off my bed. I awoke with a start and switched on the lights, but could see nobody in the room. And mind you, Evalyn, the door was locked.

Father Hurney, who aided Mrs. McLean in her dealings with Gaston B. Means.

"I told your mother about it, and she only laughed and said I'd had a nightmare. But the same thing happened a couple of nights later, and several times after that. What with that and the sounds on the stairs, your mother and I finally said we didn't think we'd want to stay in that place any more, and we never did."

Remember, all this was being told to me by a perfectly practical person who had never mentioned it before, who scoffed at ghosts and that sort of thing, and who had no way of knowing anything about our experiences.

I asked her if she had an answer for it all.

"I can't say that I have," she said. "Your mother and I made it our business, after what happened to us, to find out something about the history of Far View, although we never did breathe it to a soul because we didn't want to frighten anybody who might want to stay there in the future. We found out that, many years ago, on the spot where the present house stands, there was another house. Part of Far View was built on the foundations of the old building.

"Well, in the first house lived a man and a woman who fought continually. He used to beat her fearfully and her screams could be heard a long distance off on nights when the wind was blowing a certain way. Finally he murdered her and put her body in a well on that property."

That was all Mrs. Daugherty knew. That is all I know. I still don't know what made the sounds or caused the covers to be yanked from the bed in that room. But I do know what happened to three of us in that place, and I know what happened to Mrs. Daugherty and to my mother. I have heard the stories from the lips of three individuals who had not talked about the thing to each other. I offer no answer whatsoever. I have merely stated the facts as I know them to be. It is all part of what happened to me after my connection with the Lindbergh case began, and therefore I think it has a place in this story.

Means came over the next day—Thursday, the sixteenth day after the Lindbergh baby's disappearance—and informed me that the gang was willing to make an attempt to deliver the baby at Aiken. He suggested that Miss Nelson and I prepare to go down there the following day.

"And," the scoundrel continued, "Father Hurney and Captain Land will have to remain in Washington for the present, Eleven. The gang insist upon it. They're afraid there's a leak somewhere. That business of the cops being in the road the other morning made them suspicious."

Of course it was preposterous to so much as think either the priest or the naval officer would even inadvertently let out anything about the negotiations; but, as I said before, in a matter of this kind you've got to play according to the other fellow's rules.

THE rules in this case were not at all to my liking. In fact, I shuddered when I thought of the possibilities ahead. For here Means could very well have been up to an old trick—cutting me off, gradually but surely, from those who would have come to my rescue in case of an emergency. Exactly the same thing had happened to poor Maude King.

Miss Nelson and I prepared to leave for Aiken the following night. Means was to precede me there and register at a hotel. I told him that I would rent a small cottage there, near where my own place was, and that the negotiations would have to be carried on from that point. He said he would need some expense money for himself and the kidnapers, so I sent out to the bank and got four thousand dollars in cash and gave it to him.

We arrived in Aiken on Saturday, March 19. Quietly I looked about for a little cottage and took it over. Means came to it on the Sunday, approved of the setup, and said he would let the gang know I was down here.

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The next day, Monday, he appeared, and said that one of the kidnapers would arrive in Aiken the following day. "I want you to see this man with your own eyes and talk with him, so that you will have no misgivings about this thing, Eleven. I will be here with him at two o'clock in the afternoon."

My heart was thumping hard when I got out of bed early on the morning of Tuesday, March 22. In but a matter of hours now I would, according to Means, actually see and talk with one of the men who had stolen the Lindbergh baby.

Two o'clock finally arrived. Miss Nelson and I noticed a car coming to a stop in front of the cottage. She went to the door and opened it. Means walked in, all smiles, followed by a stranger.

"Eleven," he said, "this is Number Nineteen. Nineteen, I want you to meet Eleven."

The stranger said, "How do you do?" in a low, even voice, and I said, "How do you do?" He was a tallish man in his forties, and seemed to be an individual of some polish and education. He wore a hat rather low over his forehead, just as villains in stories are supposed to; he had on a rather expensive-looking camel's-hair overcoat, and his hands were jammed in his pockets. I thought he must have a gun in each pocket and, as things turned out, I had no reason to change my mind.

I waited for the first move. Means was apparently waiting for Number Nineteen to make it. That gentleman just stood there, looking around the room. Then he said, "Number Eleven, I would like to look through the place to make sure there is nobody here listening." I answered that I would gladly show him through.

We went into all the rooms without saying a word. Means and Miss Nelson remained in the living room.

One humorous thing happened when we went into Maggie's bedroom. Dear old Maggie had become so frightened upon the arrival of Number Nineteen that she had decided that under the bed was the safest place to be. And so, when we entered, the first thing I saw was a pair of feet sticking out from under the bed. It was all I could do to keep from laughing, despite the serious nature of Nineteen's visit, especially when, in his dramatically thorough examination of the room, he completely overlooked Maggie's feet.

NOW, while I was a pretty nervous individual while all this was going on, I was nevertheless taking things in. I took a good look at every last detail of Number Nineteen. I noticed, too, something that mystified me. Whenever he entered a room, he made a beeline for the closet and opened the door to see if any one was secreted inside. He was wearing thick gray suède gloves, but despite this fact, after opening each door, he was careful to reach into his pocket for a handkerchief with which to wipe the knob or whatever part of the door he had touched! I figured that he was either overcautious or a little touched in the head.

After his search of the house he expressed a desire to take a look around the grounds outside. When he came in, he said, "Number Eleven, this looks like a pretty good place, and I am satisfied that you are not going to double-cross us." Then he said that the Lindbergh baby was well and apparently happy, as it was too young to realize exactly what was going on, and that he himself had had it in his arms within the past twenty-four hours. That was certainly reassuring news.

Then he looked me straight in the eye and said, "Now what about the money?"

I was completely taken by surprise.

"Why," I said, "I gave the money to Means long ago."

"Oh, that's O. K. I can trust Means absolutely."

I took this to mean that this particular member of the gang had not seen the money.

He thereupon detailed to me some of the plans for turning over the child. It was to be handed to me personally on a side street not far from the cottage, during the dark hours, and within forty-eight hours.

"There will be four automobiles at the spot," he said. "Two will be on one side of the street and two on the other. The baby will be given to you at a point right in the middle of where the four cars are."

He paused to allow his significant words to have their full effect on me.

"You will, of course, be able to see the cars from down the street," he went on. "You just come straight for the point right in the middle of the four of them. Don't stop, once you have started. And don't have anybody near you, because, once you have started down that street, we are going to mow down anybody else in sight. There will be a machine gun in every car."

"You must remember," I said, "that I'm not as young as I used to be, and that I am sometimes lame from a bad automobile accident I had in my youth, and that it is quite possible that I'll stumble or falter. So, if you see me doing that, don't, whatever you do, blaze away."

Number Nineteen gave me a frozen look, got up, and walked toward a mantelpiece where photos of my three children were. He looked at them for a while, then said:

"Not bad-looking kids at all. I guess you wouldn't want anything to happen to them, would you? Well, let me warn you of this: If you fail to carry out our instructions to the letter, it means trouble for all of you, the children included."

HE then turned to Miss Nelson. "They tell me you're a nurse. What do you know about handling children?"

"Quite a lot. I—"

"When this baby is turned over," he interrupted her, "we want to make sure it'll be taken good care of; so I've got to know whether you're a good nurse or not."

I doubt that Number Nineteen could have said anything that would have hurt Miss Nelson's pride more, for she had been one of the crack nurses on the staff of the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital. He questioned her at length as to her capabilities, and in so doing revealed that he knew quite a lot about children himself.

"All right," he said at length. "I've got to be going now, Number Eleven. Means, here—"

Means coughed and interrupted. "Hogan, Number Nineteen," he corrected. "Hogan, if you please."

"Hogan, here, will keep you posted about details. Carry out every instruction that is passed through him and everything's going to be all right."

Whether or not this man really was one of the Lindbergh kidnapers, I despised him as much as I despised Means. I was, in fact, so raging mad toward the end that it was all I could do to restrain myself from slapping his face. So I said, in my most formal social tone:

"You must stay and have something to eat with us. It would not be the first time I've dined with a blackguard!"

Number Nineteen just flushed until his scalp was red, and said, "No, thank you; I must be going."

Means left with him, but returned later in the day, to busy himself with making notes in that mysterious little black book of his. Something happened just about then—precisely what, I don't to this day know. But while Means was making notations in the book he was also writing something on a piece of paper. Then, at a moment when I was utterly exhausted from the terrific strain I had been under for more than two weeks of negotiations, he asked me to sign something. I didn't have my glasses handy. I asked Means what this was that I was to sign, and he mumbled something that wasn't clear to me. I asked Miss Nelson, who was in just as bad shape as I, to look at whatever it was, and she said it looked all right to her. After what I had given Means and after what I had been through, what I signed was of comparatively little importance.

I took my fountain pen and wrote down my signature. As I handed the paper to the blackguard and looked up at him, a shudder ran through me; for I think that I have never looked upon anything so utterly evil as the face of Gaston Bullock Means at that moment.

What detailed inside story of the Lindbergh kidnaping was Means now to tell Mrs. McLean as having been told to him by the kidnapers? And—significant point!—how was this story later to compare with the John Hughes Curtis development, at this time still unknown to the public? Here is but one of the astonishing disclosures that Mrs. McLean will make in Liberty next week!

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4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

as told to Herbert Corey

YOUTH, be it country or city bred, has the same basic characteristics. True, environment to a great degree molds the course of life of urban and rural youths in different paths, yet each possesses the exuberance and restless desire for action common to adolescents. Although city life, with its crowded living conditions and corrupt influences, is a more fertile pasture for the development of criminals than rural life, statistics indicate that crime is not unknown in the rural districts of America.

During 1937, 940 homicides, 1,715 rapes, 3,617 aggravated assaults, 30,326 larcenies were reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation by rural peace officers.

Surely these statistics indicate that crime outside of our cities is sufficiently active to warrant leaders in outlying communities giving careful thought to ways of protecting their youth from contamination. Juvenile delinquency is as important in a hamlet of 500 inhabitants as it is in a metropolis.

Fundamentally, successful coping with the problem of youth in sections with scattered population, as in cities, calls for proper early supervision. Provision for proper recreational facilities and guidance of leisure-time activities is of paramount importance. Opportunities for legitimate diversions are not so varied and numerous in rural communities as they are in metropolitan areas. On the other hand, automobiles have materially increased the danger lurking in the path of a country youngster by making it easy for him to reach roadhouses and other so-called places of amusement which can, and often do, lead to his downfall.

The Boy Scouts of America, one of our outstanding bulwarks in stemming the tide of youthful crime, has recognized the need of providing the rural boy with outlets for his exuberance. It is now possible for any boy, no matter how remote his dwelling, to become a Boy Scout through the Lone Scouting program. Likewise, small isolated groups may organize and develop Scouting programs. These boys grow up striving to live up to the high ideals of their oath and take their places as respected and valued members of their community life.

Rural schoolteachers can do a tremendous service to the youngsters who daily spend many hours under supervision. The church can also contribute its part during formative years. And both church and school must give careful attention to the development of hobbies, supervised recreation, and group programs for leisure hours, the misuse of which may lead to tragedy.

Perhaps the most important single factor in the proper development of our country children is the radio. Young people in farm homes will surely be deeply impressed by what comes to them over the air. With this in mind, citizens everywhere must give careful attention to the type of program emanating from broadcasting stations throughout the land. Any program which will implant false notions of the glamour and romance of crime must be stifled before it makes its impression on young and fertile minds. Broadcasts devised to stress the folly of crime and respect for the law-enforcement profession will develop that interest in efficient law enforcement which is so necessary to a successful fight against crime.

For boys who are already on the downward path, it seems to me that the Big Brother movement particularly adapts itself to the needs of rural communities. If the courts of our local communities are able to place wayward youths under the supervision and influence of the communities' outstanding citizens, the effects will soon be noted, and many boys who are now allowed to follow their transgressions to the sordid, bitter end may be saved for decent and upright careers.

Finally, concerted action in demanding law enforcement worthy of the name can do wonders for the growing boys on our farms. Leaders of our rural communities must demand law enforcement free from venal politics, alert to the needs of the community, and eager to keep abreast of the rapid strides being made in this important work. When the plane of law enforcement in suburban centers is raised, the respect of youth for the law will likewise increase, and the farm boy will strive to better the community in which he lives.

Some of the greatest leaders of our nation were born in log cabins and grew up in the wilderness of early America. Tragically, many of our most notorious public enemies, such as John Dillinger and "Baby Face" Nelson, likewise received their early training in rural communities. We have a duty to provide these boys and girls growing up on the farm today with every opportunity to avoid the pitfalls of crime and to reach adult life ready to serve our nation with a career of usefulness and achievement. The responsibility rests squarely on the shoulders of the citizens in our outlying districts, and I know that, true to the traditions of their forefathers, they will rise and meet the problem adequately.

THE END

A Big Brother can be a fine influence on a wayward youth.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FROM directors of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau and their United States associates, I have picked up some coffee tidings that may interest you. . . . Gold cuff links, I learned, made in the form of coffee beans are the sentimental gift traditionally presented by Latin-American wives and sweethearts to their husbands or fiancés. Vice-Chairman Alberto Ortega of Cuba told me that one. . . . Chairman Roberto Aguilar of the Republic of Salvador gave me a legal slant on a coffee situation of our own. "By law in New York State, every sandhog employed on a subway-construction or river-tunnel job must be supplied with hot fresh coffee at all hours." . . . Enrico Penteado of Brazil informed me that patriotic brides in his country get married amid coffee blooms instead of orange blossoms. An early-morning wedding (before the minister has had his breakfast) is supposed to be lucky, and then coffee is served as soon as the bride has been kissed. . . . To Dr. Vaca of Nicaragua and Miguel Semper of Colombia I owe the news that no young man in their part of the world ever describes a girl as being brown-eyed. Her eyes are *coffee* eyes—always. . . . An intelligent campaign is being launched here by the coffee growers to help us know more about coffee. W. F. Williamson, secretary of the Associated Coffee Industries of the United States, is a leader in this crusade for a bigger and better coffee consciousness.

☆ Sat next to Lillian (Mrs. Walt) Disney at a recent lunch. "Thanks," she said, "for introducing us to H. G. Wells. No other visiting celebrity ever asked Walt so many sensible questions." . . . Walt, she said, won't look at Snow White any more. He doesn't even like to speak of Snow White. He's always that way when he's working on a new picture—intensely dissatisfied with the one before—which is probably one of the reasons they improve so much. . . . As each new character is evolved at his studio, Walt sends a drawing of it to Cartier, the jeweler, where a gold-and-enamel bracelet charm is made for Lillian. By the time the new picture is done, she's wearing all the characters around her wrist.

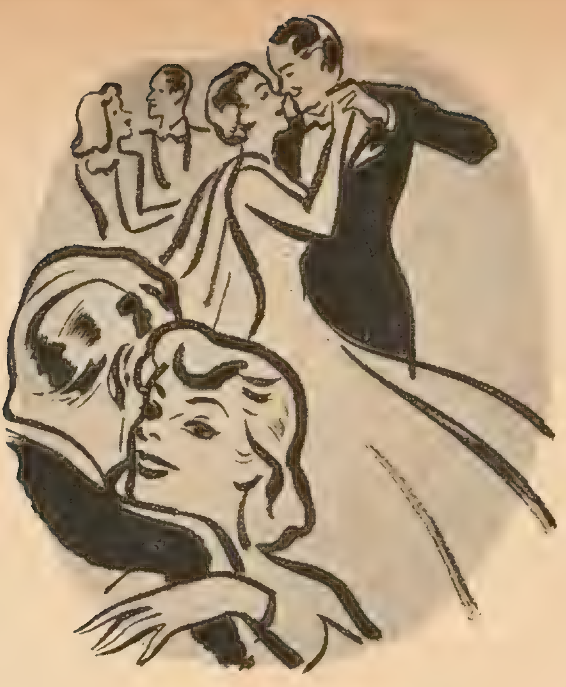
☆ Take a look at some pigeons before you go in for new autumn styles of hairdressing. An expert hairdresser gave me this advance tip. "The new coiffures," he said, "will draw special attention to the nape of your neck. Much will depend, therefore, upon the grace of your neck movements." Study the pigeons. For graceful neck action, pigeons are superb. Watch the pretty way they thrust their heads forward, then back. Copy this twenty times every morning and twenty times each night. The exercise will limber the nape of your neck and will remove excess flesh there. . . . No, you needn't *coo* while doing it. But you can if you want to.

☆ Globes of the world are in wide vogue now, selling fast all over the country, and it is fun to observe who buys them. The other day I watched a little boy, a little girl, and an elderly couple all gazing raptly at a display of world globes in a store window. Children and old people seem to be particularly fond of globe maps. And that's only reasonable. Few enthusiasms bridge the difference between age and youth more enduringly than our dreams of far-away places.

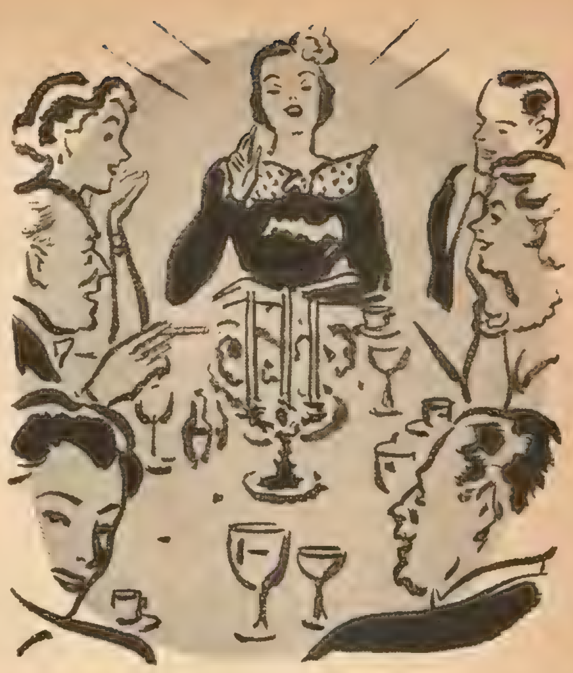
☆ Mary Sullivan, head of the New York Policewomen's Bureau, has written the interesting story of her career as a wife, mother, and lady cop. My Double Life is the title of her autobiography. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ Last week I mentioned a book by Morton Gill Clark. If I had known what his wife has since told me about him, I would have augmented the item. The facts are too curious to keep, so I'll report them now. . . . Until recently Morton has been a *sleepwalking icebox raider*—the only one on record, as far as I know. He'd get up, sound asleep, in the middle of the night; grope his way downstairs; open the refrigerator and lay out a huge repast on the kitchen table. Grasping knife and fork, he'd sit down to the feast. Then, at the very instant the first mouthful touched his lips, he would always wake up—which startled him so that it took his appetite away. This went on night after night for three months. It was finally cured by locking his bedroom door and removing the key. In his sleep he would bang on the door until his own clamor roused him awake. . . . Have you ever heard of any other sleepwalking icebox raids?

"He's traveled so many years, that's the only place he can sleep."



Many frankly forties keep step with the times by taking dancing lessons.



Her smart dinner parties in her own apartment gave her a definite kick.

Fun AFTER FORTY

How To Get It

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

Author of Live Alone and Like It and Orchids on Your Budget

WE hear a lot these days about the opportunities for the woman of forty. Opportunities meaning work, of course. According to books and articles, women can go right on working up to their graves—which was no news to us. Women always could, one way or another, and most of them had to.

The exciting thing is that women can now go on having fun—or even start having fun—after forty. Even before the Duchess of Windsor showed that it took at least forty years to prepare a woman to be the heroine of a world-shaking romance, other women had discovered that adventures of all sorts, minor and major, were that much more adventurous for every year they'd lived without tasting them.

There is a thrill in getting your first kiss in a moonlit garden at the age of eighteen, but it's somewhat rationalized by the knowledge that other eighteen-year-olds are being kissed in most of the moonlit gardens up and down the block. On the other hand, if your first kiss comes after forty (which I admit is improbable), the knowledge that you can still go and get it undoubtedly adds an extra fillip.

I have asked some ten or twelve women I know, all between forty and fifty-two or -three, what they did for the first time after forty that gave them a new zest for living. What they did that was fun and stimulating.

All of these particular women get around and are interesting and interested parts of the New York scene. It's hard to believe that at their age the women of sixty years ago put on bonnets and resigned themselves to the fact that the best part of life was over.

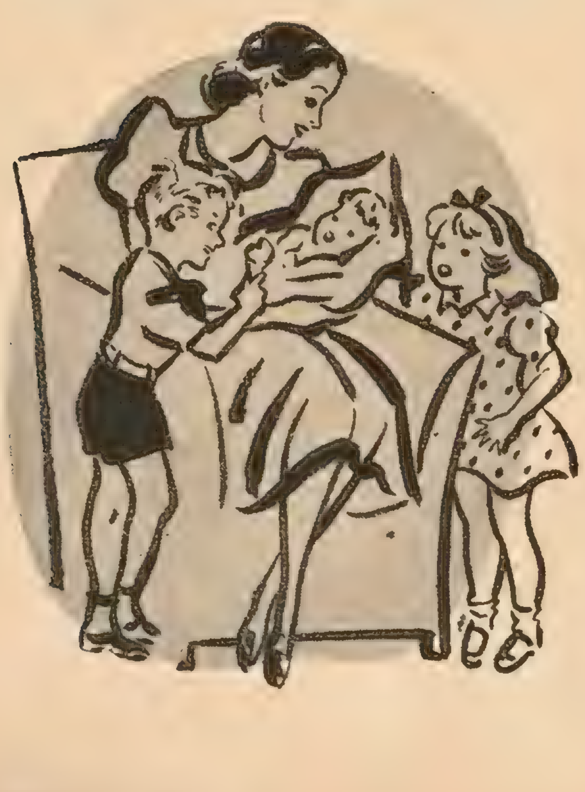
The first woman to whom I put the question is an important executive in a large organization. It was with considerable surprise that I saw her emerge from the trance into which my question had thrown her, and watched a light break over her face. "I left off wearing undervests and panties," she said enthusiastically.

For a moment this didn't seem like a world-shaking step, but I soon saw its significance. It meant that she had moved with the times; she hadn't let herself be hampered by the conventions of her youth after they had passed out of the current picture. And you can't tell me that any one who has worn those horrid little knitted undervests and other contemporaneous underpinnings hasn't double the sense of freedom when she discards them that the girl who grew up in a few wisps of silk would have. Which applies to a great many things besides.

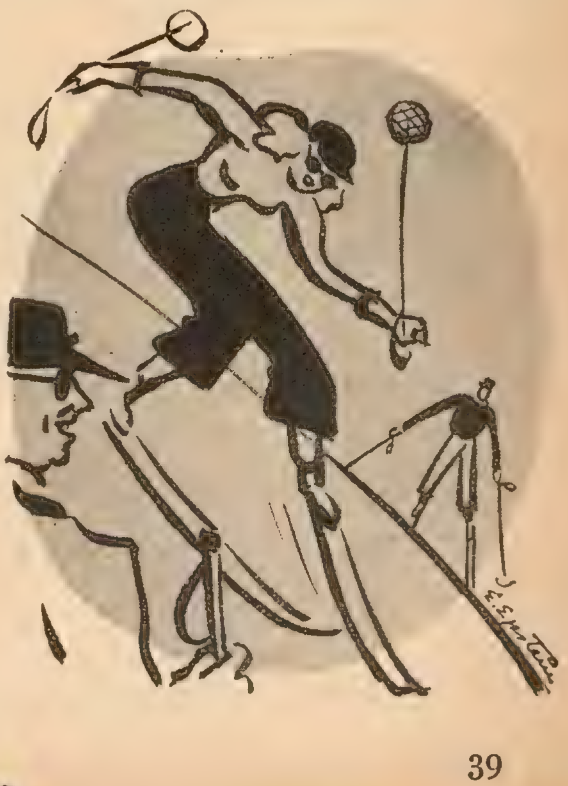
One of the most widespread after-forty adventures that are giving a lot of women a lot of fun, as several women pointed out, is this business of living alone. Many live-aloners waited till this advanced age for the much-sung home of their own, either because they lived with their families, or because they couldn't afford to double up with another woman, or because they had a Victorian hangover which made them think they needed a chaperon. (Most women with this notion, of course, wouldn't need a chaperon in a military camp.) Now, however, circumstance or their own intelligence has gotten them into their own establishments, where they are having as much of a thrill as a bride and a lot less interference.

This particular step, my question showed, has brought about a good many after-forty firsts. There was the woman who said she'd decorated a room to suit herself for the first time in her life—not considering whether Father liked the old Morris chair or Aunt Minnie would think it outrageously extravagant for her to have a white rug. (It was and she

Three babies—her first—were one woman's after-forty achievement.



Skiing cured middle-aged stiffness and took off inches around the hips.



ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

did.) There was the woman who started giving dinner parties—not just having a guest in for dinner with the rest of the household, but entertaining six or eight or ten handpicked guests for a sophisticated meal, smartly and correctly served. There hadn't been much smartness around this particular woman's family board, she said, and every little chic detail gave her a definite kick.

There was, of course, the woman who served cocktails for the first time after forty, and I suspect that her name is legion, not to mention those who drank them for the first time. There are still people all over this country to whom the first cocktail is on a par with a first affair, and to them the stimulus of the drink is mild compared to the mental stimulus of thinking they're taking a drink.

It is scarcely necessary to say that one of the women married for the first time after forty. There was also the woman (an exceptionally successful business woman) who had her three children after forty, but this is a biological achievement, like having quintuplets, and not significant in the modern scene, except perhaps as an illustration of the current viewpoint that forty isn't too late to try anything.

Much more significant is the fact that a great many women of forty have a varied collection of beaux. Looking at my own feminine acquaintances, I feel sure that the women of forty who live alone have far larger and more interesting and eligible lists of men who come to see them and take them out than the girls of from eighteen to twenty-eight. They certainly have much larger lists than the women of twenty-eight to forty, for then most of the men of a suitable age have married and few, if any, have been released by death or divorce for a second round. The older women have built up enduring friendships over a period of years, and these are supplemented by the come-and-go men they meet at parties who correspond to most of those known to the younger ones.

The interesting thing is that the frankly-forties like to step out with the men they know, exactly as the younger girls do—only more so. Dozens of them never went to a night club at eighteen. At that time there weren't so many to go to, but they wouldn't have gone anyway. Nice girls didn't. Many of them didn't dance very well then. You were a born dancer or you weren't, twenty years ago, and if you weren't, it was just too bad. There weren't so many dancing schools to go to, and if there had been, these women couldn't have afforded it. But they afford it now. I know, because I do, and I meet them in the halls and elevators — well groomed, up-to-date, alert women keeping step with the times. They tell you they do it for their figures, and they do—partly. Just as I do.

One of the women I asked had gone abroad for the first time, but that didn't impress me as much as the fact that two or three had gone abroad in a new way. When they were younger, they had done tourist tours of art galleries and public buildings, as every one should, some day, if she can. But after forty, they had looked up friends on their travels, been to theaters and restaurants, lunched and dined and talked with people who belonged in the places they were visiting. They had seen how the people of today lived and thought, not how the people of yesterday built and painted, and they'd had as much of a thrill as an explorer.

One woman had learned to ski after forty and she said it had taken away a middle-aged stiffness that was beginning to bother her, and had given her lots of fun besides. She had also lost a couple of inches around her hips.

Another woman had spent a whole soul-satisfying day at a beauty salon and come out with a new hairdress, a new knowledge of caring for her skin, and a new incentive to keep herself well groomed. Still another had learned to swim—not very well, but it was a triumph over forty years of fear that she'd learned at all. And one had bought her first stocks and bonds, an act which had transformed her from a poor helpless female into a woman of the world.

The truth is that if you haven't had fun up to forty it isn't important. It isn't, that is, if you start in then. But you'd better start soon. You'd better do *something* you've never done before and always wished you could do. After all, you're only middle-aged once.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 12

1—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
2—June 19.
3—Claudette Colbert.
4—Played, since it is Japan's national anthem.
5—John Paul Jones (his original name was John Paul).
6—Because the eyes of this sharklike fish shine most perceptibly at night.
7—First, fatigue (and the panic which sometimes results); second, stomach cramps.
8—Heinrich Heine (1797-1856).
9—Reserve Officers' Training Camp.
10—Rudy Vallee.
11—Aaron Montgomery Ward (1843-1913).
12—As the Little Church Around the Corner.
13—Charles Dickens.
14—He is an expatriate, having forfeited the rights of citizenship.
15—I came, I saw, I conquered.
16—James Abram Garfield (1831-81).
17—Queen Victoria; William I; Alexander II.
18—To the right.
19—Thirty-two.
20—

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

I WAS NO POP-OFF
—They Made Me One

Dizzy (Child-of-the-Soil) Dean. A public pillorying and a private pat on the back.

BY DIZZY DEAN

How a publicity idea, conceived by a Houston, Texas, sports writer, skyrocketed Dizzy from obscurity to front-page sports news and a berth with the St. Louis Cardinals, was related by Dean last week. Acting the loudmouth and show-off, he said, was part of his job—orders from his bosses, Rickey and Breadon. The publicity attendant on his every goofy move boomed gate receipts. And Dizzy played his part well, looking forward to a golden future as his reward. But when a showdown came, he learned some startling things.

IT wasn't difficult for me to follow orders and keep in hot water almost constantly. But there was one phase of it that always burned me up. That had to do with the covering up on the part of the Cardinal front office. Their attitude was always holier-than-thou and hypocritical, and I never ceased to resent it.

For instance, I would be sent out to create a row because it meant reams and reams of publicity. From such a row there was certain to be a repercussion, and I, the one who started it all, would be the scapegoat.

Would the front office stand back of me when I was on the spot? Haw!

Mr. Rickey couldn't be involved in any petty rows on a ball field. My, my, no! Or, as he would say, Judas Priest, no!

As for President Sam Breadon, he was a business man, a prosperous broker, a director of banks, a member of exclusive clubs, a country squire. Certainly he couldn't have any part in the vulgar riots started by any such crass character as Dizzy Dean, the hillbilly pitcher. No one could be allowed to know that these honored gentlemen approved any such rowdiness.

When the kickback came, I would be standing alone, like Horatius at the bridge. Rickey would smile and smirk when he addressed women's clubs, or Rotary or Kiwanis, and make faint apologies for me. I was simply uncontrollable, but I really meant well. I was a little conceited, naturally. One couldn't take a child of the soil like Jerome (he always called me Jerome in his pious moments) out of obscurity and into opulence and success without causing his head to expand a little.

The same tactics were used by Breadon. Only he wasn't quite as gentle as Rickey. He would give me the business. He would say that I was a born rowdy, that I was conceited and disagreeable and difficult to get along with, and that there was nothing the management could do about it. Naturally the elegant Mr. Breadon was a little ashamed to have such men working for him, but, after all, I was a winning pitcher, etc.

This, mind you, they would hand the public. They would hand me pats on the back and tell me to keep my name in the paper and the customers in the stands. Once in a while Breadon would bawl me out publicly, but I always caught the wink as he did it. And now and then Rickey would sternly warn me before some group or other that I would have to mend my ways, and then, on the following day, there'd be a new stunt cooked up for me to keep myself in the news columns and lose friends.

There was the case of the balk decision in St. Louis in which I refused to pitch any more if a decision of Umpire Barr's stood. I had not made a balk. One umpire said I hadn't. But Barr was interpreting the rule in a way entirely unfamiliar to me, and he said I made the balk, and then the riot was on.

Later I went down to Belleville, Illinois, to make one of my usual rousing speeches. I was under directions to say something that would make the papers, to give them a blast that the baseball world would hear about.

Now, I am not the brightest guy in the world, but I'm no fool, especially where other people's feelings are concerned. I don't believe in making insulting personal remarks about anybody. At the same time, not being a competent public speaker, I'm not always able to say exactly what I believe in a way to make it clear.

When the Catholic father in charge of the affair at Belleville called on me for a talk, every one started to yell, "Tell us about Barr and Frick! Tell us about Barr and Frick!" Frick was Ford C. Frick, of course, president of the National League. He had already upheld Barr's decision and threatened to discipline me sharply if I criticized the decision further.

I explained the play, and then I said, very stupidly, I'll admit, "I think that it was the crookedest decision I ever saw." It was poorly phrased. What I had intended to say was that it was the stupidest, or the screwiest, or the dumbest decision I ever had seen. Certainly I had no intention of accusing Barr or Frick of being crooks. I don't believe there's a crooked umpire in baseball, and no one would be dumb enough to impugn the honesty of a man as clearly on the level as Ford Frick.

But the fat was in the fire nevertheless. A local reporter rushed out and wrote a story in which he said that I had said that Barr and Frick were the biggest crooks in baseball. Such a statement would be, on the face of it, ridiculous and laughable. But I got credit for saying it, and Frick, after having been called upon by various magnates, who apparently didn't care what happened to the St. Louis club, to discipline me and discipline me severely, developed an excusable heat under the collar.

Frick did attempt to discipline me. That was before he got the real facts. When he had a telegram from the Catholic father who gave the banquet and a dozen repu-

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table business men of Belleville, telling him exactly what I had said and explaining the spirit in which it was intended, he decided that I had done nothing to impugn his personal integrity or baseball's either, and took no action.

In the meantime, however, before I had cleared myself with Frick, telegrams had been arriving in the front office in St. Louis. They were from Frick, from friends of Frick, from magnates, and from a hundred sources. Every hour or two Breadon and Rickey gave out statements pointing out that they could not be responsible for anything I said and denying they ever encouraged me to speak.

Finally Rickey attempted to persuade me to sign a paper apologizing publicly to Frick and Barr. I refused, because I knew I had said nothing for which I should apologize. That ended all arguments, but it didn't go any further in assuring me that my employers were behind me in my campaign for more publicity and more money in their treasury.

There was the case of the fight with the newspaperman in St. Petersburg, Florida. The plain truth of that story is that I had no fight with a newspaperman. I threw no punches and he threw none. At least, not at me. All the fighting that was done was done by others who overheard a remark the newspaperman, Jack Miley, then of the New York Daily News, had made half jokingly. Miley had written several columns in which he made a point of establishing my wife as the head of the family. He got to a point where he was insisting on the idea that she wore the pants. To make his point clear and a little funnier, he advanced the theory that she always beat me up in the morning and got my pants on before I could get to them. Now, I am not one to draw fine lines on good and bad taste, but after a while I began to think this sort of sniping was in bad taste.

Moreover, it made my wife look unpleasant and shrewish, something she isn't at all. In fact she has one of the sunniest and friendliest dispositions I've ever known and has no desire to tell me how to run my business.

These stories, however, made her look assertive and forward, and I didn't think they had any place in a newspaper's accounts of my baseball performances, especially when written by a man who didn't know my wife and had no opportunity to know whether or not she was of that type. I saw Miley in the lobby of the hotel at St. Petersburg and told him I didn't think it was fair to bring my wife into his stories of my baseball life. I told him that he was free to criticize my pitching or my actions on the field or in my contacts with my employers, but that to bring my wife into a newspaper column in such a way as to reflect on her was unfair.

Miley grinned broadly and asked me what was the matter and if I couldn't take it. I explained again that I didn't care what he wrote about me, but that I didn't want my wife in it. Then, still grinning, he said, "Why don't you sick your Gas Housers on me? They're watching us."

Joe Medwick happened to hear Miley say this and apparently got the impression Miley was sneering at the Cardinals and their well known rough-and-tumble reputation. He and Mike Ryba and several others jumped at Miley, swept him away from where I was standing without either of us having even attempted to strike a blow, or thought of doing so, and backed him up against a desk. Irving Kupcinet, a Chicago reporter, hopped into the melee, and Frankie Frisch, our manager, began trying to stop it. In the mix-up some one of the Cardinals hit Miley over the head with a pair of baseball spikes, cutting his scalp. I'm not positive who did it, but I thought then, and still think, it was a pretty small piece of business.

Sam Breadon and Ford Frick.

The fight was over in a minute, and I went on upstairs. The next day the story was printed all over the country and it was played up as a bloody feud between a reporter and the big pop-off pitcher. Since then I've met Miley several times and we've laughed about the stunt, and Kupcinet is now one of the very good friends I have made on the Chicago papers.

But that wasn't the way it ended, so far as the general public knew. I got a public censoring by the owners of the St. Louis club and a private pat on the back for keeping those rollicking Gas Housers in the newspapers.

Because of my antics, a reasonable number of fans came to see me on days when I wasn't scheduled to pitch. For that reason, and not because of my pitching entirely, I increased my earning capacity considerably.

But that was work, too. I mean the job of getting my share of the extra money I put into the St. Louis Cardinals' treasury.

Dizzy's own figures on the pay-off for his popping off, along with his version of the unfavorable events that preceded his recent sale to the Chicago Cubs, will be told in next week's concluding article.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Liberty Presents

The ANAGRAM GAME

WITH THIRTY-TWO CASH PRIZES

$800

FOR SKILLFUL LETTER JUGGLERS

WHAT'S in a name? Your name? Any one's name? The names of your family? The names of your friends? Lots of letters, of course. But there's gold in names as well, if you know how and where to find it. And Liberty is making it possible for you to claim an important share in this wealth through the Anagram Game which starts on this page. Here's how to do it:

Start by reading the brief, simple rules. Then write your name on a scratch sheet. Next jot down the individual letters. Juggle them about in various order so that they form other words. It is not necessary to use every letter in the name—you can use just some of them—but do not use any letter more times than it appears in the name and do not use any letter, or letters, that do not appear in the name. By skillful rearrangement of the letters you can construct an anagram of a single word, a group of words, or even a short sentence. When the result is satisfactory fill out Entry Coupon No. 1 with the name and the anagram, clip it and save it until the end of the game, when you will have a complete set of four to combine as your entry. Coupons submitted one at a time will not be considered.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

To help you get started, Liberty reprints for your guidance these simple anagrams. For instance, JEWELL HOOPER will make WHOOPEE; BABS MOONEY is SOME BABY, NO? and VICTOR LEONARD FOX juggles into I DO NOT LOAF! Get the idea? Now fill out Entry Coupon No. 1 and be ready for the second one next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks, ending with the issue dated September 3, 1938, Liberty will publish an Anagram Game entry coupon.

2. To compete, write your own name, a name in your family, or the name of a friend on the line indicated on the coupon, then juggle the letters until you find clever and ingenious words they will form.

3. Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. Don't use any letter more times than it appears in the name. Don't use a letter that does not appear in the name.

4. It is not necessary to find a lot of words in the name. It's the cleverness and ingenuity of your words or word combinations that will count. One word may prove the best anagram.

5. Save each coupon until your set of four is complete. Then mail them as a unit, at the same time, to Anagram Contest Editor, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 16, the closing date of this contest.

6. Entries will be judged on the basis of cleverness and ingenuity of the anagrams, and neatness will count. Cash prizes of $25 each will be paid for the thirty-two entries which rate highest on this basis. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

USE THIS ENTRY FORM

LIBERTY'S ANAGRAM GAME

ENTRY COUPON NO. 1

....

(Write the full name here)

....

(Print your anagram here)

SAVE THIS COUPON UNTIL THE END OF THE CONTEST, THEN SEND IN ALL FOUR TOGETHER. INDIVIDUAL COUPONS WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED

Don't Be Too Sure

BY HERBERT DALMAS

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

MARCELLA stood like a demure belle of the '80s in her picturesque maid of honor's frock, which, as many people were already whispering, she had chosen in defiance of the bride's wishes, and smiled at Duane Wallace, the best man. There were five hundred people in the church, and Marcella's smile suggested that she and Duane were alone together on a desert island. She had no idea that Lenore would see it.

But Lenore did, and felt an almost overwhelming impulse to do something violent about it. Only long habit and mass-consciousness made her remember the inviolable correctness of the occasion—the austerely correct church, the correctly turned-out crowd, Bob Creighton, correct and attentive, at her side.

"That's right," she addressed Marcella in silent, impotent anger. "Smile at him when you think every one will be looking at the bride. You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you? You've seen him throw me over, and you think I'm defeated forever. Well, don't be too sure.

"Don't forget the number of times I have played maid of honor to Duane Wallace's best man. You think you've supplanted me in his heart as you have supplanted me in the wedding parties of our set. You've decided I'm too old now. Twenty-eight looks very far away to you now.

"You are young, and you're new. That's the main thing. He hasn't heard your conversation routines before. And, what is more important, you haven't heard his.

"He'll say he is discovering you infinitely and talk beautifully about that. Even after he has known you a long time, even an hour before he tells you charmingly that everything is over and that you must be civilized about it, he'll tell you he is discovering you. And you'll believe it. Because he'll smile sadly, forgivingly, as if you were hurting him a little, and when he smiles like that, not very much else matters. You'll want him to go on telling you ridiculously impossible things for the sheer luxury of believing them.

"But after he has stopped discovering you, there will be some one else. She'll be the maid of honor at one of our best weddings; that is a guaranty of youth and loveliness, and Duane demands those things. She'll be smiling at him when every one else is looking at the bride. I know, because I was that some one else once.

"You won't marry him, you know. You think you will, but he'll convince you that it's wisest otherwise. He knows that no actor can play to the same audience forever. Besides, you took him away from me. I've got something to say about it.

"I don't think I'd want him now, though. You wouldn't believe that, but it's true. One woman couldn't provide the fuel for that consuming ego.

"Still, if he had asked me to marry him, I would have—gladly. I couldn't have helped myself.

"You think because I am going away I am retreating in defeat. Don't be too sure. Perhaps when I come back the wound will have healed. I'll try to make it heal, and doctors always say that a sea cruise can do wonders.

"And at the Hawthornes' house party when I come back—we'll meet then, you and I. Duane Wallace will be there, of course. We'll see at that party if I'm too old, too out of date to be reckoned with.

"Wherever you and he go that week-end, you'll find me. I won't give you a moment alone. In spite of your hints, your badly concealed fury, I'll talk cozily to Duane about our memories. You and he haven't many of those yet.

"A perfect man like Duane doesn't rudely tell a lady, especially one he was once supposedly in love with, to go away. He'll have to listen while I chatter on about our gay adventures together.

"I'll tell about the time we rode on the subway and pretended to have a loud domestic argument, to the delighted amazement of the other passengers. When the guard came to stop our brawling, we insisted that we had never met before. Duane will have to laugh at memories like that, because they were mad, whimsical adventures, and he's something of a specialist in those.

"I'll recall, too, the time I was Louise Partenton's maid of honor, and Duane was simply furious at that usher from New Orleans who wouldn't let me out of his sight.

"Yes, I may be old. But I'll remember a hundred memories like those. And you'll smile through them all. You'll have to, because you and I have spent a lot of time making it plain to every one that we are the closest possible friends.

"And poor Duane! He likes to think there is no situation in the world that he can't handle with decorative poise. He'll be ready to murder somebody, because he'll know that he's being made ridiculous in front of you. And that's one thing he'll never, never forgive you for.

"Go ahead and smile at him. But don't be too sure—"

Lenore realized that Bob was pressing her hand admonishingly. She could feel the expectancy of the church around her.

Her face suddenly warm with a blush that she hoped would be misunderstood by those who saw it, she turned to the minister and said:

"I do."

THE END

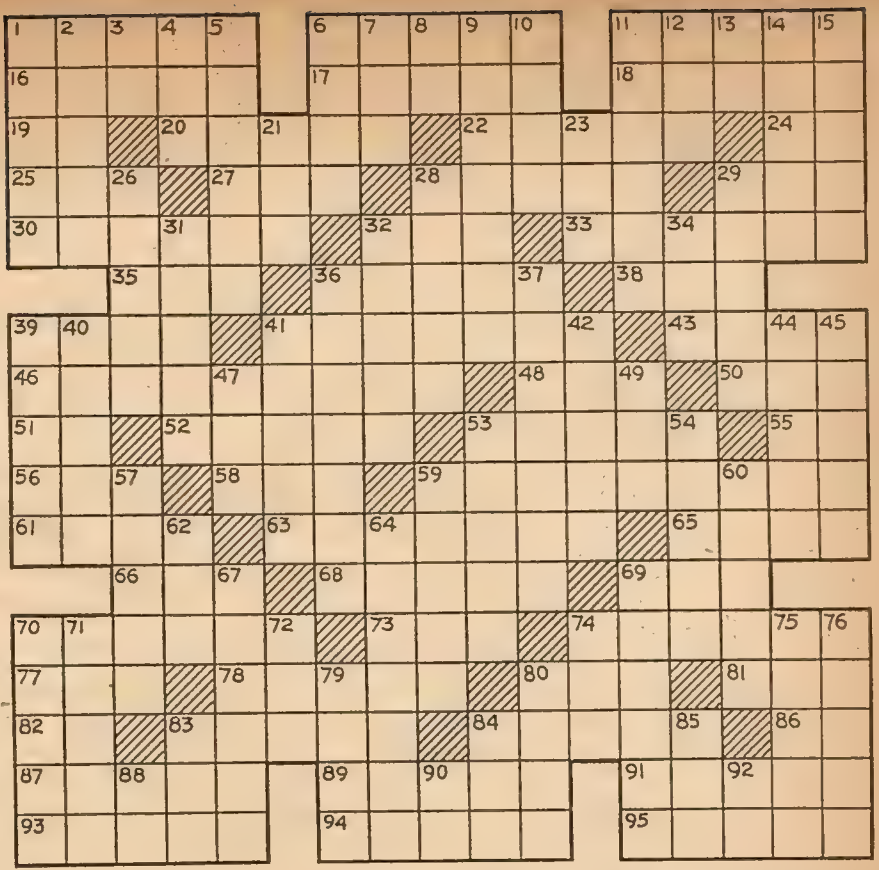
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

CROSSWORDS



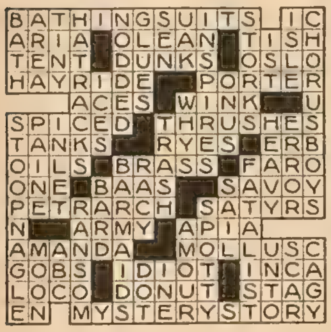
HORIZONTAL

1 Dirty puddles
6 A fruit (pl.)
11 Ulcers
16 Mark to insert
17 Tag
18 Heavy cord
19 Printer's measure
20 Part of an electrical machine
22 Woman's name
24 Prefix: down
25 Fresh
27 Authoritative rule
28 Leather thong
29 Total
30 Tracked
32 A wing
33 Shallow dishes
35 To harden
36 Quench
38 Compass point
39 Son of Adam
41 Expiators
43 Money
46 Fondling
48 Steal
50 Coin of Rumania
51 Pronoun
52 Existing
53 Strips of covering
55 Advertisement (abbr.)
56 Physician (slang)
58 Wave
59 Making plump
61 Break suddenly
63 Goddess of retribution
65 Before
66 By way of
68 Memento
69 Appropriate
70 Male monarch
73 Noise
74 Declare
77 Greasy liquid
78 Waits upon
80 It is (abbr.)
81 Greek letter
82 Form of to be
83 Ethical
84 Veins of ore
86 Preposition
87 Fresher
89 Lakes or pools
91 Beamed
93 Trousers (Scotch)
94 American Indians
95 Withers

VERTICAL

1 Odor
2 More crippled
3 Conjunction
4 By means of
5 Purloined
6 Farm implement
7 Part of the head
8 Month of the Jewish year
9 Wager again
10 Pass over lightly
11 Fastening device
12 Possess
13 A state (abbr.)
14 Invest
15 Appears to be
21 Small child
23 Undermine
26 A colorless liquid
28 Inelegant language
29 Metal alloy
31 Biblical name
32 Beside
34 A venomous serpent
36 Insect's sharp organ
37 Changeable
39 Sour substances
40 A wand
41 Asiatic
42 Classifies
44 Leaned
45 A kind of candy
47 Stitch
49 Insect
53 A little bay
54 Fasteners
57 To pick flaws
59 Genus including cats
60 Bury
62 A fastening device
64 Interferer
67 Stage players
69 To rate for taxes
70 Indicate
71 Part of a stairs
72 Ever (poetic)
74 Assistance
75 River in Germany
76 Characters of sound
79 Title
80 Throw
83 A cry, as of a cat
84 A shelter
85 Pronoun
88 Us
90 Japanese measure
92 Conjunction

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Answer to last week's puzzle

I'm certainly **HEALTHY** *...but not at all* **WEALTHY** *...so I must be* **WISE!**

SARÁKA

Yes, very wise—her laxative has "exercising action"

"WHAT a wonderful change in Connie," all her friends are saying. "She's the picture of health these days."

Yet, not so long ago, Connie hardly ever felt *really well.* There seemed to be no way to solve her constipation problem. She suffered from "nerves"... felt sluggish and tired.

Then a friend begged her to try Saráka*—the laxative with "exercising action". Connie bought a tin from her druggist. What a pleasant surprise to find how agreeable Saráka was to take.

The Saráka tin is filled with tiny brown granules. You measure out a teaspoonful—then swallow a few granules at a time while drinking a glass of water.

After passing through the stomach, the Saráka granules absorb water. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft, smooth BULK.

And that bulk helps explain Saráka's "exercising action". You know how outdoor sports build up your body... Saráka tones up your intestinal muscles by giving them gentle *internal* exercise.

But Saráka gives you more than bulk—you get Bulk Plus Motility.* For Saráka contains a specially treated cortex frangula which stimulates intestinal muscles to get busy and do their work more *thoroughly.*

Results of this perfectly balanced action are not violent... or embarrassingly urgent. Most users recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of. Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. The coupon below will bring you a free trial-size tin.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 474, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.
Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka.
Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

Good Housekeeping Bureau

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Hope for the hopeless! The fine, heart-warming true story of three in the same boat who pulled together

Port of Broken Men

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A LEGLESS man atop a tiny wooden platform propelled himself across the pavement of Times Square. When he came to the curb he pressed downward with his strong gloved hands. The roller skates beneath the platform just cleared the stone.

He took little boxes from a compartment in the platform and from the pockets of his coat.

An awning overhead sheltered him and his wares from the rain. He opened his boxes and spread his merchandise about him. Gum. Shoestrings. Pencils. Shoe polish. Pocket combs. Slim red dictionaries.

Thousands of people passed the legless man. Most of them didn't see him. Now and then one threw down a nickel for a pencil or a package of gum.

A policeman stopped. "How's business?"

"I can't kick," the legless man said, smiling.

"No," said the cop. "And you can't get cold feet."

The legless man laughed as though that one were new. When the cop went on, he frowned.

But the next moment he was smiling again, for another man was looking down at him. "Thought that cop was going to run you in," he said.

The legless man shook his head. "I'm no vagrant," he said. "I have a license. I'm a sidewalk-department-store owner. And the cop's all right."

"Thought I might help out—in a pinch," the other said.

The cripple looked up at him, and down again. "You too?" he said.

"Yep. Me too."

"I knew that right leg didn't grow on you. I'm luckier than you. I don't have to buy artificial limbs."

As they talked, a third man stepped out of the crowd. He listened avidly. The man on roller skates studied him shrewdly, and then laughed. "Well!" he said. "Three of a kind! Here's another cork leg."

"You're right," the newcomer acknowledged.

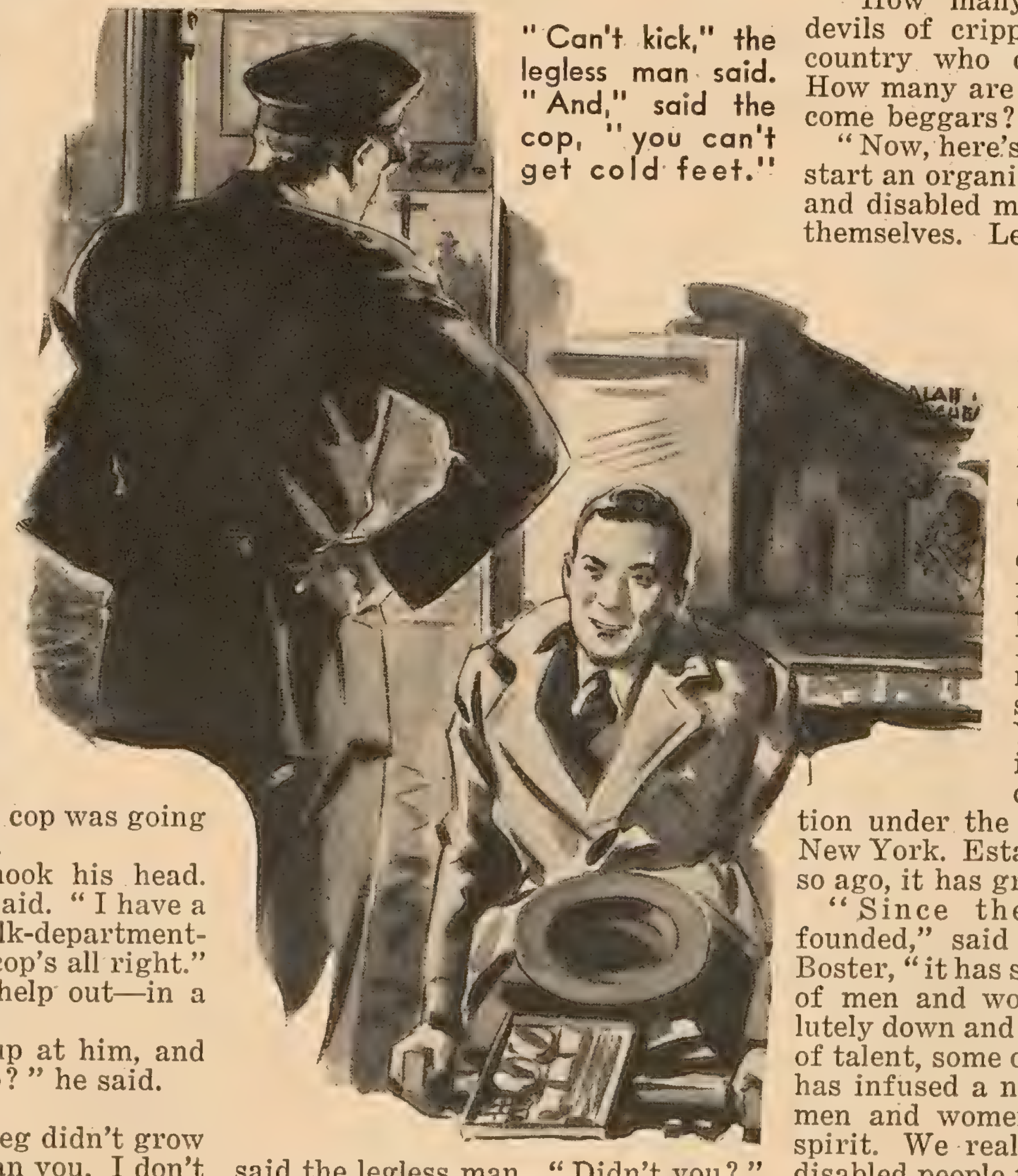
The legless man began putting away his boxes. "Let's go some place and get a hot cup of coffee," he said. "I have something to say to you two."

In a restaurant the three became better acquainted.

"I lost my leg in Alaska," one confided. "Got caught in a blizzard."

"I lost mine as a lad while playing on a railroad track," said the other one-legged man.

"But you both made a living," said the legless man. "Didn't you?"



"Can't kick," the legless man said. "And," said the cop, "you can't get cold feet."

"After a fashion," said one.

"Yes," said the other.

"You both have families?"

"Yes."

"Nothing can beat us!" said the legless man. "You know how hard it is for a cripple to get work. I got a proposition to make to you.

"First, maybe I better tell you my story, so you'll understand. I came to this country on my honeymoon. I was born in Turin, Italy. I loved this country so much I didn't want to go back. Neither did my wife.

"So we stayed here. We studied the language. I got a job in a furniture factory. In time they made me foreman. I bought a little house. We had two children, a boy and a girl. We became American citizens. We were getting along fine when I got sick. My doctor took me to a hospital. He decided to amputate both legs.

"I had several thousand dollars. It all went. Then they took me to a charity hospital. When I was discharged as cured, I learned my job in the factory was gone.

"We lost our home. We lost nearly everything. But I was able to buy me a pair of roller skates, build a platform, stock up with a little merchandise. And I went out on the streets and made a living.

"I don't make a lot of money, but enough to keep the children in school. We have enough to eat. We don't owe anybody. You might say I'm lucky.

"How many thousands of poor devils of cripples are there in this country who can't make a living? How many are there who have to become beggars?

"Now, here's my proposition. Let's start an organization to help crippled and disabled men and women to help themselves. Let's start it here and now. What do you say?"

"Swell!" said the Alaskan.

"And we can provide entertainment for them," said the third man. "Sure, count me in."

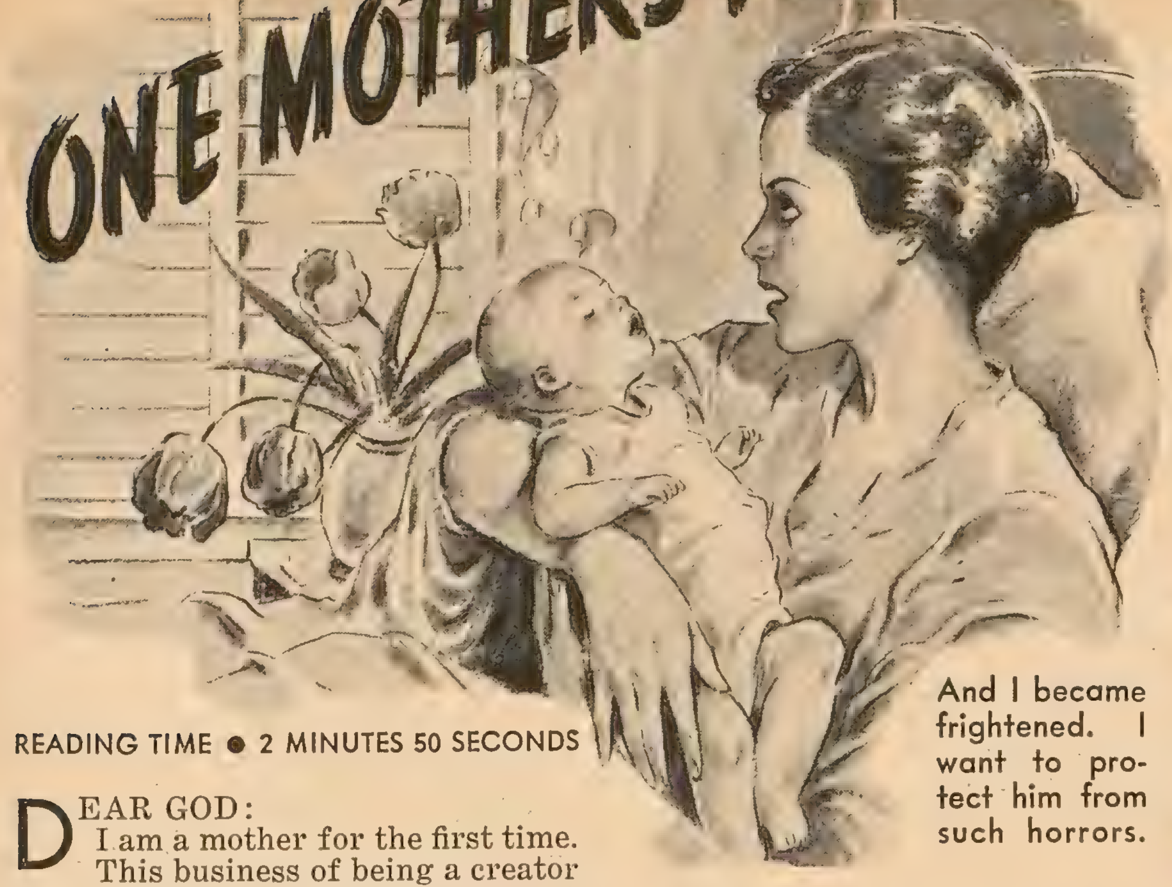
Thus, out of this chance meeting, was founded the Federation of Crippled and Disabled, with offices now at 11 West Forty-second Street, New York City. It has been incorporated as a charitable organization under the laws of the State of New York. Established only a year or so ago, it has grown amazingly.

"Since the Federation was founded," said its president, R. D. Boster, "it has secured jobs for scores of men and women who were absolutely down and out—men and women of talent, some of them. Best of all, it has infused a new spirit into broken men and women—an unconquerable spirit. We really are helping many disabled people to help themselves."

The legless man and his two friends—and several others who later volunteered to help—have actually established a "port of broken men."

THE END

ONE MOTHER'S PRAYER



And I became frightened. I want to protect him from such horrors.

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

DEAR GOD:

I am a mother for the first time. This business of being a creator gives one a queer feeling, doesn't it? I can sympathize with Your problems with much deeper understanding now. Especially when this bit of helpless humanity looks up at me as though *I* were God!

You know, after I woke up and found I really was a mother, I could hardly believe that at last it had come true. When I did, I felt scared—more scared than just before it happened. I felt a bit drunk—drunk with power. *I* had produced life. *I*, too, was a god. *I*, too, was a creator.

My son, of course, will be President of the United States. But suppose — just suppose — he becomes something entirely different—a murderer, a gangster, a thief. Other women's sons have been these things. Why not mine? Will I be to blame if this happens?

My son might become cannon fodder and die in anguish on ground wet with the blood of his fellow men. And perhaps nothing I could do or say to him could help him or keep him from such an end. Your children won't listen to You—my son might not listen to me.

And I became frightened and held him tight—so hard he cried. My fear for him had hurt him. I had not meant it should. I love him and want to protect him from such horrors.

Why, I thought, should I have been afraid of the moment of his death almost at the moment of his birth?

Then I remembered how You also must have thought of the moment of Your beloved Son's death at the moment of His birth. You knew from the first the sufferings He must undergo. But You knew it had to be. I longed to comfort You for those hours of sorrow.

And the rest of us—what a disappointment we have been to You! We never seem satisfied unless we are either destroying each other or the wondrous gifts with which You have showered us. And still You forgive. Still You give us the sun, the stars, the moon—the day and night—the heaven and earth—the beauties of the waters and of the lands.

I don't want my son to go hungry or unclothed or to suffer physically in any way. You, too, thought that was important. You gave Adam and Eve everything You thought they could possibly want; but they turned it all down and, after the manner of all children, went off to live their own lives.

This learning to be a parent is a bitter lesson, isn't it?

So, what I will pray for is the ability to learn infinite patience and divine compassion. Help me to think of all children as mine, not just the one to whom I have given my flesh and blood. Help me not to become too possessive of my son; help me to be willing to share him with the rest of the world. Keep my love for him from becoming cloying and all-absorbing. Keep me from loving him more than I do his earthly father or his heavenly Father.

Show me how to instill in him a desire for cleanliness of body and spirit, admiration for the beauties of Your handiwork, respect and love for the rest of humanity created in Your image, faith and courage to face whatever may befall him.

And please make me work hard to earn my son's love, and not insist upon it as my divine right just because he sprang from *my* womb and not another's. And if, in spite of all our efforts—Yours and mine—he should fall into evil ways, help me to feel toward him as You would feel, O God!

THE END

Plan at Once

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READING TIME • ONE HOUR

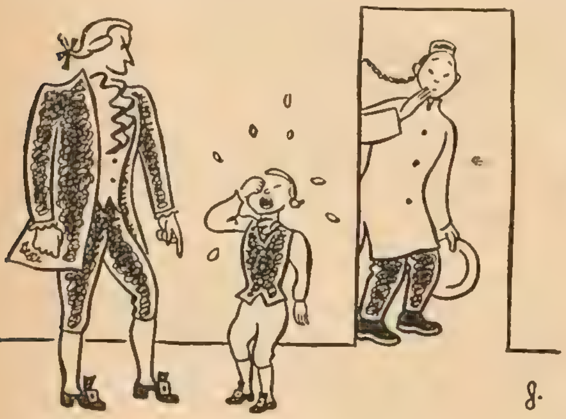
FAMILIAR TALES

By Fu Lung Yung

Number One Houseboy to
Carl Crow

Fu Lung Yung has his historical stories more or less right, but his English—! Well, read for yourself. You've heard the story before and should recognize it now without much trouble, even through Fu's "pidgin" feathers.

Old master Washington he belong one velly big tobacco man allee same have got plenty cigalette shop. Bimeby he come home side he callee he number one boy talkee he catch me chop chop one piece Manhattan cocktail. Number one boy he talkee no can. How fashion no can talkee old master. No got chelly. You allee same fool. Have got plenty chelly that tlee side. No got tlee talkee boy. How fashion no got tlee? Some man have cuttee. Ai yah! That old master he number one angly. Who man have cuttee? I smackee he. No savvy talkee boy. This old master he have got one small piece he name George. Bimeby this small piece he come inside for chow lice. Old master talkee he who man cuttee my chelly tlee? Young master he belong plenty flighten. He too muchee fear. He no talkee. Old master pay he one small piece smackee. Young master he cly. He talkee before time belong allee same Clismus you have pay me one piece ax. That ax he have cuttee tlee. That ax he velly bad. Ai yah! Old master he lookee allee same debbilo. That ax he cuttee tlee! Ax no can hisself walkee. Who man walkee that ax? Young master talkee I no can talkee lie. I walkee that ax.



* * *

GEOGRAMS

S

One letter in the name of a certain state is painted on each side of a square box. The box, however, is tilted so that the only letter you can see is S.

What is the name of the state and its capital?

A

A second box is treated in the same way, but in this case only the letter A can be seen.

What is the name of this state and its capital?

(The answers are on page 50)

* * *

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

BROTHS and teas given to invalids are not especially nutritious. As a general rule these broths and teas are helpful stimulants but have slight food value. For example, in most cases in which beef broth is made for invalids, the beef is first boiled, and the albumin contained in the meat is thereby coagulated and does not get into the broth or tea. Such preparations have merit, however, due to their stimulative and tonic effects.

AN EXCEPTION does not prove the rule. It may prove the existence of a rule, but if the exception is allowed, the rule is broken and ceases to be a rule in the strict sense of the word. Anyway, this phrase has come to mean something far different from that originally intended. The word "prove" formerly meant "to test," and we can safely say that an exception really does "test" a rule.

* * *

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

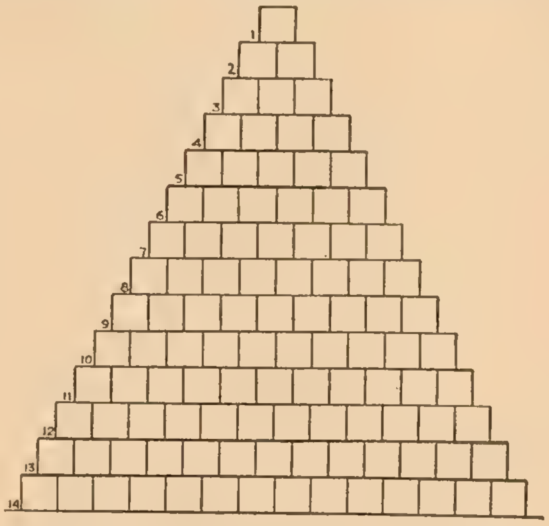
Anna ---- was a movie star
Whose father ---- her some money.
In fives and ----, it a ---- egg made,
And ---- her enough for her honey.

(The answers are on page 50)

* * *

PYRAGRAMS

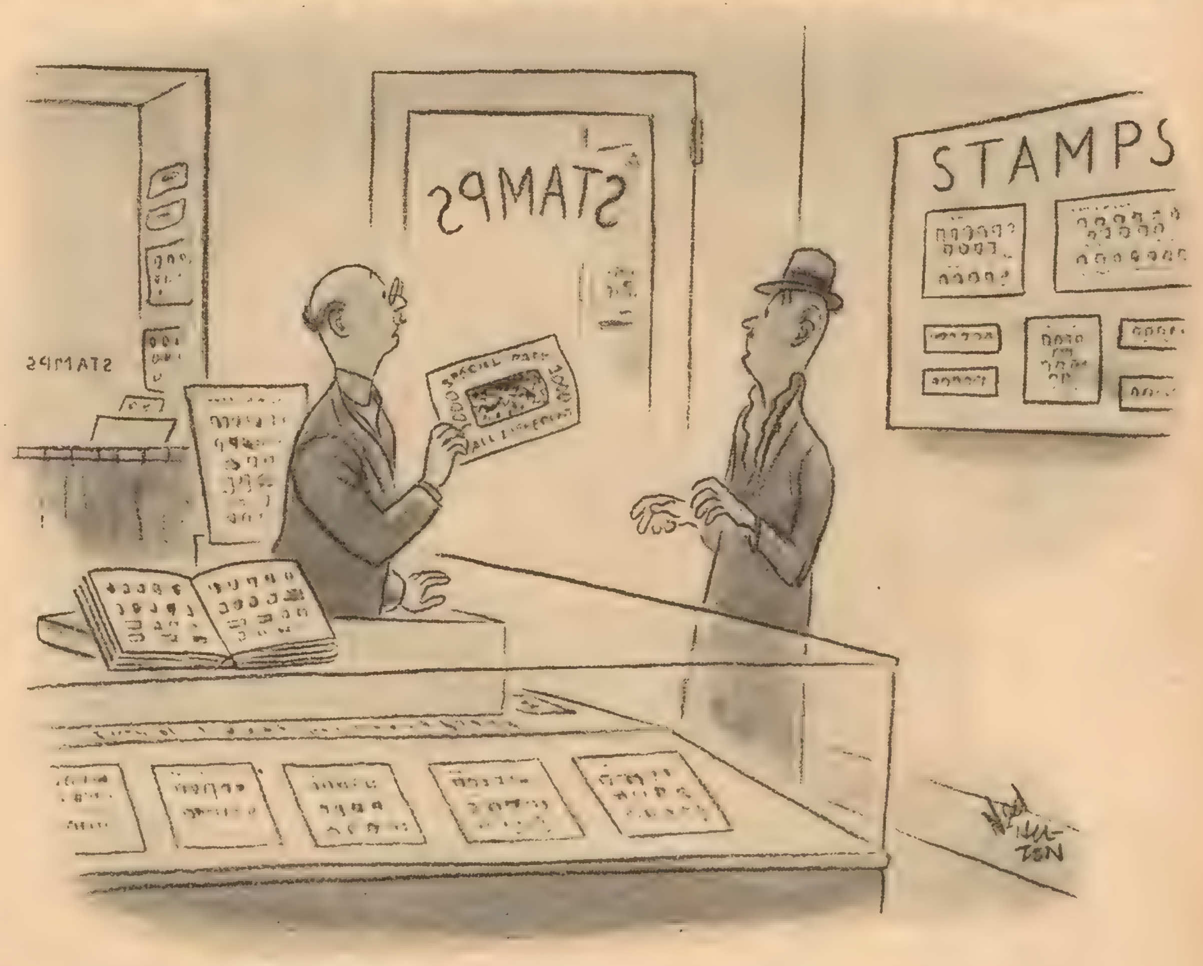
To work a Pyragram you first fill in Row 14. From this row you take away a certain letter. Rearrange what is left and fill in Row 13. Continue this procedure until all rows are filled in. Clues to the proper way to fill in the various rows appear below. If you want, you can start from the top down.



CLUES TO ROWS: 14—Amusements. 13—Three words, including "males" and "to aim." 12—Three words, including "dispatched" and a pronoun. 11—Four words, including "tear," "I," and an element. 10—Three words, including "catch" and "a speck." 9—Two words, including "domesticate." 8—Three words, including "belief." 7—Two words, including "that one." 6—Two words: "Specify." 5—Two words, including a metal and a measure. 4—"To record the rate of." 3—"Sleeper." 2—A pronoun. 1—Also a pronoun.

(The answer is on page 50)

* * *



"I don't want a thousand, all different. I want to mail a letter!"

Laughing with Mr. Lloyd

It's an ancient habit by now, but here he is again, briskly weathering the march of time and the menace of the mike

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ PROFESSOR, BEWARE

THE PLAYERS: Harold Lloyd, Phyllis Welch, Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, William Frawley, Thurston Hall, Cora Witherspoon, Sterling Holloway, Mary Lou Lender, Montagu Love, Etienne Girardot, Christian Rub, Spencer Charters, Guinn Williams, Ward Bond, Wright Kramer, George Humbert, Clara Blandick. Adapted by Jack Cunningham and Clyde Bruckman from a story by Crampton Harris, Francis M. Cockrell, and Marian B. Cockrell. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Harold Lloyd-Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.*

THE talkies have presented tough problems for the top-flight film comics. It was easier to be funny in the old days when action was action. Dialogue clutters up movement. Harold Lloyd alone seems to have weathered the menace of the mike.

Here Lloyd is a young archaeologist who is seeking the ninth of a series of tablets revealing the three-thousand-years-ago love of two Egyptians, Neprus and Anebi. The professor fancies himself a reincarnation of the Egyptian lover, gets himself in a mix-up with the police and tries to thumb his way across country in time to make the boat sailing for an archaeological expedition. There is, of course, the girl who cares—and tries to help, even to following him in a stolen automobile, on a cattle train, and in a refrigerator car.

Of course it gradually dawns on the professor that he cares and that love is more important than all the tablets in the Nile valley.

This glorified chase is not one of Lloyd's best comedies. It is confused and strained in getting under way, the cutting is abrupt, but the farce has its moments. Phyllis Welch is the girl who senses romance behind the spectacles of the harried young professor. Of the cast, the most effective aid is given by Raymond Walburn and Lionel Stander as two derelicts who become involved in the archaeologist's frenzied flight across the continent.

An archaeologist finds love. Professor Harold Lloyd and Phyllis Welch in Professor, Beware.

VITAL STATISTICS: Slightly graying, perennially bouncy Gag Prof. Harold Lloyd hails from 300-popped Burchard, Nebraska. Harold likes to look on his boyhood as a carbon copy of Tom Sawyer's and his life as an example of what Horatio Alger can do for a boy. Hal always wanted to be an actor, got no college education, soda-jerked, worked in a milk plant, jockeyed a milk wagon. After a career of theater handy mannery, he made his semi-pro stage debut as Banquo's boy Fleance in a Denver Tabor Opry Haouse version of Macbeth; later proed as Tess' brother Abe in Hardy's D'Urberville thing, a sensation of the times. It was 1907. Harold was all of 14. He movie debutted as a half-nekked Yaqui in a visiting old Edison company, later met and grew fast friends with Hal Roach, when they extraed around Los Angeles dawn studyos. Hal got some money, set up making one-reelers, starring Harold, rigged up in a vague Chaplinesque outfit. Later Lloyd got a footing as Lonesome Luke, a slapsticky fellow in a trick tight-fitting suit, two dabs of mustache, big shoes, and tiny perched fedora. Pretty successful, Lloyd decided said costume wasn't human enough, saw a minister in a picture wearing the tortoise-shell glasses, just coming into fashion in those days, donned them himself, switched his inner make-up too, became a grammaw's boy of a salesman type, has remained same ever since. At first Lloyd determined to quit when he'd snagged $100,000. Success made him raise ante to $500,000; when he bewilderedly found himself a millionaire, he's been piling it on ever since. Doesn't want to give up ever now. He's been married to his ex-leading lady, Mildred Davis, for 15 years; they've three children, and one of the cream-smooth marriages in Hollywood. Doesn't wear glasses off screen. Those glasses Lloyd wears are only rims. A notorious exercise fiend, he is an excellent squash, golf, and tennis player; keeps fit because he usually takes a beating in his parts. Is of Welsh ancestry, has managed to self-educate himself through reading, likes to talk profoundly about the function and progress of motion pictures, à la Chaplin. Grandma's Boy is his most successful picture. . . . Phyllis Welch was under $5,000 bond not to marry before the completion of this, is from Ohio, has had considerable stage practice, played End of Summer and High Tor most recently on B'way stage. Most persistent suitor's Graeme McDonald, San Francisco doughboy. She's had a marshmallow-soft-and-sweet life and, like all Lloyd heroines, looks forward to screen or marriage success. She's 22; from Toledo. . . . Mary Lou Lender's from Columbus, Ohho; Megger Nugent from ditto. Nugent used to play Lloyd parts on Broadway; has written, acted, and directed his own there. . . . Lionel Stander mistook an alley cat for the wild kind in his Kernville location tent, raised the sleeping location city with his yells, leaped bravely into a closet. . . . Those two fierce bulls that Harold Lloyd chucks around are nice and tame, a veritable pair of Ferdinands. . . . A bit of a ribber, Harold Lloyd let himself be hit on the head with a real club in one scene, and while everybody suddenly went sick, calmly removed his hat, showed a metal nut bowl underneath—the wag!

★ ★½ KEEP SMILING

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon, Helen Westley, Jed Prouty, Douglas Fowley, Robert Allen, Pedro de Cordoba, Claudia Coleman, Paula Mae Wright, Etta McDaniel, the Three Nelsons, Carmencita Johnson, Mary McCarthy, Hal K. Dawson. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray from an original idea by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Produced by Twentieth-Century Fox. Running time, 85 minutes.

THAT Withers kid is around again with her impersonations, her talent for making trouble, and her little fat face. This time she is the niece of a Hollywood director whom she's never seen. But when school vacation time comes, she treks out to the movie city all on her own, and discovers Uncle (Henry Wilcoxon) down and nearly out, all on account of Demon Rum. But she finds there, also, Gloria Stuart, who loves Uncle, and takes Janie in, and forthwith little Miss Fixit gets busy.

The starlet runs her gamut—and it's a laugh-creating

---

* Recommended for children.

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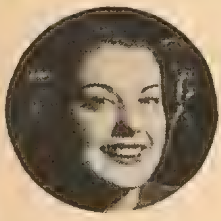

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—J. C. WHITE, CALIFORNIA

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

one—right through in this while the adults stand around and play straight for her. It can't possibly make the least difference in your life whether or not you see this. But in case you do, you won't, unless you're a terrific high-brow, be bored for a moment. And if you are a terrific high-brow, what are you doing hanging around Withers anyhow?

VITAL STATISTICS: Though she rarely appears in Grade A pix, Jane Withers ranks sixth among the first 10 at the box office, only a few notches below Shirley Temple. Even studio was surprised when said news came through, promptly made good by hiking Jane's salary, so she now gets almost $2,000 a week. Her pix cost from 1/5 to 1/3 what Shirley Temple's do. Average cost is about $200,000; they never get the billing or the play Shirley's do, yet clean up more, comparatively. Jane made good as the bad little girl in Bright Eyes, where she first met Shirley Temple. She was born at 1429 Gordon St., S. W., Atlanta, Gawjuh; is an English-French-Irish-German Southerner. Mother Withers, denied an acting career, planned one for Jane long before she was born, picked Jane for a name because it fitted snugly on theater marquees. Jane was immersed from childbirth in acting, tap, ballet, singing, brought down a house at 3, nasalizing something called Little Pal. Doing radio imitations of her elders, in time she became Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop, Atlanta's Sweetheart, and Georgia's Ginger Snap. Loaded with press notices, letters of intro, and sandwich money, Mrs. Withers toted Jane to Hollywood, found the place an insurmountable blank wall for 7 long months, the arrival of the Dewdrop causing not the slightest ripple of intrist. Jane picked up some little money modeling clothes around town, doing a little act at kiddie teas. Her first screen part wound her up just another face on the cutting-room floor. Jane kept on doing charity work, earning peanut money, finally became The Nuisance on a Hollywood radio program, out of it got to be an offscene voice in Looney Tunes, an animated cartoon, often did 6 voices a pic. After two long years of waiting, trying, and plenty of praying, this wedged Jane in, and today she's just that. . . . Gloria Stuart was as much of a tomboy when Jane Withers' age as Jane is today. Today Gloria's very feminine, plays a good game of golf, a fair game of tennis. She writes, eats, and draws with her left hand; at golf she's ambidextrous. She's an accomplished needlewoman, plays piano, can cook, has a sense of humor that works at all times, is generous, likes a good debate, will give in if licked.

★ ★ GOLD MINE IN THE SKY

THE PLAYERS: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Carol Hughes, Craig Reynolds, Cupid Ainsworth, Le Roy Mason, Frankie Marvin, Robert Homans, Eddie Cherkose, Ben Corbett, Milburn Morante, Jim Corey, George Guhl, and J. L. Frank's Golden West Cowboys. Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Jack Natteford from a story by Miss Burbridge. Directed by Joe Kane. Produced by Republic. Running time, 60 minutes.

GENE AUTRY, the singing cowboy who is the idol of the hinterland, is back in the saddle again after a long feud with his bosses at the Republic studios. Autry was out for months, much to the consternation of the small-town exhibitors. Out where they like their drama simple and direct, Gene was tops in box-office draw.

This time Gene rides hard to save the Langham ranch from an unscrupulous Chicago bad boy, a cattle broker who lives by his wits and who wants to win the Langham daughter. Gene fights some tough lads imported from Chicago to erase him, and, in time, shows up the scoundrel in his true colors. Much of the time he is riding and singing—and he is still just as deadly with his guitar as with his six-shooter.

Autry gets effective aid from hefty Smiley Burnette.

VITAL STATISTICS: That Robert Taylor of the Range, Gene Autry's gold mine is right here on earth. No. 1 Screen Cowboy, Gene was recently getting only $6,000 a pic six times a year, while his pix, costing about $40,000, made ten times as much profit. Gene put on a one-man, one-horse revolution, threatened to ride out of Hollywood forever, had his pittance hiked to $1,500 a week straight through the year, with substantial increases ahead. Should he keep skyrocketing he may top Will S. Hart's $8,400 a week, reach Tom Mix's $10,000 a week, all-time hoss-opera-star high. Gene also gets $3,000 plus for personal appearances, $2,500 per radiocast, and pulls out big royalties from his cowboy ballads. He's written 20 of them. His soballad Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine has sold over 1,000,000 copies. Gene's recordings outsell any other crooner's three to one. Gene gets 45,000 fan letters a month, more than Rob Taylor and Gable combined, he keeps four sektries busy answering them. Most are from kids, who want pictures or money to leave home and get work on the range. They all get pix. Wanderlusties are advised to help maw around the kitchen range. He's never worn a dress suit, usually rigs out in chapless cowboy outfits, has plenty of fancy ones. He's made 23 soft-boiled westerns in all, thinks he's jes ben plain lucky. He hand-raised Champion from a colt. . . . Lester Alvin (Smiley) Burnette's a plainsman from Summum, Illinois, acts at 230 lbs., plays 52 instruments, has written 52 tunes.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago.

★★★—The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 48

PYRAGRAM ANSWER

I
IT
TIE
TIME
TIN EM
NAME IT
IT MEANT
AM I TENET
TAME NITER
NET MARE NIT
RENT ME AN TIN
MANNER SENT IT
MEN TRAIN TENTS
ENTERTAINMENTS

GEOGRAM ANSWERS

A cube has six sides. There are only three states of six letters each—Kansas, Nevada, Oregon. The letters shown on the cubes are S and A, neither of which occurs in Oregon. The letter S does not occur in Nevada. Therefore the top cube has Kansas on it, and the lower one, Nevada. The capitals are respectively Topeka and Carson City.

PUZZLE POEM ANSWERS

STEN—SENT—TENS—NEST—NETS

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Shorty learns about love, and a Hollywood hero comes to grief

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

HI, babe! How's the future boss of the Shorty McCoy troup? Okay. Atta girl! Say, why don't me and you go for the Lohengrin like I asked? No fooling, by the time *you* say "yes" *I'll* be able to tie my beard to the bed in a burning hotel and use it for a fire escape.

Listen, Mazie. Seeing that you're always telling me that "a little jealousy is always a true sign of love," I'm going to tell you about an experience I had.

Last Wednesday I was in the hack line at the Ritz-Plaza, waiting for a customer, when the revolving door threw out a distinguished army-guy with a dame. For *uniform* this baby had 'em all stopped. Honest, he was buried up to his ears in *flash*. No fooling, there was everything hanging from him but pots and pans.

On the front of his hat was a shaving brush as big as a bowling pin, and sister, could he have used it! On the level, he had a beard as big as a rug. The dame turned out to be his wife and believe me, she had a ball-bearing chin. As soon as they bounced in my go-cart, the guy with the face foliage cracked:—"Take us to pier Forty-five!"

Well, Mazie, I had no more than pulled down the iron flag when the little woman broke loose and began giving him a bawling out. "Vy, you big stiff," she went off, "vere vould *you* be if it vasn't for *me?* Ve'd still be living in that basement dump doing janitor work, that's vat! Who vas it that ran a laundry mangle for two years vhile you grew that *beard? Me,* that's who! Who champooed the thing every night and gave it more curry-combing than Man-O-War ever got? *Me!* Who cooked your food and gave you that fat belly so you'd look distinguished enough to play the Great Heinrich Von Bizmark in the Royal Saps? *Me!* Tessie Spiegelmeyer. And now, after valloping pots and pans and being a nurse maid to a *beard* the past twelve years, you haf the nerve to haf an *outside love affair.* Ach, du grosser dummkopf!"

Oh Mazie, the way that dame beefed was terrific! "Yah," she continued, "and now, just because you met Marlene Von Glotz in Hollywood in the film King, Quveen and Joker you fall for *her,* ja? Sure, and ven the company comes by New York on location, you take her to fancy places, eh? I'm vawning you, if I ever catch you taking her over to my friend Mrs. Schwartzbottom's beer garden again, I'll put buckshot in your cavier!"

When we reached the pier, Mazie, the wife told her hubby to scram to location and she'd see him later.

On the way to the Long Island studio, the General ordered me to drive to a beer emporium.

We had no more than been seated in the back room than we were surrounded with seidels of beer big enough to drown in. Oh, boy, and did the hops loosen him up! He started bragging about his footlight career, and when it came to women, phew! he sure lugged a load of conceit.

Oh, was this bearded bird cagey? He had a diamond ring on his left paw that tossed a glow like Ambrose Light. When he felt himself slipping, he stuck the beacon in his wallet and buried it in his uniform. After that session, we hopped back in the cab and beat it for the studio. When he reached the movie set, the General was greeted by Marlene Von Glotz, his sweetie. She planted a kiss on his lips that would floor a sailor.

When the General got through shooting his scene, he got back in the hack with the sweetie, and told me to drive to "Mrs. Schwartzbottom's beer garden in Yorkville!"

There they got loaded with schnapps.

Well, love lips, just when everything was going along swell, who pops in from nowhere, but the General's *wife Tessie!* Oh, boy, she took one look at her hubby with the big Judy in his arms and the panic was on.

"So you're the female rat vat's butting in on my husband, eh?" yelled his wife.

Well, if the big dame had an answer, it was un-delivered mail. The wifey hoisted a pip from the floor and let it go. In ten seconds, Marlene's left lamp was as purple as the two ball and the right as black as the eight. She didn't miss the dish closet either. When the sweetie spat out her bridgework, you'd think she'd been chewing a mouthful of poker chips.

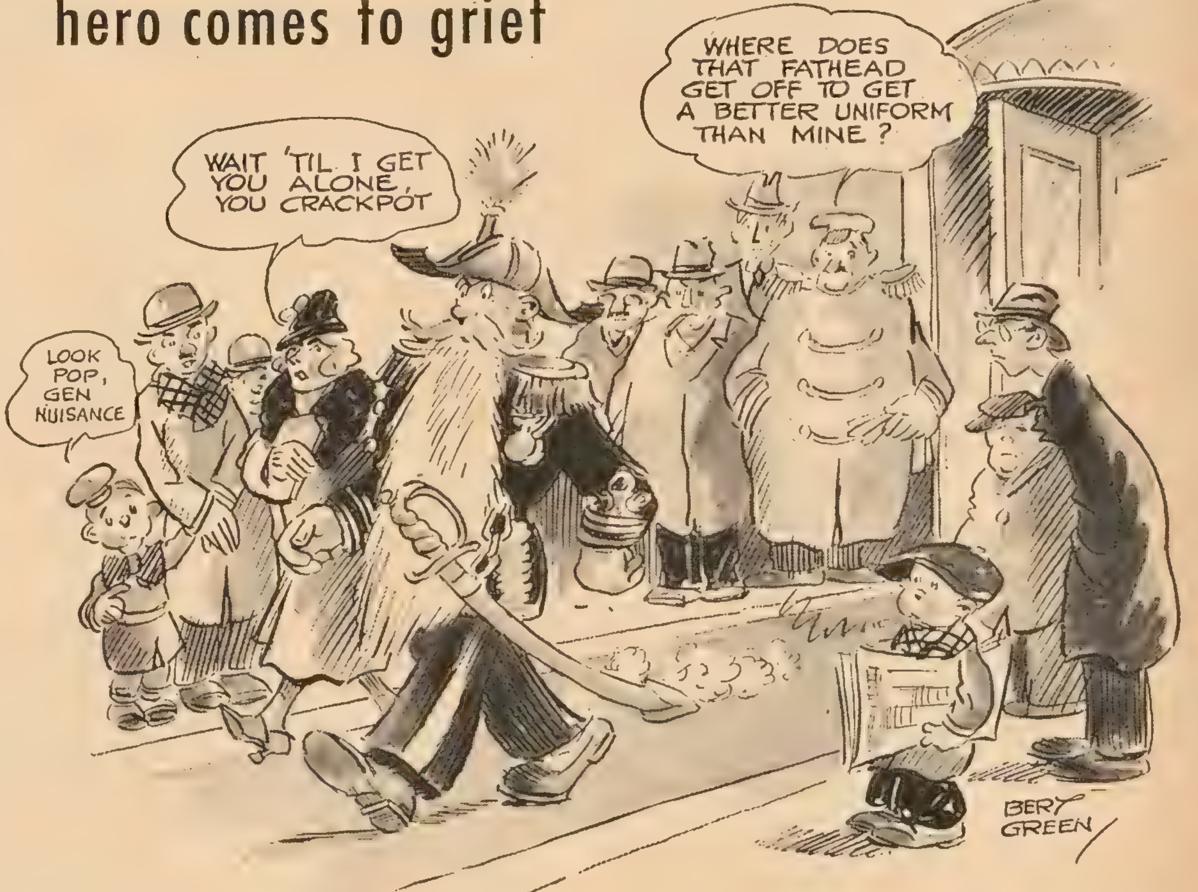
Later—when the four of us reached the cansky after a nice ride in the patrol wagon—the matron fanned the General's sweetie and what do you think they found buried in her stocking, Mazie? Nothing but the General's big DIAMOND SPARKLER. When the wife saw the hoop, she threw a look at her hubby that was as cold as a seal's nose. Tessie told the Sargeant that if *he* would toss Marlene in the canary cage, she'd take care of the General *herself.*

The next morning he gave me a buzz and begged me to come over. As I trecked in his room and took a gander at his pan I burst out laffing. Half of his beard was *clipped down the middle* and the other half was long.

"The wife gave the *bristles the clippers* ven I vass *asleep,*" he roared. "Ach, himmel, here for two years I've been growing dot beard so I could play the Great Heinrich Von Bizmark, unt now I am RUINED!"

And that, Mazie, is a sample of *love and jealousy.*

More of Shorty McCoy's experiences will be told in an early issue.


WHERE DOES THAT FATHEAD GET OFF TO GET A BETTER UNIFORM THAN MINE ?
WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU ALONE, YOU CRACKPOT
LOOK POP, GEN NUISANCE
BERT GREEN

On the front of his hat was a shaving brush, and sister, could he have used it!

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"A Boy Puts Us on the Spot"

HOUSTON, TEX.—Congratulations to Fulton Oursler on his reply to the letter of Zell Altman (July 2 Liberty).

How well I can understand the feelings of this little lad's father, and your Mr. Oursler's too!

I have two golden-haired youngsters of my own, just a little younger than Zell and Mr. Oursler's own little daughter, and just like him and Zell's father, I wish my youngsters could get the marvelous exercise and thrill a bicycle affords every boy and girl who is fortunate enough to be " safely " able to own and ride one.

Three years ago this past Christmas I had nearly given in to my children's most ardent desire to own a bicycle. Fact is, I had shopped around and put aside two bicycles—and they had helped me do the selecting.

The day before Christmas Eve I witnessed the horrible incident which forever deprived my kiddies of their bikes. To see life snuffed out of any one is an awesome experience, but to be an eyewitness to the mangling and crushing of a child is a most harrowing experience. I can never forget the scene of that little Zell—that little twelve-year pal of some father—as the merciless wheels of a heavily loaded truck crushed out the precious life. I never cuddle my own little son and daughter that it doesn't bring to mind the mangled lifeless form of the little twelve-year lad who gasped his last in my arms as I endeavored to give first aid and free him from the wreckage of his new bicycle—a Christmas present!

Yes, Zell, if Mr. Oursler's reply to your letter was the only contribution of his journalistic career, to us fathers, who want all you little boys and girls to be happy, it would still be a masterpiece of paternal advice, reasoning, and logic.

I have read it to my youngsters, and wish it could be printed in large letters and hung at every intersection and along all highways, byways, streets, and country lanes.—*P. E. Delcourt.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Let me thank you for printing A Boy Puts Us on the Spot. We have a fourteen-year-old daughter in just the state of eagerness as is Zell Altman.

We have declined to get her a bicycle for exactly the reasons you have given Zell. This has been a six-months discussion in this household.

Many of her chums have bicycles and of course she will not understand our refusal. It was she that discovered your article, remarking, " You better not read this."—*William G. Hastings.*

LYNN, MASS.—I was surprised to see my letter in Liberty and I was happy too. I received the copy of the letter sent to you by Scott P. Squyres, Commander in Chief of Veterans of Foreign Wars, which was very nice.

I hope some day I will be able to have my bicycle and that it will be safe to ride.

Every one will be thankful to you and others who may help to make the roads safe to ride a bicycle.

Mother and dad asked me to tell you that they are happy that you are helping to make this world a safe and nice place to live in.—*Zell Altman.*

TO LEANERS OF THE PWA

NEWPORT, KY.—*Re* your item in July 2 Vox Pop, How PWA Stops Grass from Growing in Streets (of Newport). Would like to verify this, and also to add that when a certain PWA foreman sent in a requisition for more shovels, this reply came back from headquarters:

" Got no more shovels. Tell the men to lean on each other."—*Mrs. F. J. Sullivan.*

DR. CONDON'S PHONE NUMBER IN HAUPTMANN'S CLOSET

DENVER, COLO.—And now Governor Hoffman says he knows the name of the reporter who wrote Doctor Condon's phone number inside the closet of the Hauptmann home, but he won't tell on him because this poor reporter might lose his job!

That's nothing. My grandmother has Hauptmann's complete confession in her possession, but I wouldn't think of asking her to give it up. She's old, and it might impair her health. Poor grandmother!—*C. B. Garnett.*

WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MAN IS WEARING

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Move over, Poppers, and let me spring an idea of tomorrow that some publisher is going to cash in on in the near future.

I read Men's Crazy Clothes (July 2 Liberty) and liked it. I can tell you what is the matter with man's attire. Pick up any magazine you want to at your local drugstore and see how much guidance and helpful hints are given toward helping the male dress, look, and act as he should. You will find instead every other page instructing the female how to be more alluring.

Most men will raise a howl about this sounding silly and sissy; but if there were more What the Well Dressed Man Is Wearing, How the Cultured Men Are Acting, Thirty Ways to Improve a Man's Looks, How to Achieve Perfect Poise, they would sell like the yo-yo, even though they would be read in secret most of the time.—*Robert Edwards.*

ISN'T THAT A LA-DI-DA?

TULSA, OKLA.—I get so annoyed with myself for allowing nitwits to disturb me, I don't know what to do. I detest people who write letters to editors, and you publish the most ridiculous things in Vox Pop just to make me run a temperature and sit typing on a hot day. If controversy is the very life of magazine publishing, you do a wonderful job.

That Isaac McAnally (June 25 Vox Pop) is a little late injecting himself into the Lindbergh kidnaping controversy as an authority. Best part of his most enlightening contribution was, " I'll even tell them exactly why Violet Sharpe committed suicide. It isn't printable."

Now isn't that a la-di-da? What, I ask you, in this day and age, and especially (you're welcome!) in our old friend Liberty, isn't printable?

Was that whole letter another brain storm?—*Lazy Lass from Tulsa.*

NO DOUBT SHE IS SINGLE

BALTIMORE, MD.—As an ardent reader of Vox Pop I could not pass the letter written by L. D. H. in the June 25 issue about women vs. rabbits.

No doubt she is single and does not appreciate the comfort and pleasure of children. Had women been smarter than the rabbit years ago, maybe she would not be here to enjoy the life she is now living.

My advice to L. D. H. is: Think of the life you are living and give some future life the same chance.—*E. J. B.*

AN OLD DUFFER WHO THINKS HE'S CASANOVA!

KENDALLVILLE, IND.—Just read the article I Was Rejuvenated (June 18 Liberty) and think Liberty has overshot itself this time. When a woman tells about her operation, that's a bore; but when a man tells about his in such detail, that's two bores. Is it necessary to tell the world that he lived so fast and gave out before his time?

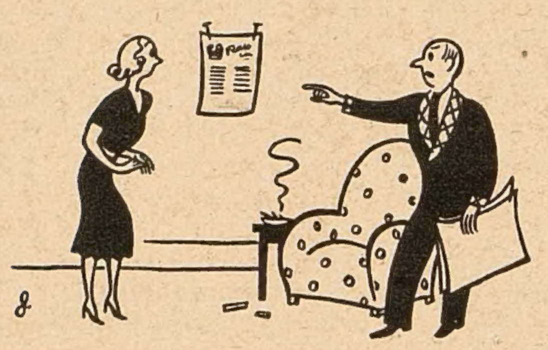
Anything but an old duffer that thinks he's a Casanova! Have them do a Steinach on his head.—*Mrs. E. Skiles.*

NOW SHE WATCHES HER PECCADILLOES

RICHMOND, VA.—May I congratulate you on a short piece you published in June 11 Liberty? May I say it could well be called Enlightenment instead of How Much Do You Know About the Man You Love?

I think every man, woman, child—both colored and white—should not only read it but tack a copy up somewhere in the house that should be read every day or so. Very few of us know our own annoying habits, or, if we do, try to remedy them.

I think I will like myself better—and surely others will like me better—if I watch my peccadilloes, and I would like to thank Liberty for calling my attention to the fact I must watch my step.—*Carrie Moore.*



Markers Tell Truth About San Juan Hill Battle

SAN MARINO, CALIF.—To this very day there persists a fantastic tale believed by nearly everybody (Vox Poppers, too!) that the Rough Riders under Colonel Theodore Roosevelt fought and won the Battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War, whereas said battle was fought and said hill was won by the forces of the Regular Army.

How do we know this?

Well, we were in the battle (1898) to make Colonel Roosevelt the Governor of New York, speaking to audiences nightly in the big city, speaking often with the Colonel. But one night we were at Carnegie Hall with General Stewart L. Woodford, recently returned from his ambassadorial duties at the court of Spain.

In the course of our address we took the Rough Riders, led by Colonel Roosevelt, up San Juan Hill, cutting their way through barbed-wire barricades, scores falling to rise no more, and finally planting Old Glory in triumph on top.

We received a great hand from the audience, and felt pretty fit until a chap in a Rough Rider uniform approached, held out his hand, and said: " That was a great speech, and a fine description of the Battle of San Juan Hill—but we were not there; we did not fight that battle. The Regulars did."

Puzzled and perplexed, we asked: " Where were the Rough Riders? "

He replied: " We were at Kettle Hill."

Later in the evening, dining with General Woodford and his daughter at the Waldorf, we asked him what he thought about it, and he replied, " I always supposed the Rough Riders fought that battle, but the lad seemed to know what he was talking about."

Still unconvinced, the next year we visited Cuba, and looked for and found the famous hill, a mere pimple on the face of the landscape, difficult to find. And there we fully confirmed the statement of the lad at Carnegie Hall. Tablets and markers everywhere telling of the regiments, companies, and detachments of the Regular Army that were there that day, but nowhere was there a tablet or marker showing the presence of a Rough Rider, for he was not there.

It is time the school histories were revised so as to tell the truth and cease peddling bunk to deceive the gullible.—*Frank Collins.*

" WEALTHY—BUT DON'T KNOW IT "

CHICAGO, ILL.—Bernarr Macfadden in Wealthy—But Don't Know It (June 11 Liberty) tells us of the great wealth possessed by the American people: telephones, railroads, radios, motorcars, etc., etc.; also that Americans enjoy the highest wages, shortest hours, greatest percentage of homeownership.

This is bad; for history shows that ease, comfort, and luxury will destroy a nation quicker than war, famine, or pestilence.—*D. Davidson.*

STUDY CAUSE, NOT EFFECT, MR. DAVIS

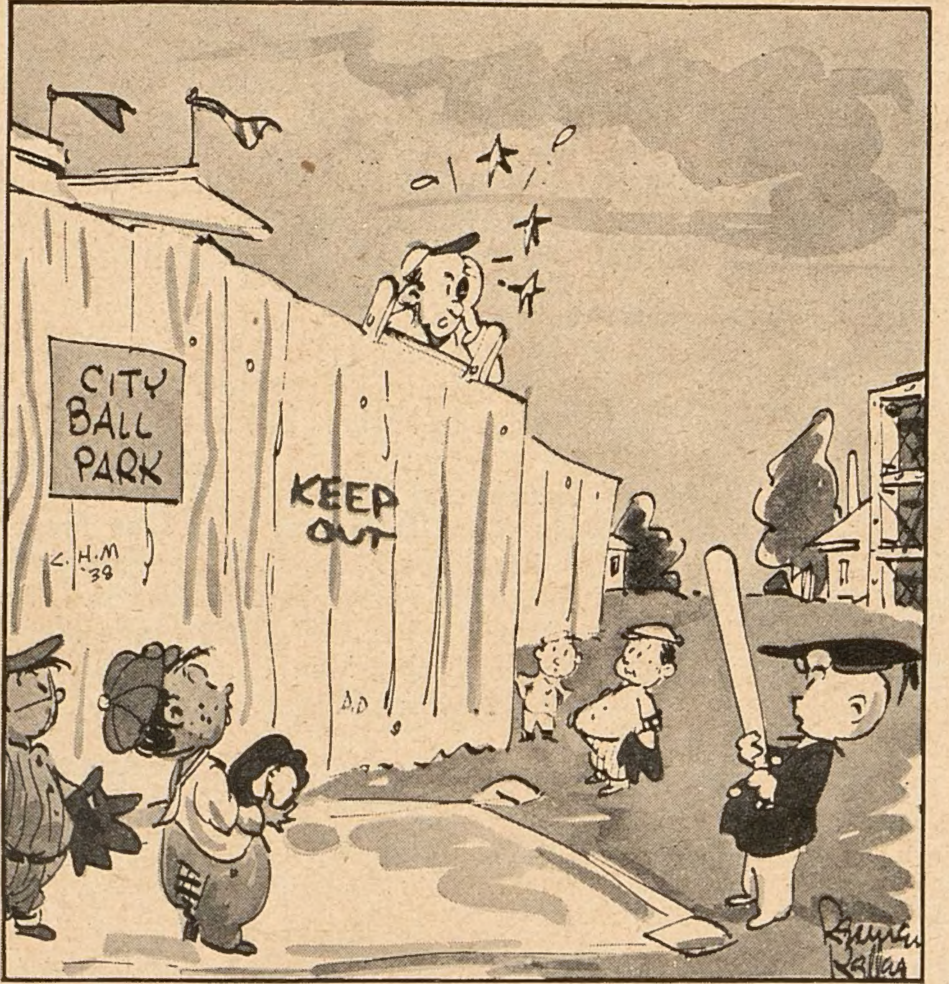
PORTLAND, ORE.—John Allen Davis' diploma that is for sale for a square meal (June 11 Vox Pop) must be for study of " effect " but not " cause."

Eight years ago it required three to six days to dig out foundations for a five-room house; now a steam shovel starts at 8 A. M., and by 5 P. M. the forms are made ready to pour concrete into. Twenty years ago 100 men loaded 10,000 tons of wheat in shiphold in ten to fifteen days; now ten men plus machinery work 10,000 tons in fourteen hours and forty minutes. Digging a sewer job four blocks in length employed forty men for ninety days in 1914; steam and ten men for three weeks in 1938.

In every line of work you will find that machinery has replaced man power. And this is why President Roosevelt wants man power instead of machinery on relief work.

So, Mr. Davis, kindly study " cause," and you may become worthy of your diploma.—*A Workingman.*

"HARDTACK"



" Who smacked that ball over the fence? "

OUTLINES A BASEBALL PUZZLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Naturally, being a baseball fan, I would like to see a baseball puzzle appear in your magazine.

Why not have a cut-up puzzle in parts, like you did the Presidents, and match them up to their natural forms?

Have the pictures of great players like Ott, Vander Meer, Dickey, Grove, Feller, Waner, Trosky, etc.—say, twenty-five each of the National and American Leaguers.

Offer a first prize of $1,000, a second prize of $500, and 500 other prizes at $5 each.

The puzzle would be after they have put the pictures together: " What five players in each of the American and National Leagues will be at the top of their league when the season is over? "

But I suggest that they must have participated in fifty or more games.—*Phil Wachtel.*

WHAT ARE AVID EYES?

GREELEY, COLO. — Jack Leonard has a very cute story, The Password was Canary (June 25 Liberty), but on page 13 this is what got me:

" He stared at the girl with avid eyes."

Dang it, what I want to know is which one of them had avid eyes, and what kind of eyes are avid eyes? —*R. D. Shirley.*

The New Deal's Fortuneteller

THE SOOTHSAYER we have always with us. . . . “As a dog returneth to his vomit,” said King Solomon, “a fool returneth to his folly.” . . . Yet, in spite of all scientific progress and countless exposures of the ways of trickery and the delusions of hysteria, men and women of position and presumably of intelligence continue to consult the fortunetellers. . . . Saul went by night to the cave of the Witch of En-dor. . . . Queen Elizabeth relied on her private clairvoyant, the eminent Dr. Dee. . . . Madame Thebes was the oracle consulted by Napoleon, whose victories she foretold in the cards. . . . We all remember how Madame Marcia read the stars during the Harding administration. . . . Will it surprise you, then, to learn that another sibyl reads the future for New Deal Washington? . . . Ladies of the capital go to this seeress and learn their fate. . . . It is said that a stray congressman or so has dropped in incognito, and, yea, even greater than these have come into the mystical presence. . . . Superstition dies hard and wonder tales grow quickly more wonderful as they are told at dinner parties, on golf courses, or under drying machines in the beauty parlor. . . . Next week in Liberty we shall tell you about a modern Witch of En-dor, whose cave is an apartment in downtown Washington. . . . Summer is called the silly season, but the silly business of running to fortunetellers seems to go on profitably in every season. . . . OF COURSE we all have our own favorite little superstitions from which none of us would willingly part. . . . Take our old friend Major Bowes, for example. . . . He writes: “My pet superstition is that Friday is the luckiest day of the week for me, and the thirteenth the luckiest date of the month. Many of my most wonderful ventures and happy adventures have occurred on these two days.” . . . The sporting world has many superstitions of its own. . . . Many golfers like number 13 and most golfers carry thirteen clubs. . . . Some carry in their bag a club which they never use. . . . Few baseball players will let any one else use their bat. . . . Some baseball players believe the game is lost if, on the night before a game, a player dreamed about monkeys. . . . Some athletes spit on their hands to ensure success. . . . The Man in My Life is the title of a new brief novel by Oscar Schisgall which we particularly commend to you. . . . In fact we recommend every item on the table of contents next week, including The Private Life of Baby Snooks—the Brice brat who asks, “Why?” . . . Tournament Tough, by Bobby Gray, an article on golf for every one. . . . Three fine short stories: The Fisherman and the Lady, by Robert E. Pinkerton; Five-Set Final, by Stanley Paul; and Pekan the Killer, another of those wonderful animal stories of Paul Annixter which have been too long absent from our pages. . . . More confessions by the Munitions Bootlegger; more revelations by Dizzy Dean, and many other fascinating contributions. . . . A POET came in to see us the other day. . . . He brought with him a great sheaf of manuscript. . . . We told him that we did not publish poetry. . . . He said he would kindly thank us to change our policy. . . . We told him we did not have the space. . . . “Throw out Mr. Macfadden's editorials,” he suggested. . . . We said we didn't care to do that. . . . “Throw out your back page,” he insisted. . . . We said we didn't care to do that, either. . . . “Throw out anything,” he said. . . . Then he stopped and took a step backward. . . . “You needn't throw me out,” he said; “I'll walk.” . . . DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS writes: “I give three stars to the new book The Eleventh Commandment, by George H. Cless, Jr. The Eleventh Commandment, for which the author is indebted to Dr. Henry Darlington of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest of New York City, is: ‘Mind your own business and seek first to put your own house in order.’ ” . . . SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, the music critic of the New York Post, recently wrote half a column about our method of timing stories. . . . His first paragraph: “Happening to pick up a copy of Liberty while waiting to have a tooth pulled, I was enchanted to find that the articles and the stories in that national weekly had been timed by its enterprising editor. It struck me as a new and thoughtful service for the busy reader, as well as for the idle peruser of our ephemeral literature, who might have a certain academic interest in the passage of time. As for myself, I found a choice of printed matter ranging between a minute and a half and sixteen minutes, and I chose a piece that would absorb my attention to the very moment of my rendezvous with novocain.” . . . GLAD TO HEAR from our old friend Grafton Duvall. . . . He sent along a booklet describing Friendship Hill, the old home of Albert Gallatin. . . . How many of you know who he was? . . . Well, you should if you know your early American history. . . . The Daughters of the War of 1812 have acquired the beautiful old estate as a national historic shrine, and it is worth a visit if you find yourself down near Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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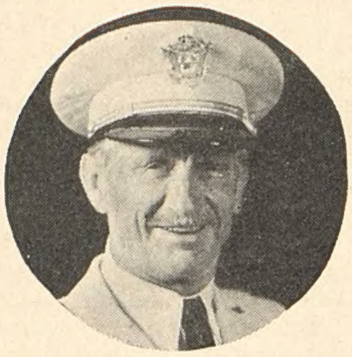
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY PERCY LEE

Castle Heights Prepares Your Boy For Life



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Creator of the $5,000,000 Bernarr Macfadden Foundation which enables boys of modest means to enjoy the great advantage of Castle Heights without hardship to their parents. Mr. Macfadden's patriotism and interest in education have won him the commission of Colonel on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee.

THERE'S a battle ahead for your son. No longer can he "coast along" through school, through college, and still find a place in the world which befits his background and native intelligence. Competition is keener, opportunities fewer, demands greater, and only those young men who have been properly guided, whose potentialities have been brought out during their *formative* years, will ever rise above the rank and file.

© Alman Co.
Lieut. General Robert Lee Bullard, U.S.A. (retired) Chairman of the Advisory Board.

Here at Castle Heights in the hills of Tennessee—away from cities and their distractions—boys learn to develop the inherent qualities which make them leaders in after life. Not alone do they acquire knowledge from books and laboratory. They learn the meaning of responsibility, of self-control, of initiative and orderliness. They learn to respect the rights of others as well as their own. They achieve a high regard for their bodies as well as their minds. They learn that to command, one must first learn to obey.

Your boy deserves this chance and now it is well within the realm of possibility that he *can* have it. Thanks to the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the great advantages of Castle Heights can be enjoyed at rates which are as low if not lower than those of a good day school. For as little as $575 you can send your son to the Jun'or Academy for a whole year and $675 is all that is needed for Senior Academy tuition. There is only a small extra charge for uniforms and incidentals.

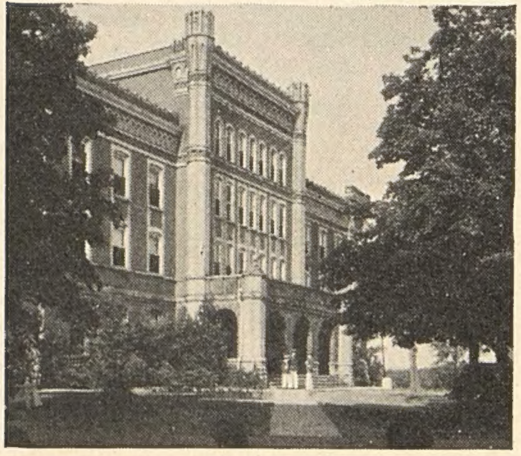
Two Academies *(Junior And Senior)*

So extensive and complete are the facilities at Castle Heights that we can start your boy in the third grade and take him along through his entire school life, thoroughly prepared for college or business. The Junior Academy, which includes the third to eighth grade years, occupies its own 50-acre campus where, in addition to their class-work, boys receive a modified program of military training, long periods of play in the open air and meticulous care by competent, kindly house mothers.

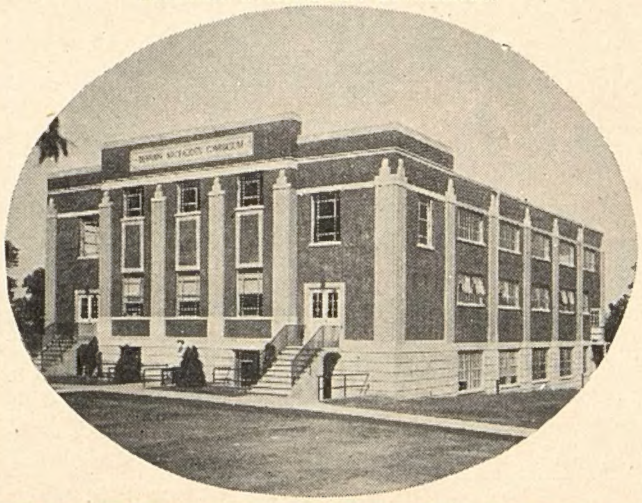
In the Senior Academy—with its 150-acre campus—you will find a highly modern school plant of brick and stone . . . modern in its physical characteristics; and most modern in its methods.

Here the honor system, administered by the cadets themselves, maintains the highest standard of personal conduct. Military training, too, under the direction of regular Army officers, has a very definite bearing upon the inculcation of high ideals and good citizenship, and aids materially the daily schedule of athletics which keeps the cadets in such fine physical condition. Scholastically, the standing of Castle Heights is such as to rate it one of the fully-accredited schools in the country and it enjoys an Honor Rating from the War Department.

MAIN BARRACKS



BERNARR MACFADDEN GYMNASIUM



New Buildings

During the past year, two new buildings have been erected—the Hospital and the Bernarr Macfadden Gymnasium—further assurance of the thought that is given to the physical welfare of your son. A new running track and golf course have also been added. Castle Heights today offers more than at any time in its long history. Enrollment in the Senior Academy is limited to 250; in the Junior Academy to 100. Get full particulars *now.*

For Further Information, Use This Coupon

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY ACADEMIES

LEBANON **TENNESSEE**

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L8-13
Castle Heights Military Academy,
Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy.

My boy is..........years of age.

Name..

Address..

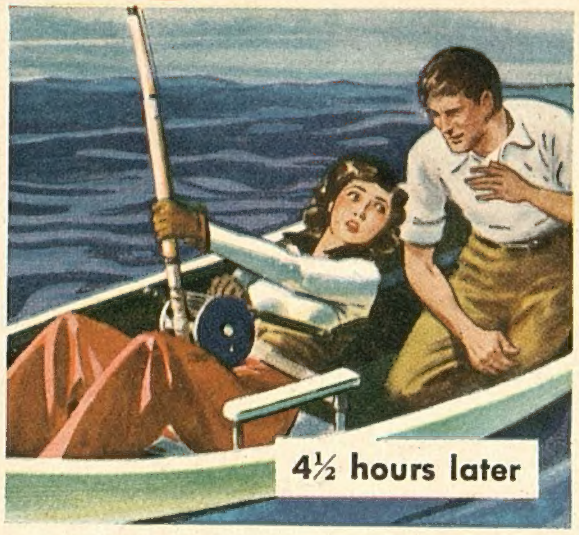
City......................*State*..............

LICKING A 720 LB "BLUE TORPEDO"

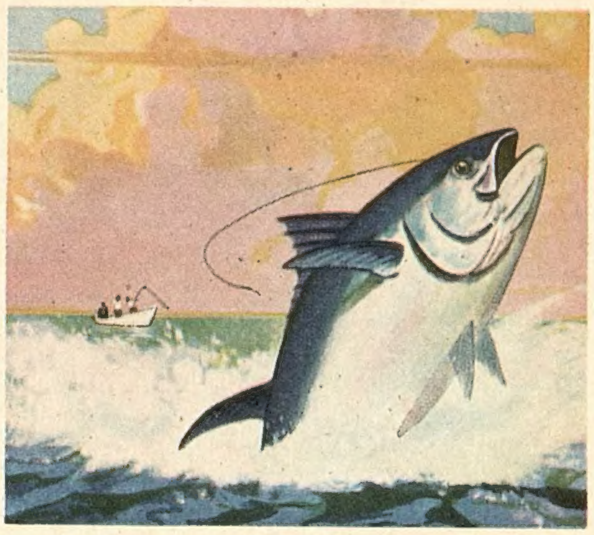
618 pounds heavier than the girl who caught it . . . MRS. S. KIP (Chisie) FARRINGTON . . . wife of the famous fishing authority and author of "Atlantic Game Fishing"

ALL READY, MRS. FARRINGTON
O.K., JOE... SHOVE HER OFF! LET'S GIVE THIS JORDAN BAY A TRY FOR TUNA
3:30 A.M.

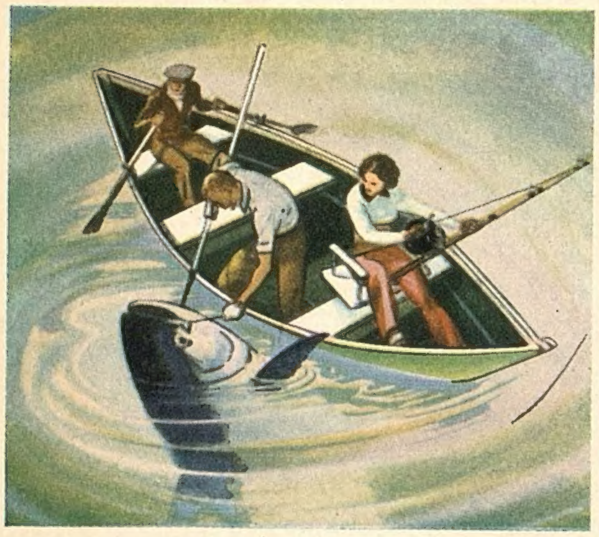
LEAVING THE DOCK—Young Chisie Farrington has her rod and reel all ready . . . Camels handy. "It's time we were out on the bay, throwing herring!" she says to the guide . . . This tiny slip of a girl is out to catch big game—the mighty bluefin tuna that streak the waters off the coast of Nova Scotia!


4½ hours later

A STRIKE—*A giant tuna hooked!* The fight is on! With a torpedo-like rush, the bluefin starts boring down—putting a tense strain on Chisie. Here's where she shows that healthy nerves can "take it." Yes, and in her own words she's glad she smokes a cigarette that *doesn't jangle* her nerves—Camels!

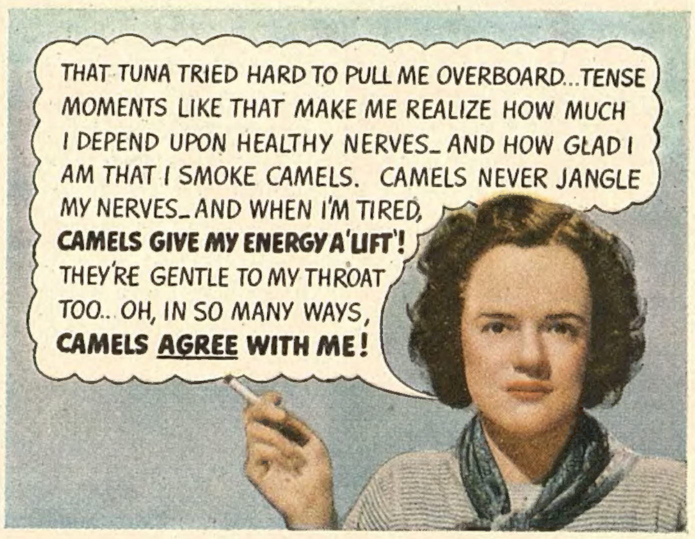


JUMPS clear out of water! The *first time,* the guide says, he's ever seen a hooked tuna do *that.* Keeping a light drag, Chisie lets him run. Fighting-mad, that bluefin gives them a "Nova Scotia sleigh-ride" they'll *never* forget! Soon Chisie shouts: "He looks all in. I'm going to *put it to him.*"



BROUGHT TO GAFF—in the fast time of 1 hour and 38 minutes! Chisie Farrington's biggest catch! The moment her hands are free, she smokes a Camel. "When I'm tired," she says, "smoking Camels seems to freshen up my energy. I *like* them!"

PHOTOGRAPHED after catch was weighed in. 720 pounds . . . 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she is a mere 102 pounds!


THAT TUNA TRIED HARD TO PULL ME OVERBOARD...TENSE MOMENTS LIKE THAT MAKE ME REALIZE HOW MUCH I DEPEND UPON HEALTHY NERVES—AND HOW GLAD I AM THAT I SMOKE CAMELS. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES—AND WHEN I'M TIRED, CAMELS GIVE MY ENERGY A 'LIFT'! THEY'RE GENTLE TO MY THROAT TOO... OH, IN SO MANY WAYS, CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!

LIKE MILLIONS of other smokers, Mrs. Farrington notices a difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Not in just one way—but in many ways! Turn to Camels yourself. You'll discover that the costlier tobaccos in Camels *do* make a difference. Camel spends millions more to assure a finer, more delicate quality.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are a matchless blend of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
—Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER:

"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Those who grow tobacco
—*know* tobacco
That's why tobacco growers
smoke Camels

Marvin Speight, well-known tobacco planter, knows quality tobaccos like his A-B-C's. He says: "I know Camel gets the finer grades. They bought the best of my crops last year. We growers 'most always smoke Camels."

Experienced planters like William Vandiford know tobacco from both sides of the fence. "We grow it and we see it auctioned," he explains. "I saw my best grades sold to Camel last auction-time. I smoke Camels too."

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